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THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

The earliest version of this comedy we possess is that of the folio, 1623. If a prior edition were ever printed, a copy of it would be inestimably valuable; for of all the plays of Shakespeare this appears to have suffered most from the negligence of transcribers and compositors. Malone, in his latest chronological arrangement, upon a supposed allusion to the fanaticism of the Puritans, dates its production in 1606; but there need be little hesitation in believing that it was one of the author's youthful productions, and most probably the piece indicated by Meres, in his "Palladis Tamia," 1598, as "Love Labors Wonne;" that it was intended as a counter-play to "Love's Labour's Lost," and was originally intituled "Love's Labour's Won; or, All's Well that Ends Well."

The fable is derived from the story of "Giletta of Narbona," forming the ninth novel of the third day in Boccaccio's "Decamerone," a translation of which is given in the first volume of Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," quarto, 1566; where the argument is thus set forth:—"Giletta, a phisician's daughter of Narbon, healed the Frenche Kyng of a fistula, for reward wherof she demaunded Beltramo counte of Rossigniole to husband. The counte beyng maried againste his will, for despite fled to Florence and loved an other. Giletta his wife, by pollicie founde meanes to lye with her husbande in place of his lover, and was begotten with child of two soonnes; whiche knowen to her husbande, he received her againe and afterwards she lived in greate honor and felicitie." In the leading incidents Shakespeare has closely adhered to the story; but the characters of the Countess, Parolles, the Clown, and Lafeu, as well as all the circumstances of the secondary plot, sprang from the inexhaustible resources of his own mind.

"All's well that ends well," is an English proverbial saying of great antiquity. It was used in a slightly varied form during the celebrated rebellion of Jack Straw, by one of the insurgents, in a speech recorded in the chronicle of Henry de Knyghton;—"Jak Carter prayeth you alle that ye make a gode end of that ye have begunne, and doth wele aye better and better, for atte the evyn men hereth the day, for if *the ende be wele, thanne is al wele.*" And, in Fulwell's "*Ars Adulandi,*" 1579, to this passage in the text:—"Wherefore, gentle Maister Philodoxus, I bid you adew with this motion or caveat; *Respice Finem:*" the marginal note says, "All is Well that Endes Well."

Persons Represented.

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, *Count of* Rousillon.

LAFEU,* *an old Lord.*

PAROLLES,* *a Follower of* Bertram.

Divers young French *Lords, who serve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*

Steward,
Clown,
A Page,
} *Servants to the Countess of* Rousillon.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *Mother to* Bertram.

HELENA, *a gentlewoman protected by the* Countess.

An old Widow of Florence.

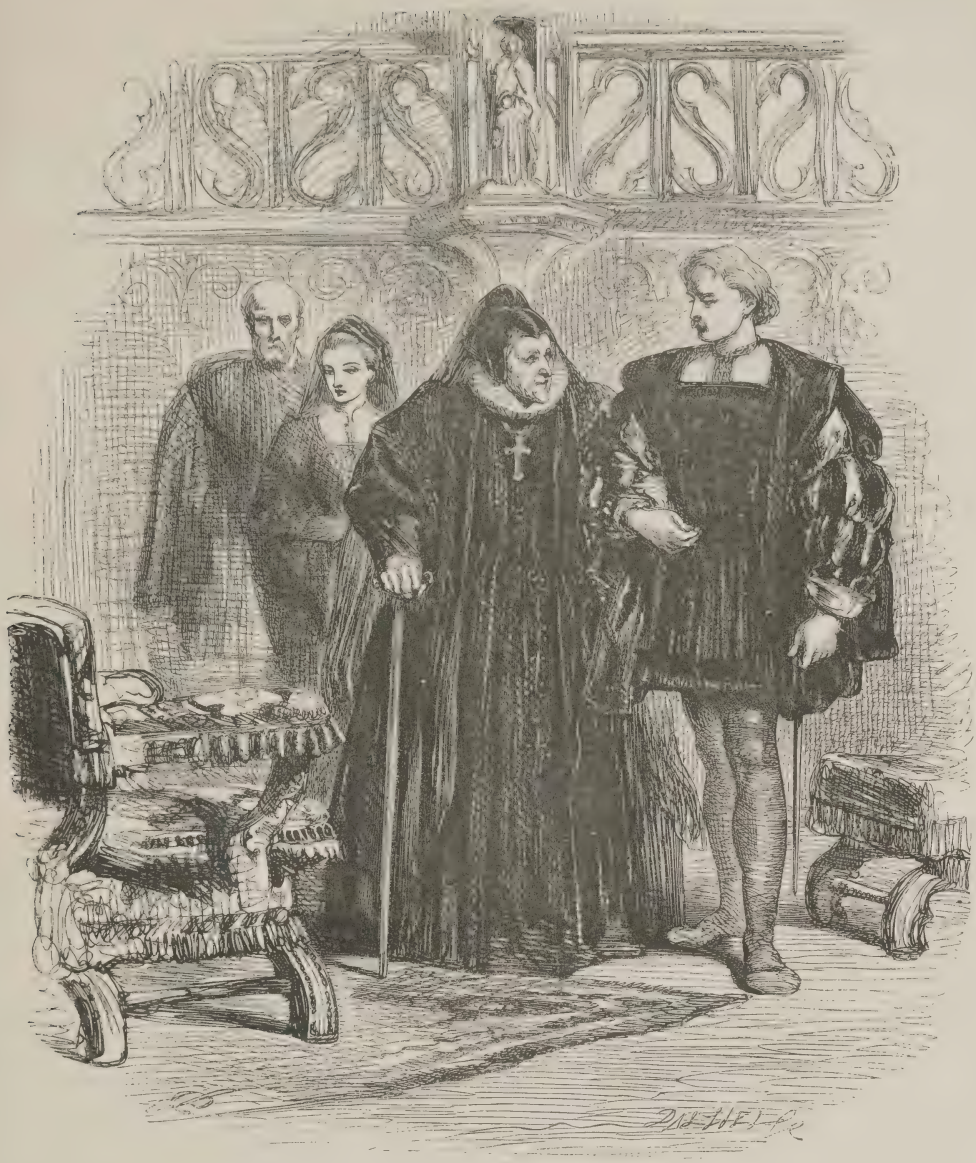
DIANA, *daughter to the Widow.*

VIOLENTA,
MARIANA,
} *Neighbours and friends to the Widow.*

Lords, attending on the King; *Officers, Soldiers,* &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE,—*Partly in* FRANCE *and partly in* TUSCANY.

* According to Steevens, we should write *Lefeu* and *Paroles*.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Bertram, *the* Countess *of* Rousillon, Helena, *and* Lafeu, *all in black.*

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,(1) evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold

his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

COUNT. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

LAF. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

COUNT. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work.[a] Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

LAF. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

COUNT. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so; Gerard de Narbon.

LAF. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

BER. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

LAF. A fistula,[b] my lord.

BER. I heard not of it before.

LAF. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

COUNT. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits,[c] which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

LAF. Your commendations, madam, get from her, tears.

COUNT. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to,—no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.[d]

HEL. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

LAF. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

HEL. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.[e]

BER. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

LAF. How understand we that?

COUNT. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed
thy father
In manners, as in shape; thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness,
Share with thy birth-right. Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more
will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck
down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

LAF. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

COUNT. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram.
[*Exit* COUNTESS.

BER. The best wishes, that can be forged in your thoughts, [*To* HELENA.] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

LAF. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* LAFEU.

HEL. O, were that all!—I think not on my
father,
And these great tears grace his remembrance
more
Than those I shed for him.[f] What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination

---

[a] Whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, &c.] Mr. Collier's annotator modernizes this passage, and reads, "*whose skill, almost as great as his honesty, had it stretched so far, would*," &c.; but the original is quite as intelligible, and far more Shakespearian than the proposed reformation.

[b] *A* fistula, *my lord.*] In Painter's version of Boccaccio's story, the king's disorder is said to have been "a swellyng upon his breast, whiche, by reason of ill cure, was growen to a *fistula*," &c.

[c] *Her dispositions she inherits*, &c.] There is scarcely a passage of importance in the earlier scenes of this comedy the meaning of which is not destroyed or impaired by some scandalous textual error. In the present instance some expression implying *chaste* or *pure*, before "*dispositions*," appears to have been omitted. Perhaps we should read, "*The honesty of* her dispositions she inherits;"—*honesty* being understood in the sense of *chastity*, as in the last clause of the passage—"she derives her *honesty*, and achieves her goodness;" which we apprehend to signify, "she is chaste by temperament, and good by the practice of benevolence."

[d] *Lest it be rather thought*, &c.] The meaning here is sufficiently obvious; and, though the construction of the sentence appear to us somewhat strange and harsh, it was by no means peculiar to Shakespeare.

[e] *If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.*] In the old copy this speech is assigned to the Countess. Tieck first suggested that it belongs to Helena; and that he is right is almost proved by Lafeu's rejoinder—"How understand we that?"

[f] *And these great tears grace his remembrance more*
Than those I shed for him.]
This is interpreted to mean, that her "great tears," being attributed to grief for the loss of her father, do his memory more grace than those she truly shed for him; but some defect in the text may be suspected; such a meaning is very tame and unsatisfying.

Carries no favour in 't, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;[a] heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?
One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Enter PAROLLES.

PAR. Save you, fair queen.
HEL. And you, monárch.[b]
PAR. No.
HEL. And no.

---

[a] *In our heart's* table;] *Table* is used here in the sense of *panel*, or *surface*, on which a picture was painted. So, in "King John," Act II. Sc. 2:—

"Drawn in the flattering *table* of her eye!"

[b] And you, monárch.] This is conceived to be an allusion to the fantastic Italian, styled *Monarcho;* of whom an account will be found in note (1), p. 103, Vol. I. It is perhaps only another example of that species of repartée before noticed in "The Merchant of Venice," Act II. Sc. 9:—

"MESS. Where is *my lady?*
POR. Here; what would *my lord?*"

See note (c), p. 413, Vol. I.

PAR. Are you meditating on virginity?

HEL. Ay. You have some stain[a] of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

PAR. Keep him out.

HEL. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

PAR. There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

HEL. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

PAR. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got,* till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion: away with it.

HEL. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

PAR. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited[b] sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: out with't: within ten year it will make itself ten,[c] which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

HEL. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

PAR. Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 't is vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better, marry, yet,[d] 'tis a withered pear: will you any thing with it?

HEL. Not my virginity yet.
There shall your master have a thousand loves,[e]
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he——
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one——

PAR. What one, i'faith?

HEL. That I wish well.—'Tis pity——

PAR. What's pity?

HEL. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

PAGE. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit* Page.

PAR. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

HEL. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

PAR. Under Mars, I.

HEL. I especially think, *under* Mars.

PAR. Why *under* Mars?

HEL. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

PAR. When he was predominant.

HEL. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

PAR. Why think you so?

HEL. You go so much backward, when you fight.

(*) First folio, *goe.*

a *Some* stain—] Some *tinct*, some *mark.*

b Inhibited *sin*—] *Forbidden, prohibited.*

c *Within ten year it will make itself ten,*—] The folio reads, "— —— make it selfe *two*," &c. The alteration of "two" to "te " which was first made by Hanmer, is countenanced by a previous observation of the speaker—"Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found."

d *It was formerly better, marry,* yet, *'tis a withered pear:*] This is a notable instance of "*yet*" being used in the sense of *now.* See note (b), p. 346, Vol. I.

e There shall your master have a thousand loves,—] Something is evidently wanting here; this rhapsody having no connexion with what precedes it. Hanmer remedies the defect by making Helena say, "*You're for the court;*" but the deficiency is more probably in Parolles' speech, where the words "*We are for the court*" may have been omitted by the compositor.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space[a] in fortune, nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be.[b] Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Paris. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, *with letters;* Lords *and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord.[c] So 'tis reported, sir,

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it

---

a *The* mightiest space *in fortune, nature brings*
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.]
It would improve both the sense and metre were we to read,—
"The *wid'st apart* in fortune," &c.
Mightiest space is clearly one of the swarm of typographical blemishes by which the old text of this comedy is disfigured.

b *What* hath *been cannot be.*] The very opposite of what the speaker intended to express! Mason, therefore, proposed—
'What ha'n't been, cannot be;"
and Hanmer substituted—
"What hath not been, can't be."
We suspect the error arose from the transcriber mistaking *n'ath*, the old contraction of *ne hath, hath not,* for *hath;* and that we should read,—
"What *n'ath* been cannot be."

c 1 *Lord.*] The folio distinguishes the two Lords who speak, as "1 Lord *G.*, and 2 Lord *E.*"

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 LORD. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

KING. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 LORD. It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

KING. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 LORD. It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

KING. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

BER. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

KING. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtier: contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride, or sharpness;[a] if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his[b] hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled:[c] such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would démonstrate them now
But goers backward.

BER. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

KING. Would I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks, I hear him now: his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)—*Let me not live,*——
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,[d]—*let me not live,* quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.——This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 LORD. You are lov'd, sir:
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

KING. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

BER. Some six months since, my lord.

KING. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several[e] applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

BER. Thank your majesty.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE III.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, *and* Clown.(2)

COUNT. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

---

a ——— *contempt nor bitterness*
Were in his *pride, or sharpness;*]
Capell, with some plausibility, reads,—
"——— *no* contempt nor bitterness
Were in *him,* pride or sharpness."

b *His tongue obey'd* his *hand:*] His hand for *its* hand. The latter vocable had hardly come into use at the time when this play was written. See note (c), p. 480, Vol. I.

c *Making them proud of his humility,*
In their poor praise he humbled:]
A very slight alteration would lessen the ambiguity of this passage. We should, perhaps, read,—
"In their poor praise *be-humbled.*"

d *When* it *was* out,—] When what was out? The commentators are mute. Does not the whole tenor of the context tend to show that *it* is a misprint of *wit?* With this simple change, and supposing the ordinary distribution of the lines to be correct, the purport would be, "Often towards the end of some *spirituel* disport, *when wit was exhausted,* he would say," &c.

e *With* several *applications:*—] *Manifold* applications.

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even[a] your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours: for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world,[b] Isbel the woman and I* will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue o' my body; for, they say, barns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. 'Faith, madam, I have other, holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

---

[a] *To* even *your content,*—] *Even* is used here, seemingly, as in Act II. Sc. I:—"But will you make it *even?*"—in the sense of *keep pace with, strike a balance with, equate,* &c.

(*) First folio, *w.*

[b] To go to the world,—] That is *to be married.* See note (c), p. 707, Vol. I.

CLO. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

COUNT. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

CLO. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

COUNT. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

CLO. You are shallow, madam, in great friends;[a] for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He, that ears my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend; *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam[b] the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one, they may jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

COUNT. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

CLO. A prophet(3) I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:[c]

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.[d]

COUNT. Get you gone, sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

STEW. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

COUNT. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

CLO. [Singing.]

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy.[e]
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood.
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

COUNT. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

CLO. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song.(4) Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson: one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but 'fore* every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere 'a pluck one.

COUNT. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.

CLO. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.(5)—I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit* Clown.

COUNT. Well, now.

STEW. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

COUNT. 'Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds; there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

STEW. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no[f] queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised,[g] without rescue, in the first assault, or ransome afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the

---

[a] *You are shallow, madam*, in great friends;] This is usually read, "You are shallow, madam; *e'en* great friends;" and the instances, both in these plays and in contemporaneous books, of *in* being misprinted for *e'en*, suggests the probability of a like error here; but the meaning may be, "You are shallow in *the uses* of great friends."

[b] *Young Charbon the puritan, and old* Poysam *the papist*,—] Malone suggested that the original word was *Poisson*; an allusion to the practice of eating fish on fast-days, as Charbon might be to the fiery zeal of the puritans.

[c] The next way:] The *nearest* way.

[d] Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.]
A new version of an old proverb. So, in "Grange's Garden," quarto, 1577:—

"Content yourselfe as well as I,
Let reason rule your minde;
As cuckoldes come by destinie,
So cuckowes sing by kinde."

[e] *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she*,—] This is, perhaps, a snatch of some antique ballad, which the fool craftily corrupts, to intimate, in the enigmatical manner of his calling, that he was not altogether ignorant of the subject which his mistress and her steward had met to speak about.

[f] Diana, no *queen of virgins*,—] The old text has only "Queene of Virgins;" the two words prefixed by Theobald, are probably as near to the original as can be supplied.

[g] *That would suffer her poor* knight surprised,—] This is the lection of the old text, and the phraseology of the poet's age. Theobald inserted the words *to be*, reading,—"that would suffer her poor knight *to be* surprised," and he has been followed by every subsequent editor.

(*) First folio, *ore*.

loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

COUNT. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. 'Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit* Steward.

COUNT. Even so it was with me, when I was young:
If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong:
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or them we thought then[a] none.

Enter HELENA.

Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

HEL. What is your pleasure, madam?

COUNT. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

HEL. Mine honourable mistress.

COUNT. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? when I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: what's in *mother*,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine. 'T is often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What 's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?——that you are my daughter?

HEL. That I am not.

COUNT. I say, I am your mother.

HEL. Pardon, madam;
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his, all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is: and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

COUNT. Nor I your mother?

HEL. You are my mother, madam; would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)
Indeed my mother!—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for,[b] than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister: can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

COUNT. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God shield, you mean it not! *daughter*, and *mother*,
So strive upon your pulse: what, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see
The mystery of your loneliness,* and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,[c]
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other:† and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

HEL. Good madam, pardon me!

COUNT. Do you love my son?

HEL. Your pardon, noble mistress!

COUNT. Love you my son?

HEL. Do not you love him, madam?

COUNT. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

HEL. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit,
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious[d] and intenible‡ sieve,

---

[a] *Or* them *we thought* then *none.*] The old copy reads,—
"—— Or then we thought them none."
For the transposition of *them* and *then*, I am responsible.

[b] I care no more for,—] "There is a designed ambiguity: 'I care no more for,' is 'I care *as much for.*'"—FARMER. It would somewhat lessen the perplexity of this difficult passage, if we suppose the present line to be spoken aside: but, in truth, the text throughout the speech is palpably corrupt.

[c] Gross,—] That is, *palpable.*

[d] *This* captious *and intenible sieve,*—] We incline to believe, with Farmer, that *captious* here is only a contraction of *capacious.*

(*) First folio, *louelinesse.*
(†) First folio, *'t on tooth to th' other.* (‡) First folio, *intemible.*

I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such that cannot choose,
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

COUNT. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

HEL. Madam, I had.

COUNT. Wherefore? tell true.

HEL. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects,(6) such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The king is render'd lost.

COUNT. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

HEL. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply been absent then.

COUNT. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,

They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

HEL. There's something hints,[a]
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success,[b] I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and* hour.

COUNT. Dost thou believe't?

HEL. Ay, madam, knowingly.

COUNT. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into[c] thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

---

[a] *There's something* hints,—] The old copy has "*in't.*" Hanmer made the obvious correction.

[b] *To try* success,—] *Success* here means the *consequence*, the *issue*. So in "Much Ado About Nothing," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"——— And doubt not but *success*
Will fashion the event," &c.

(*) First folio, *an*.

"In this sense," as Johnson remarks, "*successo* is employed in Italian."

[c] Into—] *Into* or *unto* were often used indiscriminately by the old writers.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, *with divers young* Lords, *taking leave for the* Florentine *war;* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and* Attendants.

KING. Farewell, young lords,[a] these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 LORD. 'T is our hope, sir,
After well-entered soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

KING. No, no, it cannot be, and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons

[a] *Farewell, young* lords,—] Thus the old copy. Many of the modern editors read, "Farewell, young *lord*," supposing there are only two French lords about to serve in Italy; but this is an error. There are "*divers*" young noblemen taking leave, and to these the King first addresses himself; he then turns to the two lords who are the spokesmen in the scene, and bids them share in the advice just given to their young companions.

Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy(1)
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 LORD. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

KING. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand; beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

BOTH. Our hearts receive your warnings.

KING. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The* KING *retires to a couch.*

1 LORD. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

PAR. 'T is not his fault, the spark.

2 LORD. O, 't is brave wars!

PAR. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

BER. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,
Too young, and *the next year*, and *'t is too early.*

PAR. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.

BER. I shall stay here the fore-horse to a smock,[a]
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with! (2) By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 LORD. There 's honour in the theft.

PAR. Commit it, count.

2 LORD. I am your accessary; and so farewell.

BER. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.[b]

1 LORD. Farewell, captain.

2 LORD. Sweet monsieur Parolles!

PAR. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals. You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice,* an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 LORD. We shall, noble captain.

PAR. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt* Lords.] What will you* do?

BER. Stay: the king——

PAR. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time; there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

BER. And I will do so.

PAR. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES.

Enter LAFEU.

LAF. Pardon, my lord, [*Kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

KING. I 'll sue[c] thee to stand up.

LAF. Then here 's a man stands, that has brought his pardon. [mercy;
I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

KING. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't. ['t is thus;

LAF. Good faith, across:[d] but, my good lord,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

KING. No.

LAF. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes,[e] an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a medicine,
That 's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,[f]
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,

(*) First folio, *his cicatrice with.*

[a] *The* fore-horse *to a smock,*—] The *fore-horse* of a team was gaily ornamented with tufts, and ribbons, and bells. Bertram complains that, bedizened like one of these animals, he will have to squire ladies at the court, instead of achieving honour in the wars.

[b] Our parting is a tortured body.] *As* is understood:—

"—— Our parting is *as* a tortured body."

[c] *I'll* sue *thee to stand up.*] The old copy reads, "I 'll *see* thee," &c. When any one kneels to a sovereign, it is to ask permission to stand in his presence. Thus, in "Richard II." Act V. Sc. 3, Bolingbroke says—

"Good aunt, stand up;"

to which she answers,—

"I do not *sue to stand.*"

Upon Lafeu prostrating himself, the afflicted king, mindful of his own debility, remarks,—"Instead of your begging permission of me to rise, I 'll sue thee for the same grace;"—Lafeu immediately responds,—

"I would you *had* kneel'd, my lord," &c.

[d] *Good faith,* across:] *Across,* in reference to the sports of chivalry, in which, to break a spear *across* the body of an opponent was disgraceful, came to be used in derision when any pass of wit miscarried. Here however, we believe Lafeu alludes rather to some game, where certain successes entitle the achiever to mark *a cross.*

[e] *Yes, but you will* my *noble grapes,*—] *My* in this passage has been changed in some modern editions to *ay*, but needlessly; we have only to read "*my*" emphatically, and the sense is obvious:—

"O, will you eat no grapes?, &c.
Yes, but you will, *my* noble grapes."

[f] *And make you dance* canary,—] To what has already been said on the nature of this sprightly dance (see note [a], vol I p. 64), may be added, that the dancers accompanied their movements with castagnets: see Florio, who defines *Chioppare* "to clacke or snap, or phip, or click, or lirp with ones fingers, *as they that dance the Canaries*, or as some barbers."

To give great Charlemaine a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.
KING. What *her* is this?
LAF. Why, doctor she; my lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,
(For that is her demand,) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.
KING. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.
LAF. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* LAFEU.
KING. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU; HELENA *following.*

LAF. Nay, come your ways.
KING. This haste hath wings indeed.
LAF. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like, but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together: fare you well. [*Exit.*
KING. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?
HEL. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.
KING. I knew him.
HEL. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two more dear: I have so;
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.
KING. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate; I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.
HEL. My duty then shall pay me for my pains
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.
KING. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful: [give,
Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
HEL. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.(3) Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.*
KING. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.
HEL. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim,
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.
KING. Art thou so confident? within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?
HEL. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his† sleepy lamp:
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm, from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.
KING. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?
HEL. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name

(*) First folio, *shifts.* (†) First folio, *her.*

Sear'd otherwise; ne worse of worst extended,[a]
With vilest torture let my life be ended. [speak
KING. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth
His powerful sound, within an organ weak:
And what impossibility[b] would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try;
That ministers thine own death, if I die.
HEL. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?
KING. Make thy demand.
HEL. But will you make it even?[c]
KING. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.[d] [hand,
HEL. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.
KING. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd;
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS *and* Clown.

COUNT. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

CLO. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

COUNT. To the court, why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? *But to the court!*

CLO. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

COUNT. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

CLO. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

COUNT. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

CLO. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day,(4) as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

COUNT. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

CLO. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

COUNT. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

CLO. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

COUNT. To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

CLO. *O Lord, sir!*[e]—There's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

COUNT. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

CLO. *O Lord, sir!*—Thick, thick, spare not me.

COUNT. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

CLO. *O Lord, sir!*—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

COUNT. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

CLO. *O Lord, sir!*—Spare not me.

COUNT. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir,* at your whip-

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[a] Ne *worse of worst* extended,—] This is the lection of the old copy, and although unquestionably corrupt, it is not worse than the commentators' suggestions for its amendment. We should, perhaps, approach nearer to what the poet really wrote by treating *ne* and *extended* as palpable misprints, and reading:—

"—— *and*, worse of worst *expended*,
With vilest torture let my life be ended."

[b] Impossibility—] That is, *incredibility*.

[c] *But will you make it* even?] That is, Will you *equate* it? Will you *match it?* See note (a), p. 11, of the present volume.

[d] *And my hopes of* heaven.] The old copy has *help*. The correction, which is due to Dr. Thirlby, seems called for both by the context and the rhyme. It is observable that much of this scene is in smooth, rhyming verses; it was a portion probably of the poet's first youthful conception, for we cannot divest ourselves of the impression that at a subsequent period of his career he rewrote a considerable part of this play.

[e] O Lord, sir!] The use of this expletive, which appears to have been thought the mode both in court and city, has been finely ridiculed by Jonson also. See "Every Man out of his Humour," Act III. Sc. 1, and *passim*.

ping, and *spare not me?* Indeed, your *O Lord, sir*, is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

CLO. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my —*O Lord, sir:* I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

COUNT. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

CLO. *O Lord, sir!*—Why, there't serves well again.

COUNT. An* end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;
This is not much.

CLO. Not much commendation to them.

COUNT. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

CLO. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

COUNT. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—Paris. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

LAF. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

PAR. Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

BER. And so 't is.

LAF. To be relinquished of the artists,——

PAR. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

LAF. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

PAR. Right, so I say.

LAF. That gave him out incurable,—

PAR. Why, there 't is; so say I too.

LAF. Not to be helped,—

PAR. Right: as 't were, a man assured of a—

LAF. Uncertain life, and sure death.

PAR. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

LAF. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

PAR. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,——what do ye call there?—

LAF. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

PAR. That's it I would have said: the very same.

LAF. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect——

PAR. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous* spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

LAF. Very hand of heaven.

PAR. Ay, so I say.

LAF. In a most weak——

PAR. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be——

LAF. Generally thankful.

PAR. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

LAF. *Lustique*,[a] as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a coranto.[b]

PAR. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

LAF. 'Fore God, I think so.

Enter KING, HELENA, *and* Attendants.

KING. Go, call before me all the lords in court. [*Exit an* Attendant.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make,
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

HEL. To each of you, one fair and virtuous mistress

(*) First folio, *And.*

(*) First folio, *facinerious.*

[a] *Lustique*,—] "An old play, that has a great deal of merit, call'd '*The weakest goeth to the Wall*,' (printed in 1600, but how much earlier written, or by whom written, we are no where inform'd,) has in it a Dutchman, call'd—Jacob van Smelt, who speaks a jargon of Dutch and our language; and upon several occasions uses this very word, which in English is—lusty."—CAPELL.

[b] A coranto.] The *coranto* was a dance distinguished for the liveliness and rapidity of its movements:—

"And teach lavoltas high, and *swift corantos*."—
Henry V. Act III. Sc. 5.

Fall, when Love please!—marry, to each, but one!

LAF. I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

KING. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

HEL. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restored the king to health.

ALL. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

HEL. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid:——
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush, that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.

KING. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

HEL. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 LORD. And grant it.

HEL. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

LAF. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for my life. [eyes,

HEL. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair
Before I speak, too threat'ningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 LORD. No better, if you please.

HEL. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

LAF. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

HEL. Be not afraid [*To a* Lord.] that I your hand should take,
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

LAF. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them. [good,

HEL. You are too young, too happy, and too
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 LORD. Fair one, I think not so.

LAF. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drank wine.[a] But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

HEL. I dare not say, I take you; [*To* BERTRAM.] but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

KING. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

BER. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

KING. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

BER. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

KING. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

BER. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down,
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

KING. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when* virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell us, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it† is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers; the mere word's a slave,
Debosh'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

BER. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

KING. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to choose. [glad;

HEL. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm
Let the rest go.

KING. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,

[a] There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drank wine.] We are to suppose that Lafeu, who has been in conversation with Parolles, had not heard the discourse between Helena and the young courtiers, but believed she had proposed to each, and been refused by all but the one now in question. The after-part of his speech, "But if thou be'st not an ass," &c. refers, (aside,) to Parolles.

(*) Old text, *whence*. (†) First folio, *is*.

Into the staggers,[a] and the careless lapse [hate,
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without[b] all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

BER. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit,
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

KING. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

BER. I take her hand. [king,

KING. Good fortune, and the favour of the
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony[c]
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt* KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, *and* Attendants.[d]

LAF. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

PAR. Your pleasure, sir?

LAF. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

PAR. *Recantation?*—My *lord?*—my *master?*

LAF. Ay; is it not a language, I speak?

PAR. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My *master?*

LAF. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

PAR. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

LAF. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

PAR. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

LAF. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

PAR. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

LAF. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou art scarce worth.

PAR. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,——

LAF. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial;—which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice,[e] fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

PAR. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

LAF. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

PAR. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

LAF. Yes, good faith, every dram of it: and I will not bate thee a scruple.

PAR. Well, I shall be wiser.

LAF. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

PAR. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

LAF. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal. for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.[f] [*Exit.*

PAR. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

LAF. Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

PAR. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship

---

[a] The staggers,—] This expression occurs again in "Cymbeline," Act V. Sc. 2,—

"How came these *staggers* on me?"

Mr. Singer explains it as "*The reeling and unsteady course of a drunken or sick man;*" but we apprehend it has a meaning, in both instances, more relevant than this.

[b] Without—] That is, *beyond.*

[c] *Whose* ceremony—] It has never, that we are aware, been noticed that Shakespeare usually pronounces *cere* in *ceremony, ceremonies, ceremonials,* (but not in *ceremonious, ceremoniously,*) as a monosyllable, like *cere-cloth, cerement.* Thus, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act IV. Sc. 6,—

"To give our hearts united ceremony."

Again, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony."

Again, in "Julius Cæsar," Act I. Sc. 1,—

"If you do find them deckt with ceremonies."

and, Act II. Sc. 2:—

"Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies."

[d] *Exeunt* King, &c.] The stage-direction, in the original text, is, "*Exeunt. Parolles and Lafeu stay behind, commenting of this wedding.*"

[e] My good window of lattice,—] See note (2), p. 626, Vol. i.

[f] *For doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.*] If instead of *as,* we read, *so,* the conceit on the word *past* is then intelligible: "For doing I am past, so I will [*pass*] by thee," &c.

to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my *master*.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission.[a] You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her. [merits

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested* wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

[a] *Than the* heraldry *of your birth and virtue gives you* commission.] This transposition of the words *heraldry* and *commission*, as they stand in the old text, was made by Hanmer.

(*) Old text, *detected*.

BER. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away. To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

PAR. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard;
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter HELENA *and* Clown.

HEL. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

CLO. She is not well, but yet she has her health: she's very merry, but yet she is not well:

but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'the world; but yet she is not well.

HEL. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

CLO. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

HEL. What two things?

CLO. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

PAR. 'Bless you, my fortunate lady!

HEL. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.*

PAR. You had my prayers to lead them on: and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! how does my old lady?

CLO. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

PAR. Why, I say nothing.

CLO. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

PAR. Away, thou'rt a knave.

CLO. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

PAR. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

CLO. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable;[a] and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

PAR. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compelled restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.
HEL. What's his will else?
PAR. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.
HEL. What more commands he?
PAR. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.
HEL. In every thing I wait upon his will.
PAR. I shall report it so.
HEL. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *fortune.*

[a] The search, sir, was profitable;] This begins as a new speech in the folio, with a second prefix of *Clo.*; and it seems very likely, from the context, that Parolles had made some reply, which is lost.

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

LAF. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

BER. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

LAF. You have it from his own deliverance?

BER. And by other warranted testimony.

LAF. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

BER. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly[b] valiant.

LAF. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

PAR. These things shall be done, sir.
[*To* BERTRAM.
LAF. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?
PAR. Sir?
LAF. O, I know him well: ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.
BER. Is she gone to the king?
[*Aside to* PAROLLES.
PAR. She is.
BER. Will she away to-night?
PAR. As you 'll have her.
BER. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,

[b] *And* accordingly *valiant.*] That is, *conformably, proportionally,* valiant. So in "The Lovers' Progress," of Beaumont and Fletcher, Act III. Sc. 6:—

"I fear ye are not used *accordingly.*"

End[a] ere I do begin.

LAF. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one* that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

BER. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

PAR. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

LAF. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; (5) and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

BER. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

LAF. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. —Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will† deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

PAR. An idle[b] lord, I swear.

BER. I think[c] so.

PAR. Why, do you not know him? [speech

BER. Yes, I do know him well; and common Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

HEL. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

BER. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For such a business, therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shows itself at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*Giving a letter.*
'T will be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

HEL. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

BER. Come, come, no more of that.

HEL. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

BER. Let that go:
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.

HEL. Pray, sir, your pardon.

BER. Well, what would you say?

HEL. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,[d]
Nor dare I say, 't is mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

BER. What would you have?

HEL. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would: my lord—'faith, yes;—
Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kiss.

BER. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

HEL. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

BER. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.[e] [*Exit* HELENA.
Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
Away, and for our flight.

PAR. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *on*. (†) First folio inserts, *to*.

[a] End *ere I do begin.*] In the old copy,
"*And* ere I do begin."
The emendation was found in the margin of Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio, and is supported by a passage in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act II. Sc. 4:—
"I know it well, sir; you always *end ere you begin.*"

[b] *An* idle *lord,*—] *Idle,* here, as in many other passages, means, *crazy, wild, mad-brained:* thus, again in Act III. Sc. 7:—
"———yet, in his *idle* fire," &c.
and in "Hamlet," Act III. Sc. 6, Hamlet says—
"They are coming to the play; I must be *idle.*"

[c] I think so.] The context testifies the poet wrote "I think *not* so."

[d] *The wealth* I owe:—] The wealth I *own, possess*

[e] Where are my other men, &c.] This line, in the old copies is given to Helena.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE *of* FLORENCE, *attended; two* French Lords, *and others.*

DUKE. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 LORD. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer. [France

DUKE. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 LORD. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

DUKE. Be it his pleasure.

2 LORD. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

DUKE. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Countess *and* Clown.

COUNT. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save, that he comes not along with her.

CLO. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

COUNT. By what observance, I pray you?

CLO. Why, he will look upon his boot, and

sing; mend the ruff,[a] and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold* a goodly manor for a song.

COUNT. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

CLO. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court; our old ling† and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid 's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

COUNT. What have we here?

CLO. E'en‡ that you have there. [*Exit.*

COUNT. [Reads.] *I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the* not *eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

CLO. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

COUNT. What is the matter?

CLO. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

COUNT. Why should he be killed?

CLO. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't; that 's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter HELENA *and two* Gentlemen.

1 GEN. 'Save you, good madam.

HEL. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 GEN. Do not say so.

COUNT. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't.—Where is my son, I pray you?

2 GEN. Madam, he 's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward: for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again. [passport.

HEL. Look on his letter, madam; here 's my

[Reads.] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a* then *I write a* never.

This is a dreadful sentence.

COUNT. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 GEN. Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

COUNT. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood, [he?
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is

2 GEN. Ay, madam.

COUNT. And to be a soldier?

2 GEN. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe 't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

COUNT. Return you thither?

1 GEN. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

HEL. [Reads.] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

'T is bitter.

COUNT. Find you that there?

HEL. Ay, madam.

1 GEN. 'T is but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.

COUNT. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There 's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 GEN. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

COUNT. Parolles, was it not?

1 GEN. Ay, my good lady, he. [wickedness.

COUNT. A very tainted fellow, and full of
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 GEN. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,

(*) Old text, *hold.* (†) Old text, *Lings.*
(‡) First folio, *In.*

[a] The ruff,—] The top of the boot which turned over, and was sometimes ornamented with lace, was called *the ruff.*

Which holds him much to have.[a]

COUNT. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I 'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 GEN. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

COUNT. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt* COUNTESS *and* Gentlemen.

HEL. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I [thou
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air,[b]
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 't were
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 't were
That all the miseries, which nature owes, [sillon,
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rou-
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all; I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Florence. *Before the* Duke's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE *of* FLORENCE, BERTRAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, *and others.*

DUKE. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence,
Upon thy promising fortune.

BER. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

DUKE. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

BER. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS *and* Steward.

COUNT. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

STEW. [Reads.]
I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

COUNT. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!——
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

STEW. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

COUNT. What angel shall

---

[a] The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.]

Of this passage no one has yet succeeded in making sense. It is, we fear, irremediably corrupt.

[b] —*Move the still*-piecing *air*,—] The old text has "*still peering.*" *Still-piecing*, that is, *ever closing*, was proposed by Malone. Tyrwhitt thought a farther alteration necessary, and would have substituted *rove* for move:—

—"*rove* the still-piecing air;"

but there is authority for *move*, in the sense of *penetrate*, or *wound*.

" High preasse thy flames, *the chrystall aire to move.*"
A Sonnet by WILLIAM LITHGOW, 1615.

Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife:
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Without the Walls of* Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow *of* Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, *and other* Citizens.

WID. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

DIA. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

WID. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

MAR. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

WID. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

MAR. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under:[a] many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were

[a] Are not the things they go under:] "They are not the things for which their names would make them pass."—JOHNSON.

no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

DIA. You shall not need to fear me.

WID. I hope so.——Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another; I'll question her.—

Enter HELENA, *in the dress of a Pilgrim.*

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

HEL. To Saint Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers(1) lodge, I do beseech you?

WID. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

HEL. Is this the way?

WID. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you! They come this way: [*A march afar off.*
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

HEL. Is it yourself?

WID. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

HEL. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

WID. You came, I think, from France?

HEL. I did so.

WID. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

HEL. His name, I pray you.

DIA. The count Rousillon; know you such a one?

HEL. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

DIA. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

HEL. Ay, surely, mere[a] the truth; I know his lady.

DIA. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

HEL. What's his name?

DIA. Monsieur Parolles.

HEL. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty,[b] and that
I have not heard examin'd.

DIA. Alas, poor lady!
'T is a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

WID. I write good creature:[c] wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

HEL. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

WID. He does, indeed;
And brokes[d] with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter, with drum and colours, a Party of the Florentine *army,* BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

MAR. The gods forbid else!

WID. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

HEL. Which is the Frenchman?

DIA. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honester,
He were much goodlier.—Is't not a handsome gentleman?

HEL. I like him well.

DIA. 'T is pity he is not honest. Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

HEL. Which is he?

DIA. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is he melancholy?

HEL. Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.

PAR. Lose our drum! well.

MAR. He's shrewdly vexed at something: look, he has spied us.

WID. Marry, hang you!

MAR. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers, *and* Soldiers.

WID. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,

---

[a] Mere *the truth.*] *Quite* the truth.

[b] Honesty,—] That is, *chastity.*

[c] I write good creature;] So the first folio, but which the editor of the second, not perhaps understanding, altered to,—"I right, good creature." The phrase to *write*, in the sense of to *proclaim*, &c. was not at all uncommon formerly. It occurs, indeed, three or four times in Shakespeare: thus, in the present play, Act II. Sc. 3, Lafeu says,—

"Sirrah, I *write man*," &c.

And,—

"I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard."

Again, in "King Lear," Act V. Sc. 3:—

"About it; and *write happy*, when thou hast done."

[d] *And* brokes—] That is, *panders.*

Already at my house.

HEL. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of[a] this virgin,
Worthy the note.

BOTH. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Camp before* Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, *and the two* French Lords.

1 LORD. Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 LORD. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 LORD. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

BER. Do you think, I am so far deceived in him?

1 LORD. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 LORD. It were fit you knew him, lest reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger fail you.

BER. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 LORD. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 LORD. I, with a troop of Florentines, will

[a] Of *this virgin*,—] This is only one of the frequent instances in Shakespeare where *of* is employed for *on*.

suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer[a] of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents: be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 LORD. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his* success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore† will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,(2) your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

1 LORD. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Enter PAROLLES.

BER. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 LORD. A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

PAR. *But a drum!* Is't *but a drum?* A drum so lost!—There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 LORD. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

BER. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success; some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

PAR. It might have been recovered.

BER. It might, but it is not now.

PAR. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

BER. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit; if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

PAR. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

BER. But you must not now slumber in it.

PAR. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

BER. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

PAR. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

BER. I know thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

PAR. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 LORD. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done: damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't.

2 LORD. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

BER. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 LORD. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed[b] him; you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 LORD. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 LORD. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

BER. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 LORD. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

BER. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you the lass I spoke of.

2 LORD. But, you say, she's honest.

BER. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,

(*) First folio, *this*. (†) First folio, *ours*.

[a] The leaguer—] The *camp*.

[b] Embossed him,—] In the old language of the chase, the stag was said to be *embossed*, when, exhausted and outrun, he foamed and frothed at the mouth. The meaning is, we have hunted him almost to his fall.

Tokens and letters, which she did re-send,
And this is all I have done: she's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *House.*

Enter Helena *and* Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel[a] I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,

[a] *Your* sworn counsel—] Your *pledged secrecy.*

As we'll direct her how 't is best to bear it.
Now his important[a] blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle[b] fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

WID. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

HEL. You see it lawful then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent; after this,*
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is pass'd already.

WID. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

HEL. Why then, to-night,
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful[c] act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio omits, *this*.

a *His* important *blood*—] Here and elsewhere, *important* means *importunate*.

b *His* idle *fire*,—] *Mad-brained* fire. See note (b), p. 27.

c *And lawful meaning in* a lawful *act;*] We should perhaps read:

"And lawful meaning in a *wicked* act."

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the* Florentine *Camp.*

Enter First Lord, *with five or six* Soldiers *in ambush.*

1 Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.[a]

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to

[a] *Let me be the* interpreter.] In conformity with this proposal, the first soldier is so styled in the old text, throughout the subsequent scenes with Parolles.

beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

PAR. Ten o'clock; within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me: and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 LORD. [*Aside.*] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

PAR. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit; yet slight ones will not carry it: they will say, *Came you off with so little?* and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance?[a] Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 LORD. [*Aside.*] Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is?

PAR. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 LORD. [*Aside.*] We cannot afford you so.

PAR. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 LORD. [*Aside.*] 'Twould not do.

PAR. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 LORD. [*Aside.*] Hardly serve.

PAR. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 LORD. [*Aside.*] How deep?

PAR. Thirty fathom.

1 LORD. [*Aside.*] Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

PAR. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I recovered it.

1 LORD. [*Aside.*] You shall hear one anon.

[*Alarum within.*

PAR. A drum now of the enemy's!

1 LORD. *Throca movousus, cargo! cargo! cargo!*

ALL. *Cargo! cargo! villianda par corbo, cargo!*

PAR. O! ransom, ransom:—do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize and blindfold him.*

1 SOLD. *Boskos thromuldo boskos!*

PAR. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me:—
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 SOLD. *Boskos vauvado:—*
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue.
Kerelybonto:——Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

PAR. Oh!

1 SOLD. O, pray, pray, pray. *Manka revania dulche.*

1 LORD. *Oscorbidulchos volivorco.*

1 SOLD. The general is content to spare thee yet,
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

PAR. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 SOLD. But wilt thou faithfully?

PAR. If I do not, damn me.

1 SOLD. *Acordo linta.*——
Come on, thou art granted space.

[*A short alarum without. Exit, with* PAROLLES *guarded.*

1 LORD. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 SOLD. Captain, I will.

1 LORD. He will betray us all unto ourselves;—
Inform on that.

2 SOLD. So I will, sir.

1 LORD. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *House.*

Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

BER. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

DIA. No, my good lord, Diana.

BER. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

[a] Wherefore? what's the instance?] Wherefore did I volunteer this exploit? For what object?

You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;[a]
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.
DIA. She then was honest.
BER. So should you be.
DIA. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
BER. No more of that!
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
DIA. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
BER. How have I sworn!
DIA. 'Tis not the many oaths, that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love, [oaths
That I will work against him.[b] Therefore, your
Are words, and poor conditions, but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.
BER. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love[c] is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recovers; say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever. [a snare,[d]
DIA. I see, that men make hopes, in such
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
BER. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.
DIA. Will you not, my lord?
BER. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world,
In me to lose.
DIA. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world,
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion *honour* on my part,
Against your vain assault.
BER. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.
DIA. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then: then, fail not: you have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
BER. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [*Exit.*
DIA. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.——
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,[e]
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

---

[a] *Cold and* stern;] *Stern* is *rigid, unyielding.*

"Can generous hearts in nature be so *stern?*"
GREENE'S *James the Fourth.*

"In former times, some countries have been so chary in this behalf, so *stern*, that if a child were crooked or deformed in body or mind, they made him away."—BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

[b] 'Tis not the many oaths, &c. &c.] All the best modern editors have laboured earnestly to render this passage intelligible. That they have failed is, we believe, owing to their not perceiving that the accomplished compositors or transcribers of the folio, 1623, have contrived, with their customary dexterity, to graft a speech of Bertram on to that of Diana. If we read the dialogue as follows, much in it that was nebulous becomes clear, and a way is seen to the comprehension of the rest:—

"BER. How have I sworn!
DIA. 'T is not the many oaths, that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness.
BER. Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill?
DIA. This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him."

[c] Love is holy,—] We should, perhaps, read, "*My* love is holy."

[d] *I see, that men make* hopes, *in such a* snare,—] The old copy has,—

"I see that men make *rope's* in such a *scarre;*"

which, though some critics have attempted to explain, none has yet succeeded in making intelligible. The alteration of *hopes* for *rope's* was proposed by Rowe, who reads,—

"I see that men make *hopes* in such *affairs.*"

[e] *Since Frenchmen are so* braid,—] *Braid*, in this place means *false, tricking, deceitful.*

SCENE III.—*The* Florentine *Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords, *and two or three* Soldiers.

1 Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature, for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made[a] in the unchaste composition.

1 Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 Lord. Merely[b] our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends;[c] so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 Lord. Is it not meant[d] damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 Lord. Not till after midnight, for he is dieted to his hour.

1 Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company[e] anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 Lord. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 Lord. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 Lord. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 Lord. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter Bertram.

How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen busi-

[a] *And thinks himself* made—] *Made* seems strangely inapplicable. We should, perhaps, read, "*paid.*"

[b] Merely—] That is, *absolutely.*

[c] *To their* abhorred ends;] Their *disgraceful punishments;* and not, as the words are usually explained, *the opportunity of effecting their treachery;*—an opportunity not very likely to occur, if they were always revealing the object they had in hand.

[d] *Is it not* meant *damnable*—] This is commonly altered to "*most* damnable;" but the context supports the ancient reading, the sense of which appears to be, "Are we not designedly, for our own condemnation, made trumpeters of our unlawful purposes."

[e] *His* company—] His *companion.*

nesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success; I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 Lord. Bring him forth: [*Exeunt* Soldiers.] he has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, *with* Parolles.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman(1) comes!—*Portotartarossa.*

1 Sold. He calls for the tortures; what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 Sold. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 Sold. You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 Sold. *First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him.[a] What a past-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.[b]

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. *Demand of him of what strength they are afoot.* What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live[c] this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many,[d] Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition,[e] and what credit I have with the duke?

1 Sold. Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.* What say you to this? what do you know of it?

---

[a] All's one to him.] In the old text these words are given to Parolles.

[b] But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.] No thanks to him for truth, however, considering the purpose for which he tells it.

[c] *If I were to* live *this present hour,*—] "If I were to *die* this present hour" seems more germane to his position. *Live,* possibly, is a misprint of *leave.* He may have meant, "If I were free to *depart* this very hour."

[d] *Sebastian* so *many, Corambus* so *many, Jacques* so *many,*—] *So* many means, *as* many.

[e] *My* condition,—] That is, *disposition* and *character.*

PAR. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly.

1 SOLD. Do you know this captain Dumain?

PAR. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

[DUMAIN *lifts up his hand in anger.*

BER. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 SOLD. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

PAR. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 LORD. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship* anon.

1 SOLD. What is his reputation with the duke?

PAR. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out of the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 SOLD. Marry, we'll search.

PAR. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 SOLD. Here 't is; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

PAR. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

BER. Our interpreter does it well.

1 LORD. Excellently.

1 SOLD. *Dian, The count's a fool, and full of gold,—*

PAR. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 SOLD. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

PAR. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

BER. Damnable both-sides rogue!

1 SOLD. *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;
And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES.

BER. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 LORD. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

BER. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 SOLD. I perceive, sir, by our[a] general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

PAR. My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die, but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1 SOLD. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour. What is his honesty?

PAR. He will steal, sir, an egg[b] out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty; he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 LORD. I begin to love him for this.

BER. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him! for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 SOLD. What say you to his expertness in war?

PAR. 'Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,(2)—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end,[c] to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 LORD. He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

BER. A pox on him! he's a cat still![d]

1 SOLD. His qualities being at this poor price, I

(*) Old copy, *Lord.*

[a] *I perceive, sir, by* our *general's looks,*—] The old text has "*your* general's looks;" altered by Capell.

[b] *He will steal, sir,* an egg *out of a cloister;*] If *an egg* is not a misprint, it may have been used metaphorically for a young girl; one of the murderers of Macduff's family ("Macbeth," Act IV. Sc. 2) calls the boy "*egg,*" and "young fry." So also Costard, in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act V. Sc. 1, terms Moth "pigeon-egg of discretion."

[c] Mile-end,—] See note (4), p. 628, Vol. I.

[d] He's a cat still!] Bertram had before told us that a *cat* was his particular aversion, and that Parolles was now a *cat* to him. When the rogue becomes more scurrilous in his revelations, Bertram says, "He is more and more a *cat;*" and, finally, when he had "out-villained villany," the count impetuously exclaims, "—— he's a cat still!" that is, a cat *always*, a cat *evermore*

need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'écu*(3) he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 Sold. What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

1 Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

PAR. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 SOLD. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

PAR. [*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming: a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

1 SOLD. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

PAR. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 SOLD. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*
So, look about you; know you any here?

BER. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 LORD. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 LORD. God save you, noble captain.

2 LORD. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 LORD. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, Lords, *&c.*

1 SOLD. You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

PAR. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 SOLD. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*

PAR. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain, I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means, for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA.

HEL. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marseilles;[a] to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

WID. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

HEL. Nor you,* mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night,[b] so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

DIA. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

HEL. Yet, I pray you[c]

---

[a] Marseilles:] *Marseilles*, in the old copy *Marcellæ*, must be pronounced as a word of three syllables—*Marsellis*. See note (b), p. 247, Vol. I.

[b] When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night,—]
Hanmer reads *fancy; saucy*, however, is sometimes employed by Shakespeare in the sense of *prurient*, and it may bear that meaning here. But how is the context to be understood?

[c] Yet, I pray you
But with the word;]
Blackstone proposed an ingenious emendation of this passage:—
"Yet, I *fray* you
But with the word."

(*) Old text, *your*.

"I only frighten you by mentioning the word *suffer*: for a short time will bring on the season of happiness and delight."
With much diffidence we venture to suggest that *Yet* apparently stands for *Now*; and that we should read,—
"Yet, I *pay* you
But with the word," &c.
Now I can only compensate your kindness by the word of promise; but the time approaches when all that you undergo for my sake shall be substantially requited.

But with the word; the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives[a] us:
All's well that ends well still: the fine's the crown;[b]
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, *and* Clown.

LAF. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron[c] would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour; your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

COUNT. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

LAF. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

CLO. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.

LAF. They are not salad-herbs,[d] you knave; they are nose-herbs.

CLO. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.*

LAF. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

CLO. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

LAF. Your distinction?

CLO. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

LAF. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

CLO. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

(*) Old text, *grace.*

[a] *Time* revives *us*:] Johnson suggested *invites;* Warburton, *revies* us—an old word signifying challenges, borrowed from the card-table; and Mr. Collier's MS. annotator has *reviles*. Of these proposals, Warburton's is by far the most plausible. *Revives us*, however, in the sense of *reproaches us, mocks us*, may be right. See Middleton's "Michaelmas Term," Act II. Sc. 1:—

"Thou *revivest* us, rascal!"

[b] *The* fine's *the crown;*] The *end's* the crown:—Finis coronat opus.

[c] *Whose* villainous saffron—] This *villainous saffron*, the commentators suppose, must be a reference to the fantastic fashion of stiffening and colouring the ruffs and bands with *yellow starch*. The allusion, we imagine, is rather to that constant subject of obloquy among the old writers,—"the dissembling colour" of the arch-deceiver Judas' hair.

[d] *They are not* salad-herbs,—] The old text has "herbs" only: Rowe inserted "salad," which the context appears to require.

[e] *To* suggest *thee*—] That is, to *seduce* thee, to *tempt* thee.

[f] *But*, sure,—] Some commentators would read, *since*.

[g] Unhappy.] *Waggish, mischievous.*

LAF. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

CLO. At your service.

LAF. No, no, no.

CLO. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

LAF. Who's that? a Frenchman?

CLO. Faith, sir, he has an English name,* but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

LAF. What prince is that?

CLO. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

LAF. Hold thee, there's my purse; I give thee not this to suggest[e] thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

CLO. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure,[f] he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

LAF. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

CLO. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

LAF. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.[g]

COUNT. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness, and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

LAF. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you. Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

(*) First folio, *maine.*

COUNT. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

LAF. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

COUNT. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

LAF. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

COUNT. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

LAF. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter, but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

CLO. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

LAF. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

CLO. But it is your carbonadoed face.

LAF. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

CLO. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. *A Street.*

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana, *with two* Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;——

Enter a Gentleman.(1)

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here

Hel. Not here, sir?
Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. *All's well that ends well*, yet;
Though time seem so advérse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again;—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *The inner Court of the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Clown *and* Parolles.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood,[a] and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

[a] *Muddied in fortune's* mood,—] Warburton reads, *moat*, and we have an impression that *moat* was the author's word.

PAR. 'Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

CLO. Foh! pr'ythee stand away; a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit* Clown.

PAR. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

LAF. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her?[a] There's a *quart d'écu* for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

PAR. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

LAF. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

PAR. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

LAF. You beg more than word,[b] then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

PAR. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

LAF. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

PAR. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

LAF. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night; though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

PAR. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, *&c.*

KING. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem[c]
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

COUNT. 'Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blade[d] of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

KING. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

LAF. This I must say,——
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistress.

KING. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither;
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition.[e]—Let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

GENT. I shall, my liege. [*Exit* Gentleman.

KING. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

LAF. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

KING. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

LAF. He looks well on't.

KING. I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

BER. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

KING. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top,
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees

---

[a] *Under* her?] The word *her*, omitted in the first, is supplied by the second folio, 1632.

[b] You beg more than word, then.—] Because *Parolles* is plural, and signifies *words*.

[c] *And our* esteem—] The sum of what we hold estimable.

[d] *Done i' the* blade *of youth;*] Theobald and Mr. Collier's annotator, read "*blaze* of youth."

[e] Repetition.—] That is, *recrimination*.

The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

BER. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful pérspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: thence it came, [self,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom my-
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

KING. Well excus'd;
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone. Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had, and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

COUNT. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me O nature cesse![a] [name

LAF. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,[b]
I saw upon her finger.

BER. Hers it was not.

KING. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to 'reave her
Of what should stead her most?

BER. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

COUNT. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

LAF. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

BER. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd:[c] but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

KING. Plutus* himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

BER. She never saw it.

KING. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour:
And mak'st conjectural† fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax‡ my fears of little vanity,[d]
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter further.

BER. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.

[*Exit* BERTRAM, *guarded.*

---

[a] Which better than the first, &c.] These two lines form part of the King's speech in the original. Theobald made the present arrangement.

[b] The last that e'er I took her leave at court,—] Which means, The last *time* that ever I took leave of her at court.

[c] Ingag'd:] *Ingaged* is here used to imply *unengaged*, or *disengaged*, as the old writers employ *inhabited* to express *uninhabited*.

(*) Old text, *Platus*. (†) First folio, *connectural*. (‡) First folio, *taze*.

[d] Shall tax my fears of little vanity,—] "The *proofs which I have already had* are sufficient to show that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational, I have rather been hitherto more easy than I ought, and have *unreasonably had too little fear*."—JOHNSON.

Enter a Gentleman.

KING. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

GENT. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to[a] blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage, and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

KING. [Reads.] *Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king, in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.* DIANA CAPULET.

LAF. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll; for this, I'll none of him. [Lafeu,

KING. The heavens have thought well on thee,
To bring forth this discovery. — Seek these suitors:—
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt* Gentleman, *and some* Attendants.
I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

COUNT. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

KING. I wonder, sir, since[b] wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—

Re-enter Gentleman, *with* Widow *and* DIANA.[c]

What woman's that?

DIA. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

WID. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

KING. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

BER. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me further? [wife?

DIA. Why do you look so strange upon your

BER. She's none of mine, my lord.

DIA. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both or none.

LAF. Your reputation [*To* BERTRAM.] comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

BER. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature, [highness
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

KING. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend, [honour,
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your
Than in my thought it lies!

DIA. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

KING. What say'st thou to her?

BER. She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.

DIA. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

COUNT. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

KING. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

DIA. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

LAF. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

KING. Find him, and bring him hither.
[*Exit* Attendants.

BER. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;
Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth.

---

[a] *Whether I have been* to *blame*,—] The original has "*too* blame," and the same reading occurs so frequently in the early editions of these plays, as to raise a doubt whether "*too* blame," was not an expression of the time. In "Henry IV." First Part, Act III. Scene 1, it will be remembered, we have:—"You are *too wilful blame*."

[b] *I wonder, sir,* since *wives,* &c.] The old text is, "I wonder, *sir, sir,* wives," &c. The correction is due to Tyrwhitt.

[c] Re-enter, &c.] In the ancient stage direction, "*Enter Widow, Diana, and Parolles.*"

Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

KING. She hath that ring of yours.

BER. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning[a] with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate; she got the ring,
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

DIA. I must be patient;
You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

BER. I have it not.

KING. What ring was yours, I pray you?

DIA. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger. [of late.

KING. Know you this ring? this ring was his

DIA. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

KING. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

DIA. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

BER. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

KING. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.——
Is this the man you speak of?

DIA. Ay, my lord.

KING. Tell me, sirrah, but, tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

PAR. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

KING. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?

PAR. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; but how!

KING. How, I pray you? [a woman.

PAR. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves

KING. How is that?

PAR. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

KING. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—what an equivocal companion is this?

PAR. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

LAF. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

DIA. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

PAR. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

KING. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

PAR. Yes, so please your majesty; I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as, promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

KING. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married. But thou art too fine[b] in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—
This ring, you say, was yours?

DIA. Ay, my good lord.

KING. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

DIA. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

KING. Who lent it you?

DIA. It was not lent me neither.

KING. Where did you find it then?

DIA. I found it not.

KING. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

DIA. I never gave it him.

LAF. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

KING. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife. [know.

DIA. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I

KING. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her, and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

DIA. I'll never tell you.

KING. Take her away.

DIA. I'll put in bail, my liege.

KING. I think thee now some common customer.[c]

DIA. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

KING. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

DIA. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* LAFEU.

[a] *Her* infinite cunning *with her modern grace,*—] The old copy reads, "Her *insuite comming*," &c. The extremely happy emendation in the text was first suggested by the late Mr. Sidney Walker, and has since been found among the annotations of Mr. Collier's "Old Corrector."

[b] Too fine *in thy evidence;*] *Trop fine*, too full of *finesse*.

[c] Customer.] *Customer* was a term applied to a loose woman. Thus, in "Othello," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"I marry her! what? a *customer*."

KING. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

DIA. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir; [*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One that's dead is quick,
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, *with* HELENA.

KING. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I see?

HEL. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.

BER. Both, both; O, pardon!

HEL. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter; this it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child*, &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

(*) First folio, *is*.

BER. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

HEL. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

LAF. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum, [*To* PAROLLES.] lend me a handkerchief: so, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee. Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones. [know,

KING. Let us from point to point this story
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
[*To* DIANA.
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly, more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well, and, if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Flourish.*

(*Advancing.*)

The king's a beggar, now the play is done
All is well ended, *if this suit be won,*
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
[Exeunt.

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*To whom I am now in ward.*] The heirs of great fortunes, from the feudal ages down to as late as the middle of the seventeenth century, were, both in this country and in parts of France, under the wardship of the sovereign.

(2) SCENE III.—*Clown.*] "The practice of retaining fools," Douce observes, "can be traced in very remote times throughout almost all civilized and even among some barbarous nations. With respect to the antiquity of this custom in our own country, there is reason to suppose that it existed even during the period of our Saxon history; but we are quite certain of the fact in the reign of William the Conqueror. * * * The accounts of the household expenses of our sovereigns contain many payments and rewards to fools both foreign and domestic, the motives for which do not appear, but might perhaps have been some witty speech or comic action that had pleased the donors. Some of these payments are annual gifts at Christmas. Dr. Fuller, speaking of the court jester, whom, he says, some count a necessary evil, remarks, in his usual quaint manner, that it is an office which none but he that hath wit can perform, and none but he that wants it will perform. * * *

"The sort of entertainment that fools were expected to afford, may be collected, in great variety, from our old plays, and particularly from those of Shakspeare; but perhaps no better idea can be formed of their general mode of conduct than from the following passage in a singular tract by Lodge, entitled *Wit's Miserie*, 1599, 4to:—'Immoderate and disordinate joy became incorporate in the bodie of a jeaster; this fellow in person is comely, in apparell courtly, but in behaviour a very ape, and no man; his studie is to coine bitter jeasts, or to shew antique motions, or to sing baudie sonnets and ballads: give him a little wine in his head, he is continually flearing and making of mouthes: he laughs intemperately at every little occasion, and dances about the house, leaps over tables, out-skips mens heads, trips up his companions heeles, burns sack with a candle, and hath all the feats of a lord of misrule in the countrie: feed him in his humor, you shall have his heart, in meere kindness he will hug you in his armes, kisse you on the cheeke, and rapping out an horrible oth, crie Gods soule Tum, I love you, you know my poore heart, come to my chamber for a pipe of tabacco, there lives not a man in this world that I more honor. In these ceremonies you shall know his courting, and it is a speciall mark of him at the table, he sits and makes faces: keep not this fellow company, for in *jugling* with him, your wardropes shall be wasted, your credits crackt, your crownes consumed, and time (the most precious riches of the world) utterly lost. This is the picture of a real hireling or artificial fool." The reader desirous of further information on the duties of the domestic jester will find them pleasantly illustrated in a curious and valuable tract, called Armin's "Nest of Ninnies," 1608; of which a reprint has been made, from the only known copy, for the Shakespeare Society.

(3) SCENE III.—*A prophet I, madam.*] "It is a supposition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have something in them of divinity; on which account they were esteemed sacred. Travellers tell us in what esteem the Turks now hold them; nor had they less honour paid them heretofore in France, as appears from the old word *bênet*, for a *natural fool*."—WARBURTON.

(4) SCENE III.—*One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song.*] As Warburton suggested, it is probable the second stanza of the old ballad, which related to the ten remaining sons of Priam, ran:—

> "If one be bad amongst nine good,
> There's but one *bad* in ten."

The Countess objects, therefore, that in singing—"One *good* in ten," the Clown corrupts the song; whereupon he rejoins that inasmuch as the text says nothing whatever about *good women*, his emendation of "*One good woman in ten*" in reality renders it more complimentary.

(5) SCENE III.—*Though honesty be no puritan*, &c. &c.] A correspondent in Knight's "Pictorial Shakspere" remarks: "This passage refers to the sour objection of the puritans to the use of the surplice in divine service, for which they wished to substitute the black Geneva gown. At this time the controversy with the puritans raged violently. Hooker's fifth book of 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' which, in the 29th Chapter, discusses this matter at length, was published in 1597. But the question itself is much older—as old as the Reformation, when it was agitated between the British and continental reformers. During the reign of Mary it troubled Frankfort, and on the accession of Elizabeth it was brought back to England, under the patronage of Archbishop Grindal, whose residence in Germany, during his exile in Mary's reign, had disposed him to Genevan theology. The dispute about ecclesiastical vestments may seem a trifle, but it was at this period made the ground upon which to try the first principles of Church authority: a point in itself unimportant becomes vital when so large a question is made to turn upon it. Hence its prominency in the controversial writings of Shakspere's time; and few among his audience would be likely to miss an allusion to a subject fiercely debated at Paul's Cross and elsewhere."

(6) SCENE III.—

> ——*My father left me some prescriptions*
> *Of rare and prov'd effects.*]

The text exhibits a very early and curious instance of the use of the word "Prescription" as a medical formula, for which it was not generally current until the close of the seventeenth century. Previously to that time, the ordinary expression was "Recipe;" but in 1599 Bishop Hall employs both words in connexion, showing that they were to be regarded as synonymous:—

> "And give a dose for everie disease
> In Prescripts long, and endless Recipes."
> *Satires*, IV. B. 3.

Dryden does the same also, in his Thirteenth Epistle, in which he likewise alludes to the custom of preserving such papers,—

> "From files a random Recipe they take,
> And many deaths of one Prescription make."

In this manner the Hon. Robert Boyle appears to have made it his practice to preserve methodically all the recipes which had been written for himself in any sickness; one of his Occasional Reflections being on "his reviewing and tacking together the several bills filed in the apothecary's shop."

The practice was probably commenced at an early period of the history of medicine, and was continued in family recipe books, especially in country places, throughout the

greater part of the last century, with "*Probatum est*" attached to the formulæ, where their virtues had been experienced. Dr. Cæsar Adelmare, who died in 1569, left among his papers a number of very extraordinary prescriptions, which Sir Hans Sloane copied neatly out, and preserved in his collection of manuscripts.

ACT II.

(1) Scene I.—

——*Let higher Italy*
(*Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall*
Of the last monarchy) *see that you come*
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; &c.]

In 1494, Charles VIII. of France invaded Italy, under pretence of being the legitimate heir to the kingdom of Naples, to which he marched almost without opposition, and, as Sismondi says, ravaged all the country with the violence and force of a hurricane.

Having subsequently entered into a convention with the Florentines, he proceeded to Sienna, which he attempted to secure by establishing in it a French garrison. This city had long been regarded as the most powerful in Tuscany, after Florence, to which it had formerly been subject, as well as to the crown of Naples; but at the period in question the citizens had set up in it an independent government, and had separated themselves from both, and also from their confederacy with the German Emperor. This disruption had produced the most inveterate hatred between the Florentines and the Siennois; and in 1495 began that "braving war," in which "the Florentines and Senoys were by the ears." Finding that the powers of the north of Italy were so much disgusted by the insolence of the French, as to enter into a league against them, because they appeared to consider themselves as masters of the whole peninsula, Charles resolved on returning to France. He accordingly re-crossed the Apennines, October 22, 1495, leaving half his army at Naples, under his relative, Gilbert De Montpensier, as Viceroy.

In this brief outline of the French invasion of Italy, will be found an explanation both of the policy of the king, and of a peculiar expression in the passage cited above. In virtue of the convention already mentioned, the Florentines were about to ask assistance from him, which the Emperor had written to desire they might not have; and Charles accordingly refused to furnish any troops, as king of France. He was willing, however, to permit those young French noblemen who desired to be known as having served in the wars, to enter themselves as gentlemen-volunteers in a neutral foreign service, with either the Florentine or Siennois, the Guelph or the Ghibelline party, in conformity with the practice of the period, which proved so favourable to many soldiers of fortune. But in his parting address to these noblemen, the king excepts those States which had been formed in the barbaric confusion that prevailed upon the dismemberment of the Roman empire, States which literally inherited the spoils only of the "last monarchy," or single government of Italy. In this exception it may be thought that Charles refers especially to the principalities of the north of Italy, which had entered into a coalition against him; but Shakespeare's history in this play, and in others, must not be examined too rigidly.

(2) Scene I.— ——*And no sword worn,*
But one to dance with.]

As it was the fashion in Shakespeare's time for gentlemen to dance with swords on, and the ordinary weapon was liable to impede their motions, rapiers, light and short, were made for the purpose:—"I think wee were as much dread or more of our enemies, when our gentlemen went simply and our serving-men plainely, without cuts or gards, bearing their heavy swordes and buckelers on their thighes, instead of cuts and gardes and *light daunsing swordes;* and when they rode carrying good speares in theyr hands in stede of white rods, which they carry now more like ladies or gentlewomen than men; all which delicacyes maketh our men cleare effeminate and without strength."—Stafford's *Briefe Conceipt of English Pollicy*, 1581, 4to.

(3) Scene I.—

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.]

The ordinary explanation of these lines refers them either to those passages in Scripture which set forth the mischiefs incident to a kingdom that is governed by a child, as Ecclesiastes x. 16, and Isaiah iii. 4, 12; or to St. Matthew xi. 25,—"I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes:" and 1 Corinthians i. 27, "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." It seems probable, however, that the particular allusion is to the four children of the noble families of Israel who were appointed to be brought up for the king's service; Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah,—"As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom; therefore stood they before the king:" and Nebuchadnezzar set them "over the affairs of the province of Babylon," Daniel i. 3, 4, 17, 19; iii. 48, 49.

The Hebrew word signifies *youths*, but the usual translation is children. In Coverdale's version, 1535, they are called "young springalds."

(4) Scene II.—*A morris for May-day.*] The Morris, or *Morisco* dance, is generally supposed to have been derived originally from the Moors, and to have come to us through Spain; where, indeed, according to Douce, it still continues to delight both natives and strangers, under the name of the *Fandango*. On its first introduction, it was probably a sort of military dance, like that of the *Matachins* in France and Italy; but subsequently the May games, the games of Robin Hood, the Church and other "Ales," and the Morris dance got inextricably blended together. See Douce's "Illustrations of Shakspeare," under *Antient English Morris Dance*. Of the appearance and behaviour of the dancers, Stubbes, in his "Anatomie of Abuses," 1595, supplies a lively but no doubt exaggerated picture:—"They bedecke themselves with scarffes, ribbons and laces, hanged all over with golde ringes, precious stones, and other jewels: this done, they tie about either legge twentie or fortie belles with rich handkerchiefes in their handes, and sometimes laid acrosse over their shoulders and neckes, borrowed for the most part of their pretie Mopsies and loving Bessies, for bussing them in the darke. Thus all things set in order, then have they their hobby-horses, their dragons and other antiques, togither with their baudie pipers, and thundering drummers, to strike up the Devil's Daunce withall: then martch this heathen company towards the church and church-yarde, their pypers pyping, their drummers thundering, their stumpes dauncing, their belles jyngling, their handkercheefes fluttering about their heades like madde men, their hobbie-horses, and other monsters skirmishing amongst the throng: and in this sorte they goe to the church, though the minister be at prayer or preaching, dauncing and swinging their handkerchiefes over their heades in the church like devils incarnate, with such a confused noise, that no man can heare his own voyce." * * *

One of the most curious notices of the morris, as practised in modern times, is given by Waldron, who says that, in the summer of 1783, he "saw at Richmond, in Surrey, a company of Morrice-Dancers from Abington, accompanied by a Fool in a motley-jacket, &c. who carried in his hand a staff or truncheon, about two feet long, having a blown-up bladder fastened to one end of it; with

which he either buffeted the crowd, to keep them at a proper distance from the dancers, or played tricks for the spectators' diversion. The Dancers and the Fool were Berkshire husbandmen, taking an annual circuit, collecting money from whoever would give them any; and (I apprehend) had derived the appendage of the bladder from custom immemorial; not from old plays, or the commentaries thereon."

(5) SCENE V.—*You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard.*] One of the absurdities practised at the great civic festivals formerly, was for the Lord Mayor's or Sheriff's fool to spring on to the table, and, after uttering some doggerel balderdash, leap bodily into a huge custard; prepared, it may be supposed, for the purpose :—

> "He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
> Skip with a rhyme o' the table, from New-nothing,
> And take his *Almain leap into a custard*,
> Shall make my lady mayoress and her sisters
> Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."
>
> BEN JONSON.—"*The Devil is an Ass*," Act I. Sc. 1

ACT III.

(1) SCENE V.—
WID. *God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?*
HEL. *To Saint Jaques le grand.*
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?]

By St. James the Great, Shakespeare no doubt signified the apostle so called, whose celebrated shrine was at Compostella, in Spain; and Dr. Johnson rightly observes that Florence was somewhat out of the road in going thither from Rousillon. There was, however, subsequently, another James, of La Marca of Ancona, a Franciscan confessor of the highest eminence for sanctity, who died at the convent of the Holy Trinity, near Naples, in A.D. 1476. He was not beatified until the seventeenth century, nor canonised until 1726; but it is quite possible that his reputation was very great in connexion with Italy, even at the period of this play; and that Shakespeare adopted the name without considering any other distinction. The same disregard of special peculiarities is evinced also in another part of the above passage, which makes palmers and pilgrims synonymous names, as they were generally supposed to be in England in the seventeenth century, when the original distinction was forgotten. There were differences between them; but it may be doubted whether those specified by Somner and Blount rest upon any sufficient authority. When pilgrims or crusaders returned from the Holy Land, it was customary for them to carry in their hands, or have bound to their staves, branches of the palm which grows in Syria, as signs of their having completely performed the journey. They were then called *Palmiferi*, or Palm-bearers; and on the day following their arrival, when they went to a church to give thanks to God for their safe return, these palms were offered on the altar. Thus it will be perceived that all palmers were pilgrims; but all pilgrims were not palmers, inasmuch as the "signs" of the performance of other pilgrimages were altogether different, and comprised a great variety of their own peculiar emblems.

(2) SCENE VI.—*John Drum's entertainment.*] To give any one *John*, or *Tom, Drum's entertainment*, meant to drive him *vi et armis* out of your company. It was a very old proverbial saying, the origin of which has never been satisfactorily explained. Holinshed, in speaking of the Mayor of Dublin, says, "His porter or anie other officer, durst not for both his eares give the simplest man that resorted to his house *Tom Drum his entertainment*, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE III.—*Hoodman comes!*] An allusion to the sport now known as "Blind Man's Buff," formerly called "Hoodman Blind," because the player, who was blinded, had his *hood* turned round to cover his eyes. Shakespeare refers to this pastime again, in "Hamlet," Act III. Sc. 4 :—

> ——— "What devil was't
> That thus hath cozen'd you at *hoodman blind?*"

(2) SCENE III.—*He has led the drum before the English tragedians.*] The practice of announcing their arrival by beat of drum is still observed by some itinerant performers, and appears to have been a very old one. In Kemp's "Nine Daies Wonder," 1600, there is a representation of Kemp, attired as a morris-dancer, preceded by a character whom he called Thomas Slye, his taberer; and Dr. Hunter has cited an instance from the annals of Doncaster, where, in 1684, the actors' drum going round the town, a part of the military then stationed there took offence at it, and a serious riot was the consequence.

(3) SCENE III.—*Quart d'écu.*] "The *quart d'écu*, or, as it was sometimes written, *cardecue*," Douce says, "was a French piece of money, first coined in the reign of Henry III. It was the fourth part of the *gold* crown, and worth fifteen sols. It is a fact not generally known, that many foreign coins were current at this time in England; some English coins were likewise circulated on the Continent. The French crown and its parts passed by weight only."

Mr. Halliwell gives an engraving of the quarter ecu, copied from the original of the time of Charles IX. "It is dated 1573, and was struck at the Paris mint, the large letter A beneath the shield being the distinguishing mark used there. The superior workmanship and the purity of metal used for these coins, originated the French proverb, applied to persons of honour and probity, 'Etre marqué à l'A.'" In old English books it is almost always called either *cardecue*, or *quardecue*. "I compounded with them for a *cardakew*, which is eighteen pence English."—CORYAT.

> "The Spanish Royall, piece of foure and eight,
> On me for my antiquity may waite,
> The Fioren, Guelder, and French *Cardecue*
> To me are upstarts, if records be true."
>
> TAYLOR'S *Workes*, 1630.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—*Enter a Gentleman.*] The original has "Enter a *Gentle Astringer*," which is said to mean a *gentleman falconer;* the term *Astringer*, derived from *osturcus*, or austurcus, having been formerly applied to one who kept goshawks. The introduction of such a retainer, however, appears so utterly uncalled for, and the title "*gentle* Astringer" is so peculiar, that we may reasonably suspect it to be an error of the press. The folio, 1632, reads, "a gentle Astranger;" that of 1685, "a gentleman, a stranger."

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"*All's Well that Ends Well* is the old story of a young maiden whose love looked much higher than her station. She obtains her lover in marriage from the hand of the King, as a reward for curing him of a hopeless and lingering disease, by means of a hereditary arcanum of her father, who had been in his lifetime a celebrated physician. The young man despises her virtue and beauty; concludes the marriage only in appearance, and seeks in the dangers of war, deliverance from a domestic happiness which wounds his pride. By faithful endurance and an innocent fraud, she fulfils the apparently impossible conditions on which the Count had promised to acknowledge her as his wife. Love appears here in humble guise; the wooing is on the woman's side; it is striving, unaided by a reciprocal inclination, to overcome the prejudices of birth. But as soon as Helena is united to the Count by a sacred bond, though by him considered an oppressive chain, her error becomes her virtue. She affects us by her patient suffering: the moment in which she appears to most advantage is when she accuses herself as the persecutor of her inflexible husband, and, under the pretext of a pilgrimage to atone for her error, privately leaves the house of her mother-in-law. Johnson expresses a cordial aversion for Count Bertram, and regrets that he should be allowed to come off at last with no other punishment than a temporary shame, nay, even be rewarded with the unmerited possession of a virtuous wife. But has Shakspeare ever attempted to soften the impression made by his unfeeling pride and light-hearted perversity? He has but given him the good qualities of a soldier. And does not the poet paint the true way of the world, which never makes much of man's injustice to woman, if so-called family honour is preserved? Bertram's sole justification is, that by the exercise of arbitrary power, the King thought proper to constrain him, in a matter of such delicacy and private right as the choice of a wife. Besides, this story, as well as that of Grissel and many similar ones, is intended to prove that woman's truth and patience will at last triumph over man's abuse of his superior power, while other novels and *fabliaux* are, on the other hand, true satires on woman's inconsistency and cunning. In this piece old age is painted with rare favour; the plain honesty of the King, the good-natured impetuosity of old Lafeu, the maternal indulgence of the Countess to Helena's passion for her son, seem all, as it were, to vie with each other in endeavours to overcome the arrogance of the young Count. The style of the whole is more sententious than imaginative; the glowing colours of fancy could not with propriety have been employed on such a subject. In the passages where the humiliating rejection of the poor Helena is most painfully affecting, the cowardly Parolles steps in to the relief of the spectator. The mystification by which his pretended valour and his shameless slanders are unmasked, must be ranked among the most comic scenes that ever were invented: they contain matter enough for an excellent comedy, if Shakspeare were not always rich even to profusion. Falstaff has thrown Parolles into the shade, otherwise, among the poet's comic characters, he would have been still more famous."—SCHLEGEL.

Act IV. Sc. 7.

KING HENRY V.

The earliest edition of this play was published in 1600, under the title of—"The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Togither with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. London,—*Printed by Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Millington and Iohn Busby." This was followed by another edition in 1602, and a third, in 1608.

The question whether the copy from which these quartos were printed was a maimed and surreptitious version of the perfect play, made up from what could be collected by short-hand, or remembered from the stage representation, as Mr. Collier believes, or whether it was an authentic transcript of the poet's first draft of the piece, but corrupted by the ordinary printing-house blunders, involves so much that is important in connexion with Shakespeare's method of production, that it will be best considered when we come to his Life.

Upon the evidence of a passage in the Chorus to the Fifth Act,—

> "Were now the general of our gracious empress
> (As, in good time, he may,) from Ireland coming,
> Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
> How many would the peaceful city quit,
> To welcome him!"—

which bears an unmistakeable reference to the Irish expedition of the Earl of Essex, begun and terminated in 1599, this play is supposed to have been written in that year. Long before this date, however, Henry's exploits in France had been commemorated upon the stage. Nash, in his "Pierce Pennilesse," 1592, says,—"What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin sweare fealtie;" and "The famous Victories of Henry the Fift," already spoken of in "Henry IV.," was no doubt both acted and printed prior to Shakespeare's "Henry V."

Malone assumes the old historical drama alluded to by Nash, and "The famous Victories, &c." to be the same piece, which he says was exhibited before the year 1588, as Tarlton, who performed in it both the Chief Justice and the Clown, died in that year. Steevens speaks of them as distinct plays.

The events comprehended in "Henry V." begin in the first year of the king's reign, and terminate with his marriage of Katharine, the French princess, about eight years afterwards.

Persons Represented.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } *Brothers to the* KING.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }

DUKE OF EXETER, *Uncle to the* KING.

DUKE OF YORK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, *and* WARWICK.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, }
LORD SCROOP, } *Conspirators against the* KING.
SIR THOMAS GREY, }

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, *and* JAMY, *Officers in* KING HENRY'*s Army.*

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *Soldiers in the same.*

PISTOL, NYM, *and* BARDOLPH.

A Herald.

Boy.

Chorus.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, *King of* France.

LEWIS, *the* Dauphin.

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, *and* BOURBON.

The CONSTABLE *of* France.

RAMBURES *and* GRANDPRÉ, French *Lords.*

MONTJOY, *a* French *Herald.*

Ambassadors to the King of England.

Governor of Harfleur.

ISABEL, *Queen of* France.

KATHARINE, *Daughter of* CHARLES *and* ISABEL.

ALICE, *a Lady attending on the Princess* KATHARINE.

QUICKLY, PISTOL'*s Wife, an Hostess.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, English and French Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

The Action at the beginning takes place in ENGLAND, *but afterwards, wholly in* FRANCE.

Enter CHORUS.*

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits, that have† dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cock-pit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram,
Within this wooden O, the very casques,[a]
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings;
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass; for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

*) First folio, *Enter Prologue.* (†) First folio, *hath.*

[a] *The* very casques,—] The *mere helmets.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An Antechamber in the* King's *Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop *of* Canterbury, *and the* Bishop *of* Ely.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you—that self bill is urg'd
Which in the eleventh year o' the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling[a] and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

[a] Scambling—] See note (c), p. 319, Vol. I.; to which may be added another example of the word, from Florio, who explains *Ruffare*, to *rifle*, to *scamble*.

ELY. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
CANT. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.
ELY. This would drink deep.
CANT. 'T would drink the cup and all.
ELY. But what prevention?
CANT. The king is full of grace and fair regard.
ELY. And a true lover of the holy church.
CANT. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,[a]
As in this king.
ELY. We are blessed in the change.
CANT. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire, the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies[b] unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.
ELY. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.
CANT. It must be so: for miracles are ceas'd
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.
ELY. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?
CANT. He seems indifferent;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us:
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.
ELY. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?
CANT. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done,)
The severals, and unhidden passages,[c]
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.
ELY. What was the impediment that broke this off?
CANT. The French ambassador, upon that instant,
Crav'd audience:—and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?
ELY. It is.

---

[a] And all at once,—] This was a trite phrase in Shakespeare's day, though not one of his editors has noticed it. In "As you Like It," Act III. Sc. 5, where it again occurs,—

"——— Who might be your mother?
That you insult, exult, *and all at once*
Over the wretched?"—

some of them have even suspected a misprint, and proposed to read,—

"——— and *rail* at once."

It is frequently met with in the old writers. Thus, in "The Fisherman's Tale," 1594, by F. Sabie:—

"She wept, she cride, she sob'd, *and all at once.*"

And in Middleton's "Changeling," Act IV. Sc. 3:—

"Does love turn fool, run mad, *and all at once?*"

[b] Companies—] That is, *Companions.*

[c] The severals, and unhidden passages,—] "This line I suspect of corruption, though it may be fairly enough explained.—The *passages* of his *titles* are the *lines* of *succession* by which his claims descend. *Unhidden* is *open, clear.*"—JOHNSON.

CANT. Then go we in, to know his embassy,
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
ELY. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and* Attendants.

K. HEN. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?
EXE. Not here in presence.
K. HEN. Send for him, good uncle.
WEST. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?[a]

[a] In the quartos the play begins with this speech.

K. HEN. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP *of* CANTERBURY, *and the* BISHOP *of* ELY.

CANT. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!
K. HEN. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;

For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to:
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed:
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord:
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

CANT. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you peers,(1)
That owe your lives, your faith, and services,[a]
To this imperial throne.—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam mulieres nè succedant,
No woman shall succeed in Salique land:
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze[b]
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:
Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day, in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—
To fine[c] his title with some show* of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)
Convey'd[d] himself as heir to the lady Lingare,(2)
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the tenth,[e]
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles, the foresaid duke of Lorraine:
By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare[f] their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. HEN. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

CANT. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the Book of Numbers is it writ,—
When the son† dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors;
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the black prince;
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,

---

[a] *That owe your* lives, *your* faith, *and services,*—] The folio reading is—"your *selves*, your *lives*," &c.

[b] Gloze—] That is, *misinterpret, put a false construction on;* and not, we believe, as the commentators say, *expound*, or *explain*.

[c] *To* fine *his title*—] The first folio reads, "To *find*," &c. To *fine his title* may mean, to *embellish*, or *prank up his title;* or to *point* his title, as Shakespeare makes use of *fine* in both these and in other senses. Mason conjectured that the metaphor was derived from the *fining* of liquors, which is also probable.

[d] Convey'd *himself as heir to the lady Lingare,*—] Thus the quartos. The folio, unmetrically, reads,—

"Convey'd himself as th' heir to th' lady Lingare"

(*) First folio, *shewes.*

(†) First folio, *man.*

The sense of *convey'd*, in this passage, is rendered plainly by Bishop Cooper:—"Conjicere se in familiam; *to convey himself* to be of some noble family."

[e] *King Lewis* the tenth,—] This should be "Lewis the *ninth*." Shakespeare adopted the error from Holinshed.

[f] *Than amply to* imbare—] The folio has, *imbarre;* the first two quartos, *imbace;* and the third, *embrace*. We adopt the accepted reading, which was first suggested by Warburton, and signifies, *to lay bare.*

Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.(3)
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action![a]

ELY. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

EXE. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

WEST. They know your grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your highness;[b] never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

CANT. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood * and sword and fire to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time,
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. HEN. We must not only arm to invade the French;
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

CANT. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. HEN. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays;
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.[c]

CANT. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege:
For hear her but exampled by herself,—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
And make your[d] chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

WEST. But there's a saying, very old and true,—

If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To spoil * and havoc more than she can eat.

EXE. It follows then, the cat must stay at home?
Yet that is but a crush'd[e] necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent,(4)
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

CANT. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,

(*) Old copy, *bloods*.

[a] *And cold* for action!] That is, for *want of* action.

[b] *They know your* grace hath cause *and means and might; So hath your highness;*]

So, tautologically, reads the passage in the folio, 1623, where alone it appears. We should, perhaps, transpose the words *grace* and *cause*, reading:—

"They know your *cause* hath *grace* and means and might;—
So hath your highness;"

or, retaining their original sequence, substitute *haste* for *hath* in the second line;—

"So *haste*, your highness."

[c] *At the* ill neighbourhood.] The quartos have,—

(*) First folio, *tame*.

"Hath shook and trembled at the *bruit hereof;*"—
which we much prefer.

[d] *And make* your chronicle—] The quartos read,—

"——— *your chronicles,*" &c.;—

the folio:—

"——— *their chronicle,*" &c.

As Johnson suggested, we ought, probably, to substitute,—

"—— *her chronicle.*"

[e] Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,—] Thus the folio. The quartos have, "a *curs'd* necessity;" neither affords a perspicuous meaning. Mason proposed to read,—

"Yet that is *not* a curs'd necessity."

Warburton, "a *'scus'd* necessity." Capell, "a *crude* necessity."

Obedience: for so work the honey bees,
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading-up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly* to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams run† in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End‡ in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin. [*Exit an* Attendant.

Now are we well resolv'd: and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
Ruling, in large and ample empery,
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen§ epitaph.

(*) First folio, *Come.* (†) First folio, *meet.*
(‡) First folio, *And.* (§) Quarto, *paper.*

Enter Ambassadors *of* France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May't please your majesty to give us leave,
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we, sparingly, show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are* our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says,—that you savour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard[a] won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard:
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases.[b] And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 't is ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state,

(*) First folio, *is.*

a A nimble galliard—] Sir John Davies in his "Orchestra," 1622, describes the *galliard* as:—

"A gallant daunce, that lively doth bewray
A spirit and a vertue Masculine,
Impatient that her house on earth should stay,
Since she her selfe is fiery and divine:
Oft doth she make her body upward fline;
With lofty turnes and capriols in the ayre,
Which with the lusty tunes accordeth faire."

b Chases.] *Hazard, courts,* and *chases,* are terms borrowed from the game of tennis.

Be like a king, and show my sail [a] of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:

For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;

---

[a] *And show my* sail of *greatness*,—] Mr. Collier's annotator reads, speciously,—

"——— my *soul* of greatness;"—

but *sail* we believe to have been Shakespeare's expression. Thus in the Third Part of "Henry VI." Act III. Sc. 3:—

"——— now Margaret
Must *strike her sail*, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command."

Again, in Massinger's play of "The Picture," Act II. Sc. 2:—

"Such is my *full-sail'd* confidence."—

And in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Thierry and Theodoret," Act II. Sc. 1:—

"——— I do begin
To feel an alteration in my nature,
And, in his *full-sail'd* confidence, a shower
Of gentle rain," &c.

But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones;(5) and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,
And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.

EXE. This was a merry message.

K. HEN. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable[a] swiftness add
More feathers to our wings: for, God before,[b]
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*

---

[a] *With* reasonable *swiftness*—] Mr. Collier's annotator has,—

"*Seasonable* swiftness,"—

which, however plausible, is tame and prosaic; by *reasonable* swiftness, is meant the *speed of thought;* as in "Hamlet," we have,—

"——— *wings as swift*
As *meditation*,"—

And in "Troilus and Cressida," Act II. Sc. 2:—

"The very *wings of reason*."

[b] God before,—] That is, "I *swear before God*," or "*God witness*."

Enter CHORUS.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted men,—
One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,
Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—
Have for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die
(If hell and treason hold their promises,)
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
The abuse of distance; force[a] a play.
The sum is paid: the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*

[a] Force *a play.*] So in the original. Possibly, however, an allusion is intended to the *dumb-shows* which of old preceded each act, and we should read:—

"Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
The abuse of distance; *fo rsee* a play."

See the Chorus before Act III.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. Eastcheap.

Enter, severally, NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

BARD. Well met, corporal Nym.

NYM. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

BARD. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

NYM. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one, but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.[a]

BARD. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers[b] to France: let it be so, good corporal Nym.

NYM. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do[c] as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

BARD. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

NYM. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare,* yet she will plod.

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[a] *And there's* an end.] The quartos read, "And there's *the humour of it.*"

[b] *And we'll be all three* sworn brothers—] See note (a), p. 484, Vol. I.

(*) First folio, *name.*

[c] *I will* do *as I may:*] Monck Mason, with some reason, proposed to read:—

"——— *die* as I may."

There must be conclusions:—well, I cannot tell.

BARD. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—

Enter PISTOL *and* Hostess.[a]

How now, mine host Pistol!

PIST. Base tike, call'st thou me—host?
Now, by this hand, I swear I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

HOST. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [NYM *draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn![b] now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

BARD. Good lieutenant,—good corporal,—offer nothing here.[c]

NYM. Pish![d]

PIST. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! (1) thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

HOST. Good corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

NYM. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus.* [*Sheathing his sword.*

PIST. *Solus,* egregious dog! O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

NYM. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: if you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

PIST. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

[PISTOL *and* NYM *draw their swords.*

BARD. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws his sword.*

PIST. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

NYM. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

PIST. *Coupe le gorge!*
That is the word?—I thee defy* again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and—*Pauca,* there's enough, to—
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

BOY. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you,† hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

BARD. Away, you rogue!

HOST. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt* Hostess *and* Boy.

BARD. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

PIST. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

NYM. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

PIST. Base is the slave that pays.

NYM. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

PIST. As manhood shall compound; push home.

[PISTOL *and* NYM *draw their swords.*

BARD. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

PIST. Sword is an oath; and oaths must have their course.

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[a] Hostess.] The old copies have "Quickly," but evidently through inadvertence, as she is always afterwards called "Hostess," which, or "Mistress Pistol," is now her proper appellation.

[b] *O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not* drawn! *now we shall see,* &c.] In the folio, "if he be not *hewne now.*" The correction was made by Theobald.

[c] Good lieutenant,—good corporal,—offer nothing here.] To obviate the inconsistency of Bardolph, himself the lieutenant, designating Pistol by that title, Capell prints, "Good ancient," and Malone makes the sentence a part of the Hostess's speech. This, however, is not the only anomaly of the same kind. In the opening of the present scene, Nym addresses Bardolph as "lieutenant," while in Act III. Sc. 2, he calls him "corporal." Again, in the Second Part of "Henry IV." Act V. Sc. 5, Falstaff styles Pistol "lieutenant," though his military rank is only that of "ancient." Whether these incongruities are the effect of design or inattention on Shakespeare's part, (they could hardly arise from carelessness in the printing office,) it is now, perhaps, impossible to determine; we prefer therefore to adhere to the old text.

[d] Pish!] In the quartos "Push!" the older form of the same contemptuous exclamation. See note (a), p. 731, Vol. I.

(*) First folio, *defy thee.* (†) First folio, *your.*

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?[a]

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—
Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's* the humour of it.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came† of women, come in quickly to sir John: ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king, but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight,
For, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Southampton. *A Council Chamber.*

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

(*) First folio, *that.* (†) First folio, *come.*

[a] Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, &c.] This speech is omitted in the folio.

WEST. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.
BED. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.
EXE. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd[a] with gracious favours,—
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, *and* Attendants.

K. HEN. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Masham,—
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?
SCROOP. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.
K. HEN. I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair concent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.
CAM. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.
GREY. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. HEN. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.
SCROOP. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.
K. HEN. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice,[b] we pardon him.
SCROOP. That's mercy, but too much security;
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.
K. HEN. O, let us yet be merciful.
CAM. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
GREY. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.
K. HEN. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper, [eye,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us!—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes;
Who are the late commissioners?
CAM. I one, my lord;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
SCROOP. So did you me, my liege.
GREY. And me,[c] my royal sovereign.
K. HEN. Then, Richard earl of Cambridge, there is yours;—
There yours, lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath* so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?
CAM. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.
GREY. SCROOP. To which we all appeal.
K. HEN. The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,

[a] Dull'd and cloy'd—] So the folio; the quartos read, "*cloy'd and grac'd.*

[b] *And, on his* more advice,—] This is variously interpreted. We believe it to mean, on his further representations.

(*) First folio, *have.*

[c] *And* me, *my royal sovereign.*] The folio has, "And *I*," &c. The quarto, "And *me*, my lord."

These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,—
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight,—no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—But, O!
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coined me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white,[a] my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a* natural cause,[b]
That admiration did not whoop† at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder, to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence;
And other devils that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd[c] thee, bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion-gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar[d] back,
And tell the legions—*I can never win*
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;[e]
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
Such and so finely boulted didst thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
To mark the* full-fraught man, and best indued,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.[f]—Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the law;—
And God acquit them of their practices!

EXE. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry† lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

SCROOP. Our purposes God justly hath discovered,
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

CAM. For me,—the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I‡ in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

GREY. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. HEN. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,

(*) First folio, *an.* (†) First folio, *hoope.*

[a] *Black* from *white*,—] So the quartos. The folio has "black *and* white."

[b] A *natural* cause,—] *Cause* was probably a misprint for *course*.

[c] Temper'd *thee*,—] *Moulded* thee. Johnson proposed to read "*tempted* thee."

[d] *Vasty* Tartar—] That is, *Tartarus*.

[e] *Garnish'd and deck'd in modest* complement;] Complement signified *accomplishments, perfection, completeness:* and was applied sometimes to mental, sometimes to physical attainments, and occasionally, as in the present instance, merely to the taste and elegance displayed in dress. Thus, in a note of Drayton's upon the Epistle from Geraldine to Lord Surrey; "but Apparell and the outward Appearance intituled *Complement*."

[f] Another fall of man.—] The whole of this speech from the line,—

"Treason and murder ever kept together,"

inclusive, is omitted in the quartos.

(*) Old text, *make thee.* (†) First folio, *Thomas.*
(‡) First folio omits, *I.*

Whose ruin you have* sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt* Conspirators, *guarded*.
Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed on our way:
Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.
[*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.—London. Pistol's *House in Eastcheap*.

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* Boy.

HOST. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

PIST. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;— [dead,
Boy, bristle thy courage up;—for Falstaff he is
And we must yearn therefore.

BARD. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

HOST. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child;(2) 'a parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide:(3) for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends,† I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.[a] *How now, sir John?* quoth I: *what, man! be o' good cheer.* So 'a cried out—*God, God!* three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: so, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward,* and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

NYM. They say, he cried out of sack.

HOST. Ay, that 'a did.

BARD. And of women.

HOST. Nay, that 'a did not.

BOY. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

HOST. 'A could never abide carnation: 'twas a colour he never liked.

BOY. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

HOST. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic;[b] and talked of the whore of Babylon.

BOY. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell?

BARD. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

NYM. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

PIST. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips,
Look to my chattels, and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word† is, *Pitch and pay;*[c]
Trust none, for oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

BOY. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

PIST. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

BARD. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her*.

NYM. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

PIST. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

HOST. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt*.

(*) First folio omits, *have*. (†) First folio, *end*.

[a] *And* 'a babbled *of green fields*.] In the folio,—"his nose was as sharpe as a Pen, and a *Table* of greene fields." The quartos have simply, "His nose was as sharp as a pen." Theobald's famous emendation of "'a *babbled* of green fields," has now become so completely a part of the text, that no editor will ever have the temerity to displace it. The conjecture of Pope, there fore, that "a table of green fields," was a stage-direction for the property-man, (whom he supposed to be named *Greenfield*,) to have a table ready on the stage—"a table of Greenfield's;" and the equally atrocious sophistication of Mr. Collier's annotator—"his nose was as sharp as a pen *on* a table of green *frieze!*" need only be mentioned to be laughed at.

[b] *Was* rheumatic;] Was *lunatic*, the "*quondam* Quickly" means.

[c] *Pitch and pay;*] A proverbial saying, equivalent to our "*pay on delivery.*" One of the old laws of Blackwell-hall, Farmer says, "was that a *penny be paid* by the owner of every bale of cloth for *pitching.*" Tusser, in his description of Norwich, calls it,—

"A city trim;
Where strangers well may seem to dwell,
That *pitch and pay*, or keep their day."

(*) First folio, *up-peer'd*. (†) First folio, *world*.

SCENE IV.—France. *A Room in the* French King's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING CHARLES, *attended; the* DAUPHIN, *the* DUKE *of* BURGUNDY, *the* Constable, *and others.*

K. CHA. Thus come the English with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—
And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift despatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English,
Upon our fields.

DAU. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question,)
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France;
And let us do it with no show of fear,
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

CON. O peace, prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question, your grace, the late ambassadors,—
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,—
And you shall find, his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

DAU. Well, 't is not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence, 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of[a] a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
A little cloth.

K. CHA. Think we king Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too—much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, black prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain[b] sire,—on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Ambassadors from Harry king of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

K. CHA. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.
[*Exeunt* Messenger *and certain* Lords.
You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

DAU. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head;
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, *with* EXETER *and train.*

K. CHA. From our brother of England?

EXE. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,

[a] Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,—] We should, perhaps, read, "Which *if*," or "Which *oft*."

[b] Mountain *sire*,—] Theobald suggested, *Mounting* sire

By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'T is no sinister, nor no awkward[a] claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,[b]
[*Gives a paper.*
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you, overlook this pedigree,
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

K. CHA. Or else what follows? [crown

EXE. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove;
(That, if requiring fail, he will compel;)
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining[c] maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.[d]

K. CHA. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

DAU. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him; what to him from England?

EXE. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide[e] your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.[f]

DAU. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

EXE. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,)
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

K. CHA. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

EXE. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

K. CHA. You shall be soon despatch'd, with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath,[g] and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

---

a Awkward—] *Distorted.*
b *Memorable* line,—] *Line* is *lineage, genealogy.*
c Pining—] So the quartos; the folio has "*privy.*"
d *Greeting* too.] Thus the quartos; the folio reads, "greeting *to.*"
e Shall chide *your trespass,*—] Chide is here employed in its double sense of *rebuke* and *resound*, or *echo.*
f Ordinanee.] This was anciently spelt indifferently, *ordnance*, or *ordinance.* Here the metre requires it to be pronounced as a trisyllable.
g Small breath,—] Short breathing time.

Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton* pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.†
Play with your fancies; and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think,
You stand upon the rivage,[a] and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage[b] of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum; and chambers go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.
[*Exit.*

(*) Old copy, *Dover*.

(†) Old copy, *fayning*.

[a] Rivage,—] The *shore* or *bank*. The word is not unfrequent with our old writers, although this is the only instance of its occurrence in Shakespeare.

[b] *To* sternage *of this navy;*] To the *steerage*, or *course*, of the fleet.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—France. *Before* Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers, *with scaling ladders.*

K. HEN. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon* up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage[a] of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty[b] his confounded[c] base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide:
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noble* English,
Whose blood is fet[d] from fathers of war-proof!—
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:—
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men† of grosser blood, [yeomen,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear [not;
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining‡ upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry — God for Harry! England and saint George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum; and chambers go off.*

(*) Old copy, *commune.*

a Portage—] The *port-holes.*
b Jutty—] *Project, jut out.*
c Confounded *base,*—] *Demolished* base.

(*) Old copy, *Noblish.* (†) Old copy, *me.*
(‡) Old copy, *Straying.*

d *Whose blood is* fet—] *Fet* is frequently found in our early poets; it is the participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb *fet-ian*, to fetch.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Forces pass over; then enter BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* Boy.

BARD. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

NYM. Pray thee, corporal,[a] stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case[b] of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

PIST. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound;

Knocks go and come;
God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

BOY. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

PIST. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

BOY. *As duly, but not as truly,*
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.[c]

FLU. Got's plood![d]—Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!

[*Driving them forward.*

PIST. Be merciful, great duke,[e] to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

NYM. These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt* NYM, PISTOL, *and* BARDOLPH, *followed by* FLUELLEN.

BOY. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers:[f] I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's

[a] *Pray thee*, corporal,—] See note (°), p. 74.
[b] *A* case of *lives*:] A *brace*, or *pair* of lives.
[c] Fluellen.] The Welsh pronunciation of Lluellyn.
[d] Got's plood!] Omitted in the folio, probably on account of the Act 3 Jac. I. c. 21. See note (4), p. 562, Vol. I.
[e] *Great* duke,—] Great *leader*.
[f] Swashers.] *Swaggerers, braggadochios.*

head but his own; and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it,—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire shovel: I knew by that piece of service, the men would carry coals.[a] They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchers; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing-up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit* Boy.

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

GOW. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

FLU. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so goot to come to the mines: for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you,) is digt himself four yard under the countermines: py Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not petter directions.

GOW. The duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

FLU. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

GOW. I think it be.

FLU. Py Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

GOW. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

FLU. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the auncient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: py Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Enter MACMORRIS *and* JAMY.

JAMY. I say, gude-day, captain Fluellen.

FLU. God-den to your worship, goot captain James.

GOW. How now, captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

MAC. By Chrish la, tish ill done; the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

FLU. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

JAMY. It sall be very gude, gude feith, gude captains baith: and I sall quit you with gude leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, mary.

MAC. It ish no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day ish hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it ish no time to discourse. The town ish beseech'd, and the trompet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing; tish shame for us all: so God sa' me, tish shame to stand still; it ish shame, by my hand: and there ish throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done; so Chrish sa' me, la.

JAMY. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay't as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

FLU. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

MAC. Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?[b]

FLU. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; peing as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my pirth, and in other particularities.

MAC. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

GOW. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

JAMY. Au! that's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*

[a] Carry coals.] See note (a), p. 159, Vol. I.

[b] *What ish my nation?* &c.] Mr. Knight suggests that by a common mistake in printing, the second and third lines were transposed, and that we should read,—"Who talks of my nation, ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal." This is not unlikely; yet it is equally probable, that the incoherence of the original was designed to mark the impetuosity of the speaker.

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more petter opportunity to be required, look you, I will pe so pold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.[a] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Gates of* Harfleur.

The Governor *and some* Citizens *on the walls; the* English *Forces below. Enter* King Henry, *and his Train.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of deadly * murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier, with foul hand,
Defile† the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry,
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy:
Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest,
To-morrow for the march are we address'd.
[*Flourish. The* King, *&c. enter the Town.*

SCENE IV.—Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Katharine *and* Alice.[b]

Kath. *Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.*

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main, en Anglais?*

Alice. *La main? elle est appelée,* de hand.

Kath. De hand. *Et les doigts?*

Alice. *Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appelés* de fingres; *oui,* de fingres.

Kath. *La main,* de hand! *les doigts,* de fingres. *Je pense, que je suis le bon écolier. J'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglais vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles? les appelons,* de nails.

Kath. De nails. *Ecoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien:* de hand, de fingres, *et* de nails.

Alice. *C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglais.*

Kath. *Dites-moi l'Anglais pour le bras.*

Alice. De arm, *madame.*

Kath. *Et le coude.*

(*) Old text, *headly.* (†) Old text, *desire.*

[a] *And there is an end.*] This scene was well calculated to be effective in representation. The appearance at one time of an English, a Scotch, an Irish, and a Welsh man, could hardly fail to be an entertaining novelty on the early stage; but the profane gibberish put into the mouths of Irish characters in Shakespeare's day, would indicate but a very limited intercourse between this country and the sister Isle.

[b] Enter Katharine and Alice.] So the quarto: the folio, instead of Alice, has "*an old gentlewoman.*"

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. *Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

Kath. *Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez :* de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, *madame.*

Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie !* De elbow. *Comment appelez-vous le col ?*

Alice. De neck, *madame.*

Kath. De nick : *Et le menton ?*

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. *Le col,* de nick : *le menton,* de sin.

Alice. *Oui. Sauf votre honneur ; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

Kath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseignée ?*

Kath. *Non, je reciterai à vous promptement :* de hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, *madame.*

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. *Sauf votre honneur,* de elbow.

Kath. *Ainsi dis-je ;* de elbow, de nick ; *et* de sin : *Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe ?*

Alice. De foot, *madame ; et* de coun.

Kath. De foot, *et* de coun ! *O Seigneur Dieu ! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user : je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut* de foot, *et* de coun, *néanmoins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble :* de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. *Excellent, madame !*

Kath. *C'est assez pour une fois ; allons-nous à dîner.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter KING CHARLES, *the* DAUPHIN, DUKE *of* BOURBON, *the* Constable *of* France, *and others.*

K. CHA. 'T is certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.

CON. An if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

DAU. *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,—
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

BOUR. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten[a] isle of Albion.

CON. *Dieu de battailes!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades,[b] their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor—we may* call them, in their native lords.

DAU. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard-warriors.

BOUR. They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos;(1)
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

K. CHA. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret,[c] high-constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix,[d] Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,[e]
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot, into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

CON. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for[f] achievement, offer us his ransom.

KING CHA. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

DAU. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

K. CHA. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The* English *Camp in* Picardy.

Enter, severally, GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

GOW. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

FLU. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

GOW. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

(*) Old text omits, *may.*

[a] Nook-shotten—] "*Shotten,*" according to Warburton, "signifies any thing *projected;* so *nook-shotten isle,* is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain." "Nook-shotten isle," however, may mean only, *an isle, flung in a corner.*

[b] Sur-rein'd—] Perhaps, *over-ridden.*

[c] *Charles* De-la-bret,—] Correctly, "Charles D'Albret," but Shakespeare followed Holinshed, who calls the Constable *Delabreth.*

[d] Foix,—] The old text has Loys, which was not the name of any French house of distinction, in the books of that time.

[e] Knights,—] Old text, *kings;* altered by Theobald.

[f] *And,* for *achievement,*—] Should we not read, "And *'fore* achievement?" The import being, At sight of our army he will be so intimidated, as to offer us his ransom *before* we have captured him. In Act IV. Sc. 3, Henry says,—

"Bid them *achieve* me, and then sell my bones."

FLU. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not, (Got pe praised and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an auncient lieutenant[a] there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; put I did see him do as gallant service.

GOW. What do you call him?

FLU. He is called—auncient Pistol.

GOW. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

FLU. Here is the man.

PIST. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

FLU. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

PIST. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
*Of buxom[b] valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,—
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

FLU. Py your patience, auncient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler pefore her† eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind, and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—in good truth, the poet is make[c] a most excellent description of it: Fortune, look you,[d] is an excellent moral.

PIST. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a *pax*,(2) and hanged must 'a be.
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate;
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pax* of little price.
Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

FLU. Auncient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

PIST. Why then rejoice therefore.

FLU. Certainly, auncient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my prother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines[e] ought to be used.

PIST. Die and be damn'd; and *figo*[f] for thy friendship!

FLU. It is well.

PIST. The fig of Spain![g] [*Exit* PISTOL.

FLU. Very goot.

GOW. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

FLU. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: but it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

GOW. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done;—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut,(3) and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

FLU. I tell you what, captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly

(*) Old text prefixes, *And*.
(†) First folio, *afore his*.

[a] *An* auncient lieutenant—] If Fluellen were not designed to blunder, we may suppose that *lieutenant* having been inadvertently inserted in the first instance, and *ancient* afterwards interlineated, both by accident got printed in the text. The quartos read,

"There is an *ensigne* there."

[b] Buxom *valour*,—] The earliest meaning of this word was, *pliant, yielding, obedient;* but in Shakespeare's time it was commonly used in the sense it appears to bear here, and in "Pericles," Act I. (Gower) that of *lusty, sprightly, buoyant*.

[c] The poet is make—] Thus the quartos; the folio has, "the poet makes," &c.

[d] Look you,—] These words are found only in the quartos.

[e] To executions; for disciplines, &c.] In the folio, to *execution;* for *discipline*, &c. As Mr. Knight both here and in other instances in the present scene has adopted, though silently, the reading of the quartos, it is not uncharitable to suppose that his objection to such a proceeding on the part of his brother-editors was a little more strongly expressed than felt.

[f] *And* figo *for thy friendship!*] This is simply "a *fig* for thy friendship;" as in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act I. Sc. 3, he says, "A *fico* for the phrase;" there is no allusion apparently to the loathsome gesticulation mentioned in note (c), p. 160, Vol. I.

[g] The fig of Spain!] From the corresponding passage in the quartos,—"the fig of Spain *within thy jaw*," and "the fig within thy *bowels and thy dirty maw*,"—Pistol obviously refers here to the custom of administering poisoned figs, which appears to have been but too common both in Spain and Italy at one time:—

"It may fall out that thou shalt be entic'd
To sup sometimes with a magnifico,
And have a *fico* foisted in thy dish."
GASCOIGNE'S *Poems*.

Where a quibble was perhaps intended between magni*fico* and *fico*. So also in Vittoria Corombona:—

"I look now for a *Spanish fig*, or an Italian sallad daily."

make show to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers.[a]

FLU. Got pless your majesty!

K. HEN. How now, Fluellen? cam'st thou from the bridge?

FLU. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. HEN. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

FLU. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red: but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. HEN. We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

MONT. You know me by my habit.

K. HEN. Well then, I know thee. What shall I know of thee?

MONT. My master's mind.

K. HEN. Unfold it.

MONT. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. HEN. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

MONT. Montjoy.

K. HEN. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment:[b] for, to say the sooth,
(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of English legs [God,
Did march three Frenchmen,—Yet, forgive me,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am;
My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army, but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before,[c] tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.(4)
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle as we are,
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it;
So tell your master.

MONT. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [*Exit* MONTJOY.

GLO. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. HEN. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—
Beyond the river we 'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *And Soldiers.*] The folio has, "*Enter the King and his poor soulditers.*"

[b] Impeachment:] *Hindrance.*

[c] Yet, God before,—] See note (b), page 71.

SCENE VII.—*The* French *Camp, near* Agincourt.

Enter the CONSTABLE *of* FRANCE, *the* DUKE *of* ORLEANS, *the* DAUPHIN, *the* LORD RAMBURES, *and others.*

CON. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.
Would it were day!

ORL. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

CON. It is the best horse of Europe.

ORL. Will it never be morning?

DAU. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high-constable, you talk of horse and armour,—

ORL. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

DAU. What a long night is this!——I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns.[a] *Ça, ha!** He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant,* the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

ORL. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

DAU. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse, and all other jades[b] you may call—beasts.

CON. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

DAU. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

ORL. No more, cousin.

DAU. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey; it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: *Wonder of nature,*—

ORL. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

DAU. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

ORL. Your mistress bears well.

DAU. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

CON. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

DAU. So, perhaps, did yours.

CON. Mine was not bridled.

DAU. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

CON. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

DAU. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

CON. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

DAU. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his[c] own hair.

CON. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

DAU. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:* thou makest use of any thing.

CON. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

RAM. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night,—are those stars, or suns, upon it?

CON. Stars, my lord.

DAU. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

CON. And yet my sky shall not want.

DAU. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour, some were away.

CON. Even as your horse bears your praises, who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

DAU. Would I were able to load him with his desert!—Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

CON. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

RAM. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

CON. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

(*) Old copy, *ch, ha'.*

[a] *On four* pasterns.] So the folio, 1632, correcting the error of its predecessor, which has, *postures.*

[b] *And all other* jades *you may call—beasts.*] *Jade,* it may be noticed, was not invariably applied to a horse in a depreciatory sense.

[c] His *own hair.*] So the folio. In the quartos we have, "*her* own hair." *His* may have been used for the impersonal pronoun, *its.*

DAU. 'T is midnight, I'll go arm myself.
[*Exit.*

ORL. The Dauphin longs for morning.

RAM. He longs to eat the English.

CON. I think he will eat all he kills.

ORL. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

CON. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

ORL. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

CON. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.[a]

ORL. He never did harm that I heard of.

CON. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

ORL. I know him to be valiant.

CON. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

ORL. What's he?

CON. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

ORL. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

CON. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bate.[b]

ORL. *Ill-will never said well.*

CON. I will cap that proverb with—*There is flattery in friendship.*[c]

ORL. And I will take up that with—*Give the devil his due.*

CON. Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb, with—*A pox of the devil.*

ORL. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—*A fool's bolt is soon shot.*

CON. You have shot over.

ORL. 'T is not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. My lord high-constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

CON. Who hath measured the ground?

MESS. The lord Grandpré.

CON. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

ORL. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

CON. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

ORL. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

RAM. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

ORL. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, —that 's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

CON. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

ORL. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

CON. Then shall we find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it?

ORL. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—
by ten,
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.
[*Exeunt.*

---

a *He will* still be doing.] He will *always* be doing. This was a familiar saying; *doing* being used equivocally.

b 'Tis a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bate.] The allusion is to the ordinary action of a hawk when unhooded, which is to beat and flutter with its wings; but a quibble may be intended between *bate*, the hawking technical, and *bate*, to *dwindle*, *abate*, &c.

c *There is* flattery *in friendship.*] The usual form of the proverb is, "There is *falsehood* in friendship."

Enter Chorus.

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly[a] sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd[b] face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,(1)
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.*
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing[c] lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth† them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry,—Praise and glory on his head!

(*) Old copy, *nam'd.* (†) Old copy, *Presented.*

[a] Stilly *sounds*,—] That is, *gently, softly* sounds. The word recals an illustration of "*still* music," which properly belonged to note (°), p. 370, Vol. I. but was there accidentally omitted, taken from "A true reportarie of the most triumphant and royal accomplishment of the Baptisme of the most excellent, right high and mightie Prince, Frederik Henry," &c. &c. 1594:—"After which ensued a *still* noyse of recorders and flutes."

[b] Umber'd face:] That is, *shadowed* face.

[c] Investing—] This has no meaning; might we read *Infestive?*

For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then,[a] mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night;[b]
And so our scene must to the battle fly,
Where, (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see,
Minding true things, by what their mockeries be.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The* English *Camp at* Agincourt.

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOUCESTER.

K. HEN. Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our courage be.—
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dress[c] us fairly for our end:

[a] Then, *mean and gentle all,*—] This is the reading adopted by Theobald; the folio having,—"*that* mean and gentle all," which, as "*mean and gentle all*" clearly refers to the audience, and not to the soldiers, must be an error.

[b] *In the* night;] Is it not more than probable the poet wrote, "in the *fight?*" We have already seen "a touch of Harry in the *night.*"

[c] Dress *us*—] That is, *prepare* us.

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
ERP. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say—Now lie I like a king.
K. HEN. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains;
Upon example so, the spirit is eased:
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.
GLO. We shall, my liege.
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* BEDFORD.
ERP. Shall I attend your grace?
K. HEN. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.
ERP. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry! [*Exit* ERPINGHAM.
K. HEN. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

PIST. *Qui va là?*
K. HEN. A friend.
PIST. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?
K. HEN. I am a gentleman of a company.
PIST. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
K. HEN. Even so. What are you?
PIST. As good a gentleman as the emperor.
K. HEN. Then you are a better than the king.
PIST. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;[a]
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-strings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?
K. HEN. Harry *le Roy*.
PIST. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?
K. HEN. No, I am a Welshman.
PIST. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. HEN. Yes.
PIST. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon saint David's day.
K. HEN. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.
PIST. Art thou his friend?
K. HEN. And his kinsman too.
PIST. The *figo* for thee, then!
K. HEN. I thank you: God be with you!
PIST. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*
K. HEN. It sorts well with your fierceness.
[*Retires.*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER, *severally.*

GOW. Captain Fluellen!
FLU. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower.[b] It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle, nor pibble-pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.
GOW. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.
FLU. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?
GOW. I will speak lower.
FLU. I pray you, and peseech you, that you will.
[*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.
K. HEN. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, *and* WILLIAMS.[c]

COURT. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

---

[a] *An* imp of *fame;*] Primitively, *imp* means shoot, and here a *son*. Pistol applies the same expression to the King in the Second Part of "Henry IV." Act V. Sc. 5:—
"The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal *imp* of *fame*."

[b] *Speak* lower.] So the quarto 1608. That of 1600 reads *lewer;* while the folio has *fewer*. It is evident from Gower's reply, that *lower* is correct.

[c] Bates, Court, and Williams.] The old stage-direction runs, "*Enter three souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.*"

BATES. I think it be, but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

WILL. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. HEN. A friend.

WILL. Under what captain serve you?

K. HEN. Under sir Thomas* Erpingham.

WILL. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. HEN. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

BATES. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. HEN. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

BATES. He may show what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. HEN. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

BATES. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. HEN. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

WILL. That's more than we know.

BATES. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

WILL. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

K. HEN. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived[a] murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle; war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed,—wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

WILL. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

BATES. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

(*) Old copy, *John*.

[a] Contrived *murder;*] *Plotted, preconcerted* murder. Thus, in "Othello," Act I. Sc. 2:—

"Yet do I hold it very stuff o' th' conscience,
To do no *contriv'd* murder."

K. HEN. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

WILL. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. HEN. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

WILL. 'Mass,* you pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll *never trust his word after!* come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. HEN. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

WILL. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. HEN. I embrace it.

WILL. How shall I know thee again?

K. HEN. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

WILL. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. HEN. There.

WILL. This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. HEN. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

WILL. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. HEN. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

WILL. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

BATES. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. HEN. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason, to cut French crowns, and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins, lay on the king;—
We must bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool, whose sense
No more can feel, but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?[a]
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul, O adoration?[b]
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissu'd robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,—
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful[c] bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

(*) First folio omits, '*Mass*.

[a] Ceremony?] See note (c), p. 23.

[b] What is thy soul, O adoration?] The folio reads,—

"What? is thy Soule of Odoration?'

We adopt the easy emendation, proposed by Dr. Johnson, which gives a clear and forcible meaning to what, in the original, is inexplicable.

[c] *Gets him to rest, cramm'd with* distressful *bread;*] Mr. Collier's remorseless annotator substitutes, "*distasteful* bread." If any change were needed, "*disrestful* bread" would be more in Shakespeare's manner; but "*distressful* bread," *the hard fare of poverty*, is strikingly expressive, and better than anything suggested in its stead.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reck'ning, if[a] the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up

[a] —— Take from them now
The sense of reck'ning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault, &c.]
In the second line, which the folio prints.—
"The sense of reck'ning *of* th' opposed numbers:"
Tyrwhitt first suggested *if* for *of*;—the reading we adopt. Mr. Singer and Mr. Knight exhibit the passage as follows:—
" —— Take from them now
The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers!
Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day! Think not upon the fault," &c.

Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still[a] for Richard's soul. More will I do:
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—
The day, my friends,* and all things stay for me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The* French *Camp.*

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, *and others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!

Dau. *Montez à cheval;*—My horse! *varlet! lacquay!* ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via!—les eaux et la terre,*——

Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu,*——

Dau. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.——

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout[b] them with superfluous courage. Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

(*) First folio, *friend.*

[a] *Sing* still *for Richard's soul.*] That is, sing *ever.*

[b] *And* dout *them with superfluous courage.*] Meaning, *do out, extinguish* them. The folio has, "*doubt* them;" which Mr. Collier and Mr. Singer retain in the sense of *awe*, or *make them afraid.* Mr. Knight also reads *doubt*, although, in "Hamlet," Act IV Sc. 7,—

"I have a speech of fire that faine would blaze,
But that this folly *doubts* it;"—

he changes *doubts* to *douts.*

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. The English are embattled, you French peers.

CON. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!

Do but behold yond poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little-little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonance, and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

GRAND. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yond island carrions,(1) desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand: and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And, in their pale dull mouths, the gimmal-bit[a]
Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

CON. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

DAU. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

CON. I stay but for my guard;[b] on, to the field:
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The* English *Camp.*

Enter the English *Host;* GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, *and* WESTMORELAND.

GLO. Where is the king?

BED. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

WEST. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

EXE. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

SAL. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God buy'[c] you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

BED. Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee!

EXE. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,[d]
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

BED. He is as full of valour, as of kindness,
Princely in both.

WEST. O that we now had here

---

[a] *The gimmal-bit*—] Spelt *Iymold*, in the old text. A bit in two parts; and so called from the Latin *gemellus*, *double* or *twinned*.

[b] *I stay but for my* guard; on, *&c.*] A correspondent of Mr. Knight's ingeniously suggests, what certainly seems called for by the context, that we ought to read,—

"I stay but for my *guidon*.—To the field!"

The emendation is enforced, too, by a passage in Holinshed, where, speaking of the French, he says,—"They thought themselves so sure of victory, that diverse of the noblemen made such haste towards the battle, that they left many of their servants and *men of war* behind them, and some of them would not once *stay for their standards;* as amongst other the Duke of Brabant when his standard was not come, caused a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet*, and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, instead of a standard."

[c] God buy' *you, princes all;*] *God buy'* is the same as our "Good-bye,"—a corruption of "*God be with you;*" and in this instance, for the sake of the metre, the old form of it should be retained.

[d] And yet I do thee wrong, &c.] The last two lines in this speech are annexed to the preceding one of Bedford in the folio: the present arrangement was suggested by Thirlby.

Enter KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!
K. HEN. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian: (2)
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,[a]
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,*
And say, To-morrow is saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day.[b]
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—[c]
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered,—
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:[d]
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks,
That fought with us upon saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

SAL. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.
K. HEN. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
WEST. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now!
K. HEN. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?
WEST. God's will, my liege, would you and I alone!
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!
K. HEN. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,
Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. *Enter* MONTJOY.

MONT. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers, of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.
K. HEN. Who hath sent thee now?
MONT. The constable of France.
K. HEN. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.

(*) First folio, *neighbours.*

[a] He that outlives this day, and sees old age,—] This is from the quartos, and is surely preferable to the lection of the folio:—

"He that shall see this day, and live old age."

[b] And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day.] This line is found only in the quartos.

[c] *Familiar in* their mouths *as household words,*—] So the quartos. In the folio the line runs,—

"Familiar in *his mouth* as household words."

[d] Shall gentle his condition:] "King Henry V. inhibited any person but such as had a right by inheritance, or grant, to assume coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt; and, I think, these last were allowed the chief seats of honour at all feasts and publick meetings."—TOLLET.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass[a] of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark, then, abounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,*
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly;—Tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working day:
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
(As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,—
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

MONT. I shall, king Harry. And so, fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. HEN. I fear thou wilt once more come again for ransom.[b]

Enter the DUKE *of* YORK.

YORK. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. HEN. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march away:—
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle.*

Alarums; Excursions. Enter PISTOL, French Soldier, *and* Boy.

PIST. Yield, cur!

FR. SOL. *Je pense, que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

PIST. *Quality! cality!* construe me,[c] art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss!

FR. SOL. *O seigneur Dieu!*

PIST. *O signieur Dew* should be a gentleman:—
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—
O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,[d]
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

FR. SOL. *O, prennez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!*

PIST. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim[e] out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

FR. SOL. *Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?*

PIST. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

FR. SOL. *O pardonnez-moi!*

PIST. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?—
Come hither, boy; ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

BOY. *Ecoutez; comment etes-vous appelé?*

FR. SOL. *Monsieur le Fer.*

(*) Old text, *crasing.*

[a] *Shall witness live in brass*—] The effigy, engraved on brass, of John Leventhorp, Esq. one of the heroes of Agincourt, who died in 1433, still remains in Sawbridgeworth church, Herts.

[b] I fear thou wilt once more come again for ransom.] This is not in the quartos; and the folio has,—

"I fear thou wilt once more come again for *a* ransom."

[c] *Quality! cality!* construe me, art thou a gentleman?] In the folio (the line is not found in the quartos) this is printed,—"*Qualitie calmie custure me.*" Malone, having met with "A Sonet of a Lover in the Praise of his Lady, to *Calen o custure me*, sung at every line's end," concluded that the incomprehensible jargon of the folio was nothing else than this very burden, and he accordingly gave the line,—

"Quality? Calen o custure me."

Subsequently, Boswell discovered that "Callino, castore me" is an old Irish song, still preserved in Playford's "Musical Companion." The line is now, therefore, usually printed,—

"*Quality? Callino, castore me!*"

This solution of the difficulty is certainly curious and very captivating; but to us the idea of Pistol holding a prisoner by the throat and quoting the fag end of a ballad at the same moment, is too preposterous, and in default of any better explanation of the mysterious syllables, we have adopted that of Warburton.

[d] *On point of* fox.—] The modern editors all agree in informing us that "*Fox* was an old cant word for a sword;" but why a sword was so called none of them appears to have been aware. The name was given from the circumstance that Andrea Ferrara, and, since his time, other foreign sword-cutlers, adopted a fox as the blade-mark of their weapons. Swords, with a running-fox rudely engraved on the blades, are still occasionally to be met with in the old curiosity-shops of London.

[e] *For I will fetch thy* rim *out at thy throat.*—] *Rim* was a term formerly used, not very definitively, for a part of the intestines; but Pistol's *rim* (the folio spells it *rymme*) was, perhaps, as Mr. Knight conjectured, no more than a word coined for the nonce, in mimickry of the Frenchman's guttural pronunciation.

Boy. He says, his name is—master Fer.

Pist. *Master Fer!* I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for *fer*, and *ferret*, and *firk*.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.*

Pist. *Oui, coupe le gorge, par ma foi, pesant,*
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate,
And I the crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remercimens: et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, (as he thinks,) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—
Follow me! [*Exit* Pistol.

Boy. *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.*
[*Exit* French Soldier.
I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger;[3] and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMBURES, *and others.*

CON. *O diable!*

ORL. *O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

DAU. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O méchante fortune!*
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*

CON. Why, all our ranks are broke.

DAU. O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

ORL. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

BOUR. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let's die in honour:[a] once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave,* no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminate.† [now!

CON. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us
Let us, on heaps, go offer up our lives
Unto these English, or else die with fame.[b]

ORL. We are enow, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

BOUR. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be short: else, shame will be too long!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY *and Forces;* EXETER, *and others.*

K. HEN. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen;
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

EXE. The duke of York commends him to your majesty. [this hour,

K. HEN. Lives he, good uncle? thrice, within
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

EXE. In which array, (brave soldier,) doth he lie,
Larding the plain: and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled o'er,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And* cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear† cousin Suffolk!*
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast,
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!
Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my lord,*
Commend my service to my sovereign.
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. HEN. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful‡ eyes, or they will issue too.—
[*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:—
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;(4)
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

FLU. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can pe offered; in your conscience now, is it not?

GOW. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

FLU. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower: what call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was porn?

(*) First folio, *whilst a base slave.*
(†) First folio, *contaminated.*

[a] Let's die in honour:] In the folio, the passage stands,—
"*Let us dye in once more backe againe.*"
The reading of the text, which was suggested by Mr. Knight, is supported by a line in the corresponding scene of the quartos:—
"*Let's dye with honor,* our shame doth last too long."

[b] Unto these English, or else die with fame.] This line is not in the folio.

(*) First folio, *He.* (†) First folio, *my.*
(‡) Old text, *mixtful.*

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you sall find, in the comparisons petween Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is poth alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth; put it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river: put 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in poth. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander (Got knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also peing a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end* and finished. I speak put in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Clytus, peing in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, peing in his right wits and his goot judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, *with a part of the* English *Forces;* Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, *and others.*

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France,
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field: they do offend our sight:
If they 'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skir away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell tnem so.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

Enter Montjoy.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not,
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book[a] our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men,—
For many of our princes (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes;) and their* wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—
What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't please your majesty, and your great-uncle

(*) First folio omits, *an end.*

[a] *To* book *our dead,*—] Mr. Collier's annotator reads "to *look* our dead," which is at least a very plausible emendation. Thus, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act IV. Sc. 2,—

"Mistress Page and I *will look some linen* for your head."

Again, in "As You Like It," Act II. Sc. 5,—

"He hath been all this day *to look you.*"

And again, in "All 's Well That Ends Well," Act III. Sc. 6,—

"I must go *look my twigs.*"

To book our dead, was, however, we have no doubt, the poet's phrase.

(*) Old text, *with.*

Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. HEN. They did, Fluellen.

FLU. Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where lecks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service: and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon saint Tavy's day.

K. HEN. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

FLU. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. HEN. Thanks, good my countryman.*

FLU. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised pe God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. HEN. God† keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to* WILLIAMS. *Exeunt* MONTJOY, *and others.*

EXE. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. HEN. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

WILL. An't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. HEN. An Englishman?

WILL. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swaggered with me last night: who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. HEN. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

FLU. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. HEN. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

FLU. Though he pe as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Pelzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he pe perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

(*) First folio, *countrymen*. (†) First folio, *Good*.

K. HEN. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

WILL. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. HEN. Who servest thou under?

WILL. Under captain Gower, my liege.

FLU. Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. HEN. Call him hither to me, soldier.

WILL. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. HEN. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

FLU. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has put two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove, that is all; put I would fain see it once; an please Got of his grace, that I might see.

K. HEN. Knowest thou Gower?

FLU. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. HEN. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

FLU. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. HEN. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove which I have given him for a favour,
May haply purchase him a box o' the ear;
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Before* King Henry's *Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS.

WILL. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

FLU. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

WILL. Sir, know you this glove?

FLU. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

WILL. I know this, and thus I challenge it.
[*Strikes him.*

FLU. 'Splud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

GOW. How now, sir? you villain!

WILL. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

FLU. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

WILL. I am no traitor.

FLU. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOUCESTER.

WAR. How now! how now! what's the matter?

FLU. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY *and* EXETER.

K. HEN. How now! what's the matter?

FLU. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

WILL. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

FLU. Your majesty hear now (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, peggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience, now.

K. HEN. Give me thy glove, soldier; look, here is the fellow of it.
'T was I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

FLU. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. HEN. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

WILL. All offences, my liege,* come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. HEN. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

WILL. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. HEN. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

FLU. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly.—Hold, there is twelvepence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

WILL. I will none of your money.

FLU. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. HEN. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

HER. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. [*Delivers a paper.*

K. HEN. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

EXE. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. HEN. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret, high-constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;
Great-master of France, the brave sir Guischard Dauphin;
John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,

(*) First folio, my *Lord*.

The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!——
Where is the number of our English dead?
[Herald *presents another paper.*
Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all!—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on th' other?—Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

EXE. 'Tis wonderful!

K. HEN. Come, go we* in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

FLU. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. HEN. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

FLU. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. HEN. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.(5)
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
And then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *me*.

Enter CHORUS.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea: behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, and* wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler(1) 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath:
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword,
Before him through the city, he forbids it;
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conqu'ring Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As in good time he may,) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit, [cause,
To welcome him?[a] much more, and much more
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home.
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France;
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you—'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

(*) Old copy omits, *and*.

[a] To welcome him?] See the Preliminary Notice.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—France. *An* English *Court of Guard.*

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower;—the rascally, scald, peggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to pe no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not preed no contention with him; but I will pe so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.

Enter Pistol.

Got pless you, auncient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; pecause, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your disgestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.* Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave,—when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean

time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You called me yesterday, *mountain-squire;* but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

GOW. Enough, captain; you have astonished him.

FLU. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

PIST. Must I bite?

FLU. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ampiguities.

PIST. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eat,—I swear—

FLU. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear py.

PIST. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

FLU. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

PIST. Good.

FLU. Ay, leeks is goot:—hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

PIST. Me a groat!

FLU. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

PIST. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

FLU. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall pe a woodmonger, and puy nothing of me put cudgels. Got pe wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

PIST. All hell shall stir for this!

GOW. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

PIST. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Nell* is dead i'the spittal
Of† malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these scars,*
And swear,† I got them in the Gallia wars.
[*Exit.*

(*) Old copy, *Doll.* (†) Old copy inserts, *a.*

SCENE II.—Troyes *in* Champagne. *An Apartment in the* French King's *Palace.*

Enter, at one door, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other* Lords; *at another,* KING CHARLES, QUEEN ISABEL, *the* PRINCESS KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, *&c. the* DUKE *of* BURGUNDY, *and his Train.*

K. HEN. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,)
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

K. CHA. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. ISA. So happy be the issue, brother England,‡
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. HEN. To cry Amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. ISA. You English princes all, I do salute you.

BUR. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,

(*) First folio, *cudgeld scarres.* (†) Old copy, *sware.*
(‡) First folio, *Ireland.*

That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in it own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleach'd,—
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,

Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory*
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all† uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled; and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniencies,
And bless us with her former qualities. [peace,

K. HEN. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

BUR. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.

K. HEN. Well then, the peace, which you before so urg'd,
Lies in his answer.

K. CHA. I have but with a cursorary‡ eye
O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.

K. HEN. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. ISA. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. HEN. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. ISA. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but* HENRY, KATHARINE, *and* ALICE.

K. HEN. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

KATH. Your majesty sall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. HEN. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

KATH. *Pardonnez-moi*, I cannot tell vat is—*like me.*

K. HEN. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

KATH. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

ALICE. *Oui, vraiment,* (*sauf votre grace*) *ainsi dit-il.*

K. HEN. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

KATH. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. HEN. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

ALICE. *Oui;* dat de tongues of de mans is be full *of* deceits: dat is de princess.

K. HEN. The princess is the better English-woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English, for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer: i'faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain. How say you, lady?

KATH. *Sauf votre honneur,* me understand well.

K. HEN. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never

(*) Old copy, *femetary.* (†) Old copy, *withal.*
(‡) First folio, *curselarie.*

off: but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true,—but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: and what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

KATH. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. HEN. No, it is not possible, you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

KATH. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. HEN. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi,* (let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!) *donc votre est France, et vous êtes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

KATH. *Sauf votre honneur, le Français que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle.*

K. HEN. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English,—Canst thou love me?

KATH. I cannot tell.

K. HEN. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me, thou shalt,) I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between saint Denis and saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

KATH. I do not know dat.

K. HEN. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy: and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine déesse?*

KATH. Your *majesté* ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France.*

K. HEN. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst, and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better;—and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud,—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music;(1) for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English,—wilt thou have me?

KATH. Dat is, as it sall please de *roi mon père.*

K. HEN. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

KATH. Den it sall also content me.

K. HEN. Upon that, I kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

KATH. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez votre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une votre indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. HEN. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATH. *Les dames, et demoiselles, pour être baiseés devant leur nôces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

K. HEN. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

ALICE. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is *baiser en* English.

K. HEN. To kiss.

ALICE. Your majesty *entendre* bettre *que moi.*

K. HEN. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

ALICE. *Oui, vraiment.*

K. HEN. O, Kate, nice customs court'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-faults,—as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter KING CHARLES *and* QUEEN ISABEL, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other* French *and* English Lords.

BUR. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. HEN. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

BUR. Is she not apt?

K. HEN. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

BUR. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. HEN. Yet they do wink, and yield,—as love is blind and enforces.

BUR. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. HEN. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

BUR. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. HEN. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

BUR. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. HEN. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

K. CHA. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never* entered.

K. HEN. Shall Kate be my wife?

K. CHA. So please you.

K. HEN. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

K. CHA. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. HEN. Is it so, my lords of England?

WEST. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, first; and then,† in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

EXE. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—
Where your majesty demands, that the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French—*Notre très cher fils Henri roi d'Angleterre, héritier de France;* and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus*[a] *filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

K. CHA. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,

(*) Old copy omits, *never.* (†) Old copy omits, *then.*

[a] *Notre* très cher *fils,*——*and thus in Latin,*—Præclarissimus filius—] In the preamble of the original treaty of Troyes, Henry is correctly styled *Præcarissimus;* the mistake, however, did not originate with Shakespeare, it occurs in Holinshed as well as in previous historians.

But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. HEN. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest,
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

K. CHA. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms [pale
Of France and England, whose very shores look
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

ALL. Amen! [witness, all,

K. HEN. Now, welcome, Kate:—and bear me
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.
[*Flourish.*

Q. ISA. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction[a] of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

ALL. Amen! [which day

K. HEN. Prepare we for our marriage;—on
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers, for surety of our leagues.—
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown: and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *The* paction *of these kingdoms,*—] The old text has *Pation*, which was altered by Theobald.

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE II.—*Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you peers.*] This speech is taken almost verbatim from Holinshed; and as it may interest the reader to observe the facility with which Shakespeare converted prose into verse, we subjoin a few parallel lines.

HOLINSHED.

In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
that is to saye, lette not women succeede in the land Salique,
whiche the French glosers expound to bee
the Realme of France, and that this law
was made by King Pharamond,
wheras yet their owne authors affirme,
that the land Salique is in Germanie,
between the rivers of Elbe and Sala,
and that when Charles the great had overcome the Saxons,
hee placed there certaine Frenchmen,
which having in disdeine
the dishonest maners of the Germain women,
made a lawe, that the females should not succeede
to anye inheritance within that lande.

SHAKESPEARE.

In terram Salicam mulieres nè succedant,
No woman shall succeed in Salique land:
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:
Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the Germen women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land.

(2) SCENE II.—
——*the lady Lingare,*
Daughter to Charlemain.]

"By Charles the Great is meant the Emperor Charlemagne, son of Pepin: Charlemain is Charlechauve, or Charles the Bald, who, as well as Charles le Gros, assumed the title of Magnus. See Goldasti Animadversiones in Einhardum. Edit. 1711, p. 157. But then Charlechauve had only one daughter, named Judith, married, or, as some say, only betrothed, to our king Ethelwulf, and carried off, after his death, by Baldwin the Forester, afterwards Earl of Flanders, whom it is very certain Hugh Capet was neither heir to, nor any way descended from. This Judith, indeed, had a great grand-daughter, called Luitgarde, married to a Count Wichman, of whom nothing further is known. It was likewise the name of Charlemagne's fifth wife; but no such female as Lingare is to be met with in any French historian. In fact, these fictitious personages and pedigrees seem to have been devised by the English heralds, to 'fine a title with some show of truth,' which 'in pure truth was corrupt and naught.' It was manifestly impossible that Henry, who had no hereditary title to his own dominions, could derive one by the same colour, to another person's. He merely proposes the invasion and conquest of France, in prosecution of the dying advice of his father:—

——to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, thence borne out,
Might waste the memory of the former days."

RITSON.

(3) SCENE II.—
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.]

Alluding to the battle of Cressy, fought 26th August, 1346: the incident in the text is thus described by Holinshed:—"The earle of Northampton, and others sent to the king, *where he stood aloft on a windmill hill*, requiring him to advance forward, and come to their aid, they being as then sore laid to of their enimies. The king hereupon demanded if his sonne were slaine, hurt, or felled to the earth. No, (said the knight that brought the message,) but he is sore matched. Well, (said the king,) returne to him and them that sent you, and saie to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive, for I will that this iournie be his, with the honor thereof. With this answer the knight returned, which greatlie incouraged them to doo their best to win the spurs, being half abashed in that they had so sent to the king for aid. * * * The slaughter of the French was great and lamentable."

(4) SCENE II.—
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent.]

Concent, a term in music, signifies consonance of harmony; whence we use *consent* to express, by metaphor, *concord* or *agreement*. The foundation of the simile, Theobald conjectured, was borrowed from Cicero's "De Republica," lib. ii.; but, as a correspondent of Mr. Knight's suggests, the thought was more probably derived from a passage in the fourth book of Plato's "Republic:"—"It is not alone wisdom and strength which make a state simply wise and strong, but it (Order), like that harmony called the Diapason, is diffused throughout the whole state, making both the weakest and the strongest, and the middling people concent the same melody." Again: "The harmonic power of political justice is the same as that musical concent which connects the three chords, the octave, the bass, and the fifth."

(5) SCENE II.—
——*this mock of his*
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones.]

One of the most familiar charges of armorial ensigns is the circular figure called a Roundle, the name of which, in English heraldry, varies according to the metal or colour of which it is composed. Black Roundles are called Pellets, Ogresses, or Gunstones, the first and last of which terms readily convey the idea of shot for ordnance; and the second is supposed to be derived from the mediæval Latin word *Agressus*, which was considered to be synonymous with the old French *Agresser*, to attack. The ancient use of stone-shot for cannon, before the introduction of iron balls, both explains the reason why these roundles were always black, and also discovers a stern

concealed satire in this line of Henry's speech. Tennis balls were covered with white leather, but gun-stones became black from being discoloured by the powder and smoke of the cannon. And such a change Henry hints that he would certainly effect. In illustration of this passage Steevens quotes "The Brut of England," in which it is said that, when Henry the Fifth, before Hare-flewe, received a taunting message from the Dauphin of France, and a ton of tennis-balls by way of contempt, "he anone lette make tennis-balls for *The Dolfyn* (Henry's ship) in alle the haste that they might; and they were great *gunne-stones* for the Dolfyn to playe withall. But this game at tennis was too rough for the besieged, when Henry played at the tennis with his hard gunne-stones." The provision of this kind of ammunition, made by the king, is mentioned by Grose in his "History of the English Army," i. p. 400, as stated in a writ directed to the Clerk of the Ordnance and John Bonet, mason, of Maidstone, to cut 7,000 stone-shot in the quarries at that place. As Henry's gun-stones were all to be transported across the sea, they were probably not very large; but when Mahomet the Second besieged Constantinople in 1453, he battered the walls with stone-shot, and some of his pieces were of the calibre of 1,200 lbs.; but they could not be fired more than four times in the day. The well-known circumstance of the tennis-balls, which Shakespeare has introduced into this scene, is noticed by several contemporaneous historians; but the probability of it is questioned by Hume. For an examination into the truth of the story, see Sir N. H. Nicolas's "History of the Battle of Agincourt," pp. 8—13.

ACT II.

(1) Scene I.—*Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!*] The *Iceland*, or *Island* dog, as the name is often spelt by our old authors, was a shag-haired animal, imported in great numbers from Iceland, which it was the fashion for ladies to carry about with them.—"Use and custome hath entertained other Dogs of an Out-landish kinde, but a few and the same being of a pretty bigness, I mean *Island Dogs*, curled and rough all over, which by reason of the length of their hair make shew neither of face nor of body: And yet these Curs, forsooth, because they be so strange, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and many times in the room of the Spaniel gentle or comforter."*—Topsel's *History of Four-footed Beasts*, 1658.

It is mentioned in the play of "Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks," 1611:—

> "——— you shall have jewels,
> A baboon, a parrot, and an *Izeland dog*."

And again in the Masque of "Britannia Triumphans," 1636:—

> "——— she who hath been bred to stand
> Near chair of queen, with *Island shock* in hand."

(2) Scene III.—*'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child.*] The *chrisom*, so called from *chrism*, the holy oil which was anciently used in baptism, was a white cloth, placed on the child's head, and always worn by it for seven days afterwards. After the Reformation the sacred oil was no longer used, but the *chrisom* was retained, the child wearing it until the purification of the mother by the rite of churching. If an infant died before this latter ceremony, the *chrisom* formed its shroud, from which circumstance, probably, children, in the old bills of mortality, are denominated *chrisoms*.

(3) Scene III.—*'A parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide.*] The opinion that animals, more particularly man, die only at the ebb of tide is of great antiquity, and was not peculiar to the profane vulgar. In the short chapter in which Pliny notices the marvels of the sea, he says that Aristotle affirms "that no living creature dieth but in the reflux and ebb of the sea. This is much observed in the Gallic Ocean, but is found true, in experience, only as to man."—*Hist. Nat.*, lib. ii. c. xcviii. Dr. Mead, in his Tract, *On the Influence of the Sun and Moon on Bodies*, originally published in 1704, chap. ii., enters into an elaborate examination of this question, in which, having shown the moon's power over the tides when new and full, he illustrates his inquiry by several cases, ancient and modern, of great and fatal changes having taken place at those periods. If, at the present day, any importance is to be attributed to those seasons as critical times, it is probably on the principle that a great external disturbance, whether meteorological or otherwise, unduly excites and quickens the nervous-action, to bring on a more rapid crisis; and, in the case of dying persons, unnaturally agitates and expends those vital powers which were already nearly exhausted

ACT III.

(1) Scene V.—*And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos.*] *Lavolta*, a dance of Italian origin, appears by the description given of it in Thoinot Arbeau's "Orchesographie," and in Florio's "*World of Words*," to have somewhat resembled the modern "Polka." It is frequently mentioned by our earlier writers, and was evidently much in vogue about Shakespeare's time:—

> "So may you see by two *Lavalto* danced,
> Who face to face about the house do hop;
> And when one mounts, the other is advanced,
> At once they move, at once they both do stop."
> *An old-fashioned Love*. Poem by J. T. 1594.

> "Yet there is one the most delightfull kind,
> A loftie iumping or a leaping round,
> Where arme in arme, two dauncers are entwin'd,
> And whirle themselves with strict embracements bound,
> And still their feet an Anapest do sound:
> An Anapest is all their musick's song,
> Whose first two feet are short, and third is long."
> *Orchestra*, by Sir John Davies, 1622. Stanza 70.

The *Coranto* has been already spoken of as a dance characterised by the spirit and rapidity of its movements. See note (b), p. 20. It is thus described in Davies' "Orchestra:"—

> "What shall I name those currant travases,
> That on a triple Dactile foot doe runne
> Close by the ground with sliding passages,
> Wherein that Dauncer greatest praise hath wonne:
> Which with best order can all orders shunne:
> For every where he wantonly must range,
> And turne and wind, with unexpected change."
> Stanza 69.

* This description we find Topsel has borrowed from Abraham Fleming's translation of "Caius de Canibus," 1576, "Of English Dogges."

(2) SCENE VI.—

Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a pax.]

It was customary, in the early Church, for Christians, in conformity with the words of St. Paul, "to salute one another with a holy kiss." This ceremony appears to have obtained until about the twelfth or thirteenth century, when, for some reason not clearly defined, the laity (for the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church still practise it at High Mass,) were required to kiss, instead, an instrument called indifferently a *pax*, a *tabula pacis*, or an *osculatorium*. This was a small plate of metal, precious or otherwise, according to circumstances, having a religious subject engraved upon its surface, generally a representation of the crucifixion; and the proper time for using it was at that part of the mass just before the communion, where the priest recites the prayer for peace.

The *pax* itself became disused in its turn, owing, it is said, to certain jealousies about precedence, an irregularity rebuked by Chaucer's "Persone:"—"And yit is ther a prive spice of pride, that wayteth first to be saluet er he saliewe, al be he lasse worth than that other is, paradventure; and eek wayteth or desireth to sitte above him, or to go above him in the way, or *kisse the pax*, or ben encensed, or gon to the offringe biforn his neighebore." Nevertheless, the use of the *pax* was not at first abrogated at the Reformation in England, but, on the contrary, enforced by the Royal Ecclesiastical Commissioners of Edward VI.

The act of sacrilege which Shakespeare has fathered upon Bardolph agrees in the main with Holinshed's statement:—"That a folish soldiour stale a pixe out of a churche, for which cause he was apprehended, and the king would not once remove till the box was restored, and the offender strangled."

The elder commentators thought it necessary to reconcile Shakespeare's text with Holinshed, by reading *pix* instead of *pax*; but without reason, as the alteration was most likely deliberate on the part of the poet. The *pix* was a sacred vessel, made sometimes of precious metal, but more usually of copper gilt, and intended to receive the consecrated host for conveyance to the sick. Shakespeare might well shrink from bringing anything of this nature in contact with Falstaff's worthless old retainer.

We may add that the first line of Pistol's speech—

"Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him"—

conveys an allusion to the famous old ballad, "Fortune my Foe,"—

"*Fortune my Foe*, why dost thou *frown on me?*"

See note (3), p. 688, Vol. I.

(3) SCENE VI.—*A beard of the general's cut.*] Not the least odd among the fantastic fashions of our forefathers, was the custom of distinguishing certain professions and classes by the cut of the beard: thus we hear, *inter alia*, of the *bishop's-beard*, the *judge's-beard*, the *soldier's-beard*, the *citizen's-beard*, and even the *clown's-beard*. The peculiar shape appropriated to the Bench we have failed to discover: but Randle Holme tells us, "the *broad* or *cathedral* beard [is] so called because bishops and gownmen of the church anciently did wear such beards." By the military man, the cut adopted was known as the *stiletto* or the *spade*:—"he [the barber] descends as low as his beard, and asketh whether he please to be shaven or no? whether he will have his peak cut short and sharp, amiable, like an *inamorato*, or broade pendante, like a *spade*, to be terrible, *like a warrior and soldado?*"—GREENE'S *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1592.

The beard of the citizen was usually worn *round*, as Mrs. Quickly describes it, "like a glover's paring-knife;" and that of the clown was left bushy or untrimmed:—

"Next the *clown* doth out-rush,
With the beard of *the bush*."
Old Ballad, quoted by Malone from a Miscellany, entitled,
"Le Prince d'Amour," 1660.

For additional particulars on the subject of beards, consult F. W. Fairholt's "Costume in England." Lond. 1846.

(4) SCENE VI.—

There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.]

The embassy here referred to, and even the words of Henry on that occasion, are taken from the following passage in Holinshed. Thirty of the French King's council "agreed that the Englishmen should not depart unfought withall, and five were of a contrary opinion; but the greater number ruled the matter: and so Montjoy, King at Armes, was sent to the King of England, to defie him as the enemie of France, and to tell him that he should shortlie have battell. King Henrie advisedlie answered, 'Mine intent is to doo as it pleaseth God. I will not seeke your maister at this time; but if he or his seeke me I will meete with them God willing. If anie of your nation attempt once to stop me in my journie now towards Callis, at their jeopardie be it: and yet wish I not anie of you so unadvised as to be the occasion that I dye your tawnie ground with your red blood.' When he had thus answered the herald, he gave him a princelie reward and monie to depart."

It has been supposed that many of the English nobility retained heralds in their households, who bore their names, and proclaimed their titles, even before the reign of Edward III. when Heraldry and officers of arms began to rise into the greatest eminence. Both the private heralds and the royal heralds received regular stipends, and wore surcoats or tabards embroidered with the armorial ensigns of their patrons; and considerable gratuities or largesses were at one period given to them at all ceremonials in which they performed any duty, either for the king or the nobility. These consisted of coronations, creations of peers and knights, embassies, displaying of banners in the field or at tournaments, processions and progresses, great banquets, baptisms, and funerals; the annual festivals of the Church, and the enthronisation of prelates. Some notion of the amount of these fees is supplied by a record of the reign of Richard II. of the dues and largesses anciently accustomed to be paid to the Kings of Arms and Heralds on such occasions, printed in the Rev. James Dallaway's *Inquiries into the Origin and Progress of Heraldry in England*, p. 142—148.

ACT IV.

CHORUS.

(1) *The armourers, accomplishing the knights,*
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.]

The din of preparation before battle has always been a favourite theme of poets. Chaucer has a passage much resembling the above, which Shakespeare probably remembered:—

"Ther fomen steedes, on the golden bridel
Gnawyng, *and faste armurers also*
With fyle and hamer prikyng to and fro."
The Knightes Tale, l. 2508.

To both descriptions some poetical licence must be accorded; and it is difficult to repress a smile at the gravity with which the commentators assume they are to be construed literally. Doubtless, in actual warfare, armour frequently wanted repair; but surely the poor knight had enough to endure in his cumbrous equipment without being made a blacksmith's anvil. No such necessity is recognised in any of the instructions "how to arme a man," still extant. From these we learn, that about Henry the Fifth's time, when plate armour had superseded chain mail, the "accomplishing" a knight consisted in first encasing him in garments of leather or fustian, fitting tight to the person and padded. The arming then began at the feet, and was continued gradually upward, each piece being fastened by "points," *i.e.* laces with tags at the end, or buckles and leather straps. The last thing fixed was the bascinet, or steel skull cap, which was "pynned upon two grete staples before the breste," and rendered firm by "a double bocle," or two buckles and straps "behynde upon the back."*

Thus it is apparent that arming a knight for battle or tourney, although a tedious business, was yet one simply and easily performed, and necessarily so, or the wounded man might die before he could be unharnessed. When Arcite is injured by a fall from his steed, Chaucer tells us that,—

> "——— he was y-born out of the place
> With herte sore, to Theseus paleys,
> Tho *was he corven out of his harneys*."
> *The Knightes Tale*, l. 2696.

i.e. cut out of his armour, meaning that the laces which held it together were cut, for greater expedition.

(1) Scene II.—

> *Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?*
> *Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,*
> *Ill-favour'dly become the morning field.*]

The miserable condition of the English army previous to the battle is feelingly depicted by Holinshed:—

"The Englishemen were brought into great misery in this iorney, their victuall was in maner spent, and nowe coulde they get none; for their enimies had destroied all the corne before they came: Reste coulde they none take, for their enimies were ever at hande to give them alarmes: daily it rained, and nightly it freesed: of fewell there was great scarsitie, but of fluxes greate plenty: money they hadde ynoughe, but wares to bestowe it uppon, for their reliefe or comforte, hadde they little or none."

(2) Scene III.—*The feast of Crispian.*] Of the martyrs Crispin and Crispinian, whose festival was formerly kept with especial honour in France on the 25th of October, the "Golden Legende" says,—

"In the tyme whan the furyous persecucyon of crysten men was vnder Dyoclesyan and Maxymyan toogydre regnynge, Cryspyn and Cryspynyan borne at Rome of noble lygnage came with the blessyd sayntes Quyntyn, Faustyan, and Victoryn vnto Parys in Fraunce; and they there chese dyverse places for to preche the fayth of Cryste. Cryspyn and Cryspynyan came to the cyte of Suessyon [Soissons] and chosen that cyte for the place of theyr pylgrymage where they folowed the steppes of saynt Poule the appostle, that is to saye, To laboure with theyr hondes for to provyde to them necessaryly to lyve, and exercysed the craft of makynge of shoes. In whiche craft they passed other and toke by constraynt no reward of no body, wherefore the gentyles and paynems overcome by love of them, not only for nede of the craft, but also for the love of God came oft to them and left the error of the ydollys and byleuyd in very God."

After a series of persecutions and torments, borne with great constancy, these saints "receyved the crowne of martyrdome on the x kalendes of Novembre," about the year 287.

* Archeologia, xx. 505.

(3) Scene IV.—*This roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.*] In the ancient religious dramas, called "Mysteries," the Devil was usually a very prominent personage. He was hideously apparelled; wore a mask with goggle eyes, wide mouth, and huge nose; had a red beard, horned head, cloven feet, and hooked nails to his fingers. He was generally armed with a massive club, stuffed with wool, which he laid about him, during the performance, on all within his reach. To frighten others, he was wont to bellow out, "Ho, ho, ho!" and when himself alarmed, he roared, "Out haro, out!" As these popular representations assumed a more secular tone, an addition was made to the *dramatis personæ*, in the shape of a character called the "*Vice*," (see note 5, p. 628, Vol. I.) whose chief humour consisted in belabouring the evil-one with a wooden lath or dagger similar to that employed by the modern Harlequin, in skipping on to his back, and, as a crowning affront, in pretending to *pare his nails*. Shakespeare again alludes to this last exploit in "Twelfth Night," Act IV. Sc. 2:—

> "I'll be with you again
> In a trice,
> Like to the old *vice*,
> Your need to sustain.
>
> Who with dagger of lath,
> In his rage and his wrath,
> Cries, ah, ha! to the devil.
> Like a mad lad,
> *Pare thy nails, dad*,
> Adieu, goodman devil."

(4) Scene VI.—*Then every soldier kill his prisoners.*] "In the meane season, while the battaile thus continued, and that the englishemen had taken a greate number of prisoners, certayne frenchemen on horse back, whereof were capteines Robinet of Borneuill, Rifflart of Clamas, Isambert of Agincourt, and other men of armes, to the number of six hundred horssemen, which were the first that fled,—hearing that the english tents and pavilions were a good way distant from the army, without any sufficient gard to defend the same, either upon a covetous meaning to gaine by the spoile, or upon a desire to be revenged, entred upon the kings camp, and there spoiled the bales, robbed the tents, brake up chests, and carried away caskets, and slew suche servants as they founde to make any resistance. For the which acte they were after committed to prison, and had loste their lives, if the Dolphin had longer lived: for when the outcrye of the lackies and boys which ran away for feare of the frenchmen thus spoiling the campe, came to the kings eares, he doubting least his enemies should gather togither againe and begin a newe fielde; and mistrusting further that the prisoners would either be an aide to his enimies, or verie enimies to their takers in deed if they were suffred to live, contrary to his accustomed gentlenes, commanded by sound of trumpet, that every man (upon paine of death) should incontinently slaie his prisoner."—Holinshed.

(5) Scene VIII.—*Let there be sung* "Non nobis," *and* "Te Deum."] The incidents referred to in the preceding passage appear to be the last for which Shakespeare was indebted to Holinshed in this play; as well as the last of the more serious parts of the noble dramatic history of the French wars of Henry V. "Aboute foure of the clocke in the after noone," says the old chronicler, deriving his information from the contemporaneous historian known by the name of Titus Livius,—"the king, when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreit to be blowen; and, gathering his armie together, gave thanks to Almightie God for so happie a victorie: causing his prelates and chapleins to sing this psalm, '*In Exitu Israel de Ægypto*,' and commanded everie man to kneele downe on the ground at this verse, '*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed Nomini Tuo da gloriam:*' which done, he caused 'Te Deum,' with certaine anthems to be sung, giving laud and praise to God, without boasting of his owne force, or anie humane power." In the English version Psalm cxiii. commences, "When

Israel came out of Egypt." and the verse "*Non nobis*" forms the beginning of that following; answering to Psalms cxiv. cxv. of the ordinary Vulgate; though in the older psalters they are united into one. It will be remembered that Shakespeare has given to Henry a very fine paraphrase of the "*Non nobis*" in his speech on receiving the account of the loss sustained by both armies:—

> "——— O God, thy arm was here,
> And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
> Ascribe we all!"

The command which the king issues in his next speech:—

> "And be it death proclaimed through our host,
> To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
> Which is his only,"—

would appear to have been derived from the following very curious passage in Holinshed, though it really refers to Henry's entry into London. "The king, like a grave and sober personage, and as one remembering from whom all victories are sent, seemed little to regard such vaine pompe and shewes as were in triumphant sort devised for his welcoming home from so prosperous a journie; insomuch that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried before him, whereby might have appeared to the people the blowes and dints that were to be seene in the same: neither would he suffer any ditties to be made and sung by minstrels of his glorious victorie, for that he would have the praise and thanks altogether given to God."

In our Illustrative Comments on Act V. of "Richard II." we referred to this play our notice of the removal of the deposed king's body from Abbot's Langley to Westminster, in A.D. 1414. That ceremony appears to have been one of the earliest acts of Henry V. and he refers to it as an act of penitential restitution, in his speech immediately before the battle of Agincourt, Act IV. Sc. 1:—

> "——— Not to-day, O Lord,
> O! not to-day, think not upon the fault
> My father made in compassing the crown!
> I Richard's body have interred new,
> And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
> Than from it issued forcéd drops of blood.
> Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
> Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
> Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
> Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
> Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:
> Though all that I can do, is nothing worth,
> Since that my penitence comes after all,
> Imploring pardon."

Shakespeare derived the materials of this speech partly from Holinshed, and partly from the contemporaneous chronicler Fabyan. The former historian says that "when the king had settled things much to his purpose, he caused the bodie of King Richard to be removed, with all funerall dignities convenient to his estate, from Langley to Westminster, where he was honourablie interred, with Queen Anne, his first wife, in a solemne toome, made and set up at the charges of this king. *Polychronicon* saith that after the bodie of the dead king was taken up out of the earth, this new king, happily tendering the magnificence of a prince, and abhorring obscure buriall, caused the same to be conveied to Westminster in a roiall seat or chaire of estate, covered all over with black velvet, and adorned with banners of divers armes round about." Fabyan adds that "after a solemne terrement there holden, he provided that fower tapers should bren day and night about his grave while the world endureth; and one day in the weeke a solempne *Dirige*, and upon the morowe a masse of *Requiem-song* by note: after which masse ended to be geven wekely unto the poore people an xis. and viii. pense, in pense. And upon the daye of his anniversary, after the saide masse of *Requiem-song*, to be yerely distributed for his soule, xx pounde in pense." But notwithstanding Holinshed's praise of the princely disposition which Henry V. exhibited towards the remains of Richard II. it seems to be almost certain that, so far as related to the translation of his body to Westminster, it was only restoring to him the occupation of his own sepulchre. His will proves that the tomb had been actually erected during his own life; and there are in Rymer's *Fœdera* two indentures made for its erection, between Richard and Henry Yevell and Stephen Lote, Citizens and Masons of London, and Nicholas Broker and Godfrey Prest, Citizens and Coppersmiths.

There is but one other point requiring illustration, which refers to the meaning of Henry in saying, "*More* will I do," in the way of satisfaction for the death of Richard II.: and a passage in the Chronicles of Monstrelet shews that, like his father, he designed another crusade. When Henry was informed that he could not live more than two hours, he "sent for his confessor, some of his household, and his chaplains, whom he ordered to chaunt the Seven Penitential Psalms. When they came to '*Benedic fac Domine*,' where mention is made of the '*Muri Hierusalem*,' (Psalm li. 18,) he stopped them, and said aloud that he had fully intended, after he had wholly subdued the realm of France to his obedience and restored it to peace, to have gone to conquer the kingdom of Jerusalem, if it had pleased his Creator to have granted him longer life." In the play also, in his courtship of the Princess Katharine, Act V. Sc. 2, Henry makes the following humorous reference to the same intention:—"Shall not thou and I, between St. Denis and St. George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? Shall we not? What sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?"

ACT V.

Chorus.

(1) *A mighty whiffler.*] The term is supposed by some to be derived from *whiffle*, a name for a *fife* or flute; and *whifflers*, Douce surmises, were originally those who preceded armies or processions as fifers or pipers. Other authorities derive it from *whiffle*, to disperse as by a puff of wind, and affirm that a *whiffler*, in its original signification, meant a staff-bearer. In the old play of "Clyomen, Knight of the Golden Shield," &c. 1599, a *whiffler* presents himself at the tourney, clearing a passage for the king; and in Day's "Ile of Gulls," 1606, Miso says:—"And Manasses shall goe afore like a *whiffler*, and make way with his horns."

(1) Scene II.—*Come, your answer in broken music.*] "Broken music," says Mr. Chappell, who was the first to explain the term, "means the music of stringed instruments, in contradistinction to those played by wind. The term originated probably from harps, lutes, and such other stringed instruments as were played without a bow, not having the capability to sustain a long note to its full duration of sound." See also *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i. p. 246.

Shakespeare quibbles on the expression in "Troilus and Cressida," Act III. Sc. 1:—

> "Fair prince, here is good *broken* music;"

proving, as Mr. Chappell remarks, that the musicians on the stage were then performing on stringed instruments.

And again in "As You Like It," Act I. Sc. 2:—

> "But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides?"

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

"KING HENRY THE FIFTH is manifestly Shakspeare's favourite hero in English history: he paints him as endowed with every chivalrous and kingly virtue; open, sincere, affable, yet, as a sort of reminiscence of his youth, still disposed to innocent raillery, in the intervals between his perilous but glorious achievements. However, to represent on the stage his whole history subsequent to his accession to the throne, was attended with great difficulty. The conquests in France were the only distinguished event of his reign; and war is an epic rather than a dramatic object. For wherever men act in masses against each other, the appearance of chance can never wholly be avoided; whereas it is the business of the drama to exhibit to us those determinations which, with a certain necessity, issue from the reciprocal relations of different individuals, their characters and passions. In several of the Greek tragedies, it is true, combats and battles are exhibited, that is, the preparations for them and their results; and in historical plays war, as the *ultima ratio regum*, cannot altogether be excluded. Still, if we would have dramatic interest, war must only be the means by which something else is accomplished, and not the last aim and substance of the whole. For instance, in *Macbeth*, the battles which are announced at the very beginning merely serve to heighten the glory of Macbeth and to fire his ambition: and the combats which take place towards the conclusion, before the eyes of the spectator, bring on the destruction of the tyrant. It is the very same in the Roman pieces, in the most of those taken from English history, and, in short, wherever Shakspeare has introduced war in a dramatic combination. With great insight into the essence of his art, he never paints the fortune of war as a blind deity who sometimes favours one and sometimes another; without going into the details of the art of war, (though sometimes he even ventures on this,) he allows us to anticipate the result from the qualities of the general, and their influence on the minds of the soldiers; sometimes, without claiming our belief for miracles, he yet exhibits the issue in the light of a higher volition: the consciousness of a just cause and reliance on the protection of Heaven give courage to the one party, while the presage of a curse hanging over their undertaking weighs down the other. In *Henry the Fifth* no opportunity was afforded Shakspeare of adopting the last-mentioned course, namely, rendering the issue of the war dramatic; but he has skilfully availed himself of the first.—Before the battle of Agincourt he paints in the most lively colours the light-minded impatience of the French leaders for the moment of battle, which to them seemed infallibly the moment of victory; on the other hand, he paints the uneasiness of the English King and his army in their desperate situation, coupled with their firm determination, if they must fall, at least to fall with honour. He applies this as a general contrast between the French and English national characters; a contrast which betrays a partiality for his own nation, certainly excusable in a poet, especially when he is backed with such a glorious document as that of the memorable battle in question. He has surrounded the general events of the war with a fulness of individual, characteristic, and even sometimes comic features. A heavy Scotchman, a hot Irishman, a well-meaning, honourable, but pedantic Welshman, all speaking in their peculiar dialects, are intended to show us that the warlike genius of Henry did not merely carry the English with him, but also the other natives of the two islands, who were either not yet fully united or in no degree subject to him. Several good-for-nothing associates of Falstaff among the dregs of the army either afford an opportunity for proving Henry's strictness of discipline, or are sent home in disgrace. But all this variety still seemed to the poet insufficient to animate a play of which the subject was a conquest, and nothing but a conquest. He has, therefore, tacked a prologue (in the technical language of that day *a chorus*) to the beginning of each act. These prologues, which unite epic pomp and solemnity with lyrical sublimity, and among which the description of the two camps before the battle of Agincourt forms a most

admirable night-piece, are intended to keep the spectators constantly in mind, that the peculiar grandeur of the actions described cannot be developed on a narrow stage, and that they must, therefore, supply, from their own imaginations, the deficiencies of the representation. As the matter was not properly dramatic, Shakspeare chose to wander in the form also beyond the bounds of the species, and to sing, as a poetical herald, what he could not represent to the eye, rather than to cripple the progress of the action by putting long descriptions in the mouths of the dramatic personages. The confession of the poet that "four or five most vile and ragged foils, right ill-disposed, can only disgrace the name of Agincourt," (a scruple which he has overlooked in the occasion of many other great battles, and among others of that of Philippi,) brings us here naturally to the question how far, generally speaking, it may be suitable and advisable to represent wars and battles on the stage. The Greeks have uniformly renounced them: as in the whole of their theatrical system they proceeded on ideas of grandeur and dignity, a feeble and petty imitation of the unattainable would have appeared insupportable in their eyes. With them, consequently, all fighting was merely recounted. The principle of the romantic dramatists was altogether different: their wonderful pictures were infinitely larger than their theatrical means of visible execution; they were everywhere obliged to count on the willing imagination of the spectators, and consequently they also relied on them in this point. It is certainly laughable enough that a handful of awkward warriors in mock armour, by means of two or three swords, with which we clearly see they take especial care not to do the slightest injury to one another, should decide the fate of mighty kingdoms. But the opposite extreme is still much worse. If we in reality succeed in exhibiting the tumult of a great battle, the storming of a fort, and the like, in a manner any way calculated to deceive the eye, the power of these sensible impressions is so great that they render the spectator incapable of bestowing that attention which a poetical work of art demands; and thus the essential is sacrificed to the accessory. We have learned from experience, that whenever cavalry combats are introduced, the men soon become secondary personages beside the four-footed players. Fortunately, in Shakspeare's time, the art of converting the yielding boards of the theatre into a riding course had not yet been invented. He tells the spectators in the first prologue in *Henry the Fifth*:—

> Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
> Printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth.

When Richard the Third utters the famous exclamation,—

> A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

it is no doubt inconsistent to see him both before and afterwards constantly fighting on foot. It is however better, perhaps, that the poet and player should by overpowering impressions dispose us to forget this, than by literal exactness to expose themselves to external interruptions. With all the disadvantages which I have mentioned, Shakspeare and several Spanish poets have contrived to derive such great beauties from the immediate representation of war, that I cannot bring myself to wish they had abstained from it. A theatrical manager of the present day will have a middle course to follow: his art must, in an especial manner, be directed to make what he shows us appear only as separate groups of an immense picture, which cannot be taken in at once by the eye; he must convince the spectators that the main action takes place behind the stage; and for this purpose he has easy means at his command in the nearer or more remote sound of warlike music and the din of arms.

"However much Shakspeare celebrates the French conquest of Henry, still he has not omitted to hint after his way, the secret springs of this undertaking. Henry was in want of foreign war to secure himself on the throne; the clergy also wished to keep him employed abroad, and made an offer of rich contributions to prevent the passing of a law which would have deprived them of the half of their revenues. His learned bishops consequently are as ready to prove to him his indisputable right to the crown of France, as he is to allow his conscience to be tranquillized by them. They prove that the Salic law is not, and never was, applicable to France; and the matter is treated in a more succinct and convincing manner than such subjects usually are in manifestoes. After his renowned battles, Henry wished to secure his conquests by marriage with a French princess; all that has reference to this is intended for irony in the play. The fruit of this union, from which two nations promised to themselves such happiness in future, was the weak and feeble Henry VI., under whom every thing was so miserably lost. It must not, therefore, be imagined that it was without the knowledge and will of the poet that a heroic drama turns out a comedy in his hands, and ends in the manner of Comedy with a marriage of convenience."—SCHLEGEL.

Act III. Sc. 5.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

This charming dramatic pastoral was first printed, it is believed, in the folio, 1623. On the Stationers' Registers, however, is an entry, conjectured, with good reason, to belong to the year 1600, which may induce a different conclusion. It runs thus:—

"4 Augusti.

"As you like yt, a book. Henry the ffift, a book. Every Man in his humor, a book. The Commedie of Much Adoo about Nothinge, a book. To be staied."

The object of the "stay," as Mr. Collier supposes, was no doubt to prevent the publication of these plays by any other booksellers than Wise and Apsley; and as the three other "books" were issued by them in a quarto form, probabilities are in favour of the fourth having been so published also. At all events, there are sufficient grounds for hope that a quarto edition may some day come to light. "As You Like It" is founded on Lodge's novel, entitled "Rosalynde, Euphues Golden Legacy," &c., 1590; which in turn was derived from the "Coke's Tale of Gamelyn," attributed to Chaucer, and sometimes printed in his works, though now very generally believed to be the work of another and much inferior hand.

The quotation, in Act. III. Sc. 5, from Marlowe's poem of "Hero and Leander,"—

"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"—

which appeared in 1598; the circumstance of its not being included in the list by Meres; and the memorandum above mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, have led Malone and others, we think rightly, to assign the composition of "As You Like It" to the year 1599.

In connexion with this comedy there is a tradition too pleasing to be forgotten. It is related, on the authority of the poet's brother Gilbert, who survived till after the Restoration of Charles II, that Shakespeare himself personated the faithful old Adam on the Stage. "One of Shakespeare's younger brothers," Oldys relates, "who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatick entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued, it seems, so long after his brother's death as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time

of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother, &c. they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities, which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects, that he could give them but little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother Will in that station was the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him 'act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song.'"

This description accords in all essential particulars with the introduction of Adam to the banished duke and his followers, at their sylvan banquet, in Act II. Sc. 7.

Persons Represented.

DUKE, *living in banishment.*

FREDERICK, *his Brother, and usurper of his Dominions.*

AMIENS, JAQUES, } *Gentlemen attending on the Exiled* DUKE.

LE BEAU, *a Courtier attending upon* FREDERICK.

OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } *Sons of* SIR ROLAND DE BOIS.

ADAM, DENIS, } *Servants to* OLIVER.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a Vicar.*

CHARLES, *a Wrestler.*

TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown, or Domestic Fool.*

CORIN, SILVIUS, } *Shepherds.*

WILLIAM, *a Peasant, in love with* AUDREY.

The Representative of Hymen.

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished* DUKE.

CELIA, *Daughter to* FREDERICK.

PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a Country wench.*

Followers and Attendants on the two Dukes, Pages, Foresters, &c. &c.

SCENE,—*First,* (*and in Act II. Sc.* 3,) *near* OLIVER'S *House; intermediately and afterwards, partly in the* usurper's *Court, and partly in the Forest of* Arden.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard, adjoining* Oliver's *House.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—bequeathed[a] me by will, but poor a[b] thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept. For call you that keeping, for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better: for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance[c] seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

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[a] Bequeathed me—] Some of the modern editions read, "*he* bequeathed me:" and it is not improbable that the pronoun was omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor.

[b] *But* poor *a thousand crowns,*—] So the folio, 1623, but most editors have adopted the reading of the folio, 1632:—"*a poor* thousand crowns;" and those who adhere to the original have failed to produce a single instance of similar phraseology to support them. This is the more strange, since the idiom was at least as old as the time of Chaucer, and by no means uncommon:—

"And so I followed, till it me brought
To *right a* pleasaunt herber."
Chaucer: *Flower and Leaf*, l. 49.

"At Leycester came to the Kynge *ryght a* fayre felawship of folks, to the nombar of three thousand men."—*Arrival of Edward IV.* p. 8.

"The Kynge * * * * travaylynge all his people, whereof were moo than three thousand fotemen, that Fryday, which was *right-an-hot* day, thirty myle and more."—*Ibid.* p. 27.

[c] *His* countenance *seems to take from me:*] The commentators appear to have misunderstood this expression. It does not here import *aspect, carriage,* and the like, but *entertainment.* See note (g), p. 255, Vol. I.

ADAM. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORL. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [ADAM *retires.*

Enter OLIVER.

OLI. Now, sir! what make[a] you here?

ORL. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

OLI. What mar you then, sir?

ORL. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLI. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.[b]

ORL. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

OLI. Know you where you are, sir?

ORL. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

OLI. Know you before whom, sir?

ORL. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: the courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

OLI. What, boy!

ORL. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.[c]

---

a *What* make *you here?*] What *do* you here?

b Be naught awhile.] A proverbial phrase, equivalent to *a mischief on you.*

c *Come, come,* elder *brother,* you *are too* young *in this.*] The obscurity in this speech is at once cleared up by a passage in the original story:—"Though I am *eldest* by birth, yet, never having attempted any deeds of arms, I am *youngest* to perform any martial exploits."—LODGE'S *Rosalynd,* p. 17 of reprint in *Shakespeare's Library.* Stung by the sarcastic allusion to his *reverence,* Oliver attempts to strike his brother, who seizes him, observing at the same time, "You are *too young* at this game of manly prowess; in this, I am the elder."

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of sir Roland de Bois: he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [*Coming forward.*] Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is *old dog* my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt* Orlando *and* Adam.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Denis!

Enter Denis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit* Denis.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

CHA. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

OLI. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

CHA. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she* would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

OLI. Where will the old duke live?

CHA. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

OLI. What,—you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

CHA. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

OLI. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by under-hand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomise him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

CHA. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship! (1)

[*Exit.*

OLI. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle: never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

CEL. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROS. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I* were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

CEL. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

ROS. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

CEL. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster; therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROS. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see;—what think you of falling in love?

(*) First folio, *hee.*

(*) Old copy omits, *I.*

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest:[a] and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Cel. No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire?—Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Enter Touchstone.[b]

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiving* our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit! whither wander you?[c]

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

[a] Honest:] That is, *chaste*.

[b] Touchstone.] In the old copy he is called "Clown."

(*) First folio, *perceiveth*.

[c] How now, wit! whither wander you?] The beginning, probably, of some ancient ballad.

CEL. Were you made the messenger?

TOUCH. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

ROS. Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCH. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

CEL. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

ROS. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCH. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

CEL. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

TOUCH. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any;[a] or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

CEL. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou meanest?

TOUCH. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CEL.[b] My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him: you'll be whipped for taxation,[c] one of these days.

TOUCH. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

CEL. By my troth, thou sayest true: for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show.—Here comes monsieur Le Beau.*

ROS. With his mouth full of news.

CEL. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

ROS. Then we shall be news-crammed.

CEL. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

LE BEAU. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CEL. Sport? of what colour?

LE BEAU. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

ROS. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCH. Or as the Destinies decree.

CEL. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.[d]

TOUCH. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

ROS. Thou losest thy old smell.

LE BEAU. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROS. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

LE BEAU. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

CEL. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU. There comes an old man, and his three sons,——

CEL. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

LE BEAU. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

ROS. With bills on their necks,[e]—*Be it known unto all men by these presents*,[f]——

LE BEAU. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third; yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

ROS. Alas!

TOUCH. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

LE BEAU. Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCH. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

CEL. Or I, I promise thee.

ROS. But is there any else longs to see this broken music[g] in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

CEL. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

(*) First folio, *the Beu.*

[a] By his honour, for he never had any;] This was an ancient gibe. Boswell quotes a passage in which it occurs, from the play of "Damon and Pithias," 1573:—

"I have taken a wise othe on him; have I not, trow ye,
To trust such a false knave upon his honestie?
As he is *an honest man* (quoth you?) he may bewray all to the Kinge
And breke his oth for this never a whit."

[b] CELIA.] In the old copy, this speech is assigned to Rosalind, manifestly in error, since *Frederick* was the name of Celia's father. The correction is due to Theobald.

[c] Taxation,—] *Satire, invective, sarcasm.*

[d] *Laid on with* a trowel.] An old proverbial expression, which means, *laid on thickly*. We still say, when any one bespatters another with gross flattery, that he lays it on with a trowel.

[e] With bills on their necks,—] From a passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, the story whence Shakespeare derived the plot of this comedy:—"Rosader came pacing towardes them with his *forest bill on his neck*," Farmer conjectured, perhaps rightly, that these words originally formed part of Le Beau's speech.

[f] *Be it known*, &c.] Rosalind plays on the word *bills*, converting the forester's weapons into advertising bills, which, in Shakespeare's day, very commonly began with the phrase she quotes.

[g] Broken music—] See note (1), p. 120.

Flourish. *Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* Attendants.

DUKE F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

ROS. Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

CEL. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

DUKE F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROS. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

DUKE F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men.* In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

CEL. Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE F. Do so; I'll not be by.

[DUKE *goes apart.*

LE BEAU. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses† call for you.

ORL. I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROS. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORL. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

CEL. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: you have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

ROS. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

ORL. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty,[a] to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

ROS. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CEL. And mine, to eke out hers.

ROS. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you!

CEL. Your heart's desires be with you!

CHA. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

ORL. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

DUKE F. You shall try but one fall.

CHA. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

ORL. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

ROS. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

CEL. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[ORLANDO *and* CHARLES *wrestle.*

ROS. O excellent young man!

CEL. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[CHARLES *is thrown.*(2) *Shout.*

DUKE F. No more, no more.

ORL. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

DUKE F. How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU. He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE F. Bear him away.

[CHARLES *is borne out.*

What is thy name, young man?

ORL. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Roland de Bois.

DUKE F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt* DUKE FRED. Train, *and* LE BEAU.

CEL. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

ORL. I am more proud to be sir Roland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

ROS. My father lov'd sir Roland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

CEL. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:

(*) Old text, *man.* (†) Old text, *princesse.*

[a] Wherein I confess me much guilty,—] This is somewhat perplexed. Malone's gloss is:—"*Punish me not with your hard thoughts, which, however, I confess, I deserve to incur,* for denying such fair ladies any request."

My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts [up,
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands
Is but a quintain,(3) a mere lifeless block. [fortunes;

Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

CEL. Will you go, coz?
ROS. Have with you.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.
ORL. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

LE BEAU. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,[a]
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous;[b] what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.
ORL. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this,—
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling? [manners;
LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
But yet, indeed, the lower* is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
ORL. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well. [*Exit* LE BEAU.
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

CEL. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

ROS. Not one to throw at a dog.
CEL. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.
ROS. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.
CEL. But is all this for your father?
ROS. No, some of it is for my child's father.[c] O, how full of briars is this working-day world!
CEL. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.
ROS. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.
CEL. Hem them away.
ROS. I would try, if I could cry *hem* and have him.
CEL. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.
ROS. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!
CEL. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Roland's youngest son?
ROS. The duke my father loved his father dearly.
CEL. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;[d] yet I hate not Orlando.
ROS. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.
CEL. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?
ROS. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the duke.
CEL. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

DUKE F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.
ROS. Me, uncle?
DUKE F. You, cousin.
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

(*) Old text, *taller.*

a Condition,—] *Temper, frame of mind.*
b *The duke is* humorous;] *Humorous* here means *contrarious, perverse, capricious.*
c For my child's father.] Thus the old text, which, as involving an "indelicate anticipation," is enervated in nearly all the modern editions into "for my father's child." The meaning is simply, as Theobald long ago explained it, "for him whom I hope to marry," and the idea and its expression are perfectly conformable to the freedom of thought and speech in Shakespeare's age. It is remarkable that Rowe, who first suggested, and all the editors who have since adopted, the prudish substitution of "my father's child," should have overlooked its obvious incompatibility with Rosalind's subsequent observation:—
"I would try, if I could cry *hem* and have *him.*"
d For my father hated his father dearly;] See note on the word *dear,* in "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 2:—
"Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven."

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

DUKE F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not. [traitor:

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a
Tell me, whereon the likelihood* depends.

DUKE F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough. [dukedom;

Ros. So was I when your highness took his
So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord:
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

CEL. Dear sovereign, hear me speak. [sake,

DUKE F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

CEL. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her; if she be a traitor,
Why so am I: we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.(4)

DUKE F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her;—she is banish'd.

CEL. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company. [yourself;

DUKE F. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK *and* Lords.

CEL. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

CEL. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

CEL. No, hath not?[a] Rosalind lacks, then, the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,[b]
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.(5)

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

CEL. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

CEL. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,[c]
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

CEL. What shall I call thee when thou art a man? [own page,

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's
And therefore look you call me, Ganymede.
But what will you be* call'd? [state;

CEL. Something that hath a reference to my
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

CEL. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in† content
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *likelihoods*.

[a] No, hath not?] Mr. Singer looks upon this as an idiomatic phrase similar to the "No had, my lord?" in Act IV. Sc. 2, of "King John." See note (a), p. 315, Vol. I., but we believe he is mistaken.

[b] *And do not seek to take your* change *upon you,*—] That is, says Malone, *your reverse of fortune.* The second folio, 1632, reads *charge*, which is perhaps right.

[c] Because that I am more than common tall,—] So Lodge's *Rosalynde*—"Tush (quoth Rosalynde) art thou a woman, and hast not a sodeine shift to prevent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparel of a page."—Reprint in *Shakespeare's Library*, p. 32.

(*) First folio, *by*. (†) First folio, *in we*.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of* Arden.

Enter DUKE *senior*, AMIENS, *and other* Lords, *like Foresters.*

DUKE S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exíle,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?

Here feel we not[a] the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference: as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,—
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery:—these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

AMI. I would not change it.[b] Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

DUKE S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 LORD. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 LORD. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in[c] the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
*To that which had too much:** then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends; †
'Tis right, quoth he, *thus misery doth part*
The flux of company: anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the ‡ country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

DUKE S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 LORD. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

DUKE S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 LORD. I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, *and* Attendants.

DUKE F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 LORD. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 LORD. My lord, the roynish[d] clown at whom so oft

---

a *Here feel we* not *the penalty of Adam,*
The seasons' difference:]

The usual reading, suggested by Theobald, is "Here feel we *but*," &c. Neither is satisfactory, nor do we think *not* the only corruption in the speech,—the word *as* is equally open to suspicion. The passage, it is presumable, may have run thus in the original manuscript:—

> "Here feel we *yet* the penalty of Adam,
> The seasons' difference: *At* the icy fang,
> And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,—
> Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
> Even till I shrink with cold—I smile, and say,
> This is no flattery."

The Duke is contrasting the dangers and sophistications of a court life with the safety and primitive simplicity of their sylvan state; and glories in the privilege of undergoing Adam's penalty—the seasons' difference.

b I would not change it.] Upton is perhaps right in suggesting that these words belong to the Duke, rather than to Amiens, who, as a courtier, would naturally agree with his master, and begin, "Happy is your grace," &c.

c In *the needless stream;*] The old copy has *into*. As Malone remarks, that word was probably caught by the compositor's eye from the line above.

d *The* roynish *clown*—] From the French *rogneux*, *scurvy*, *mangy*. It may, however, be no more than a misprint of *roguish*.

(*) First folio, *must*. (†) Old text, *friend*.
(‡) First folio omits, *the*.

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

DUKE F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before* Oliver's *House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

ORL. Who's there?

ADAM. What! my young master?—O, my gentle master!
O, my sweet master! O you memory[a]
Of old sir Roland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony* priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some† kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

ORL. Why, what's the matter?[b]

ADAM. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors! within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son;—I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORL. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORL. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

ORL. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

ADAM. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen* years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *bonnie.* (†) First folio, *seeme.*

(*) Old text, *seventy.*

[a] O *you* memory—] *Memory* was often used for *memorial.* Thus in "King Lear," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"Those words are *memories* of those worser hours."

and in "Coriolanus," Act IV. Sc. 5:—

——"a good *memory*
And witness."

[b] Why, what's the matter?] In the folio, 1623, this line is part of Adam's speech, but the error was set right in the edition of 1632, which, as regards this play, corrects many of the typographical blunders of its predecessor.

SCENE IV.—*The Forest of* Arden.

Enter ROSALIND *in boy's clothes,* CELIA *dressed like a shepherdess, and* TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary[a] are my spirits!

TOUCH. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

CEL. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.[b]

[a] O *Jupiter! how* weary *are my spirits!*] In the original, "how *merry* are my spirits." The correction, which is favoured by the resemblance of the two words in their old spelling, was made by Theobald.

[b] I can *go no further.*] So the second folio; the first has, "I *cannot* go no further."

TOUCH. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,[a] if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

ROS. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCH. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

ROS. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

COR. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SIL. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

COR. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

SIL. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

COR. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SIL. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd. O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!
[*Exit* SILVIUS.

ROS. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,[b]
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCH. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet,[c] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom[d] I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.[e]

ROS. Thou speakest wiser than thou art 'ware of.

TOUCH. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

ROS. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

TOUCH. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

CEL. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

TOUCH. Holla; you clown!

ROS. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

COR. Who calls?

TOUCH. Your betters, sir.

COR. Else are they very wretched.

ROS. Peace, I say:—
Good even to you,* friend.

COR. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

ROS. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

COR. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

ROS. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

COR. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.

ROS. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

CEL. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,

(*) First folio, *your*.

[a] I *should bear no* cross,—] This quibble on *cross* was a stereotype jest of which the writers, readers, and play-goers of Shakespeare's time seem never to have had enough. See note (c), p. 56, Vol. I.

[b] *Searching of* thy wound,—] The second folio, 1632, reads, "*their wound*," only partially correcting the error of the first edition, 1623, which has, "searching of *they would*."

[c] Batlet,—] The bat used to beat linen in washing. In the first folio, *batler*.

[d] From whom—] "From his mistress," Mr. Knight says, and other editors have fallen into the same error. Touchstone surely means that he both took the cods from and returned them to the *peascod*, the representative of his mistress. In like manner he tells us, just before, he broke his sword upon a stone, and bid *him*, his imagined rival, "take that."

[e] But as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.] As the commentators appear not to suspect corruption here, the passage probably contains a meaning we have failed to discover.

And willingly could waste my time in it.

COR. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

SONG.

AMI. *Under the greenwood tree,*
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn[a] *his merry note*
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

JAQ. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

AMI. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

JAQ. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs; more, I pr'ythee, more.

AMI. My voice is ragged;[b] I know I cannot please you.

JAQ. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing; come, more; another stanza; call you 'em stanzas?

AMI. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

JAQ. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

AMI. More at your request than to please myself.

JAQ. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes;[c] and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

AMI. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover[d] the while; the duke will drink under this tree: he hath been all this day to look you.

JAQ. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

JAQ. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

AMI. And I'll sing it.

JAQ. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;[e]
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

AMI. What's that *ducdame?*

JAQ. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

AMI. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

ADAM. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

ORL. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: if this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here

---

[a] *And* turn *his merry note*—] In many modern editions we have "*tune* his merry note;" but *turn* was the poet's phrase:—

"Whiles threadbare Martiall *turns* his merry note."
HALL'S *Satires*, Bk. VI. Sat. I, quoted by Mr. Singer.

[b] Ragged;] That is, *rough, rugged.*

[c] Dog-apes;] "Some be called *cenophe;* and be lyke to an *hounde* in the face, and in the body lyke to an *ape*."—BARTHOLOMÆUS, *De propr. rerum*, xviii. 96, quoted by Douce.

[d] *Sirs*, cover *the while;*] That is, prepare the table; equivalent to our "lay the cloth;"—"bid them *cover the table*, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner."—*Merchant of Venice*, Act. III. Sc. 5.

[e] Ducdame;] After all that has been written in elucidation of "*ducdame*," we are disposed to believe the "invocation," like the Clown's—

"Fond done, done fond;"

in "All's Well That Ends Well," is mere unmeaning babble coined for the occasion.

be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said![a] thou lookest cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Forest.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE *senior*, AMIENS, *and others.*[b]

DUKE S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.
1 LORD. My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.
DUKE S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.—
Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.
1 LORD. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter JAQUES.

DUKE S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.
JAQ. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i'the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: *No, sir,* quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus we may see, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine,
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.
DUKE S. What fool is this?
JAQ. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
DUKE S. Thou shalt have one.
JAQ. It is my only suit;[c]
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The *why* is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem[d] senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
DUKE S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
JAQ. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?
DUKE S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:*
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
JAQ. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

---

a Well said!] Meaning, *well done.*

b *Enter* Duke, &c.] In the folio, 1623, "*Enter Duke Sen. and Lord, like Out-lawes.*"

c *My only* suit;] The old, old play on the double meaning of the word

d Not to *seem*—] The original text reads only:—

(*) First folio, *fin.*

"Seem senseless of the bob."

The words *not to*, were supplied by Theobald. If any addition is really called for, that proposed by Mr. Collier's annotator—"*But to* seem," &c.—is well entitled to consideration.

Till that the weary very[a] means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery[b] is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

ORL. Forbear, and eat no more.
JAQ. Why, I have eat none yet.
ORL. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
JAQ. Of what kind should this cock come of?
DUKE S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
ORL. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland[c] bred,
And know some nurture.[d] But forbear, I say;
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.
JAQ. An you will not be answered with reason,[e]
I must die.
DUKE S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
ORL. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
DUKE S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
ORL. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.
DUKE S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.
ORL. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.
DUKE S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
ORL. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*
DUKE S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
JAQ. All the world's a stage,(1)
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel

---

[a] *Till that the* weary very *means do ebb?*] This, the reading of the old text, is not very clear; neither are the emendations of it which have been adopted or proposed.

Pope changed it to,—

"Till that the *very very* means do ebb."

Mr. Singer gives, "Till that the *wearer's* very means do ebb;" and Mr. Collier's annotator suggests, "Till that the *very means of wear* do ebb."

The disputed words should, perhaps, be printed with a hyphen, "*weary-very*," or "*very-weary*." See a collection of old musical airs, entitled "Ayeres, or Phantastique Spirites for three voices, made and newly published by Thomas Weilkes," &c. 1608:—

"I will be blithe and briske,
Leap and skip, hop and trip,
Turne about, in the rout,
Until *very weary* ioyntes can scarce friske."

[b] Bravery—] Finery.

[c] Inland—] Opposed to *upland*. Orlando means that he is urbanely bred; brought up in civilized society; "—or, finally, in any *uplandish* village or corner of a Realme where is no resort but of poore rusticall or uncivill people."—PUTTENHAM'S *Arte of Poesie*, 1589.

[d] *And know some* nurture.] And possess some *courtesy, breeding, manners*:—"It is a point of *nurture*, or *good manners*, to salute them that you meete. Urbanitas est salutare obvios."—BARET'S *Alvearie*, 1580.

[e] *With* reason,—] We should, possibly, read *reasons*. Here, as in other places, Shakespeare evidently indulged in the perennia pun on *reasons* and *raisins*. A quibble, by the way, which Skelton long before found irresistible:—

"Grete *reysons* with *resons* be now reprobitante,
For *reysons* are no *resons*, but *resons current*."
Speke Parrot. Dyce's Ed. vol. ii. p. 22.

And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden,[a] and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.(2)

DUKE S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

ORL. I thank you most for him.

ADAM. So had you need,
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DUKE S. Welcome; fall too: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

I.

AMI. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind,*
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,[b]
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!*
This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! &c.

DUKE S. If that you were the good sir Roland's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master† is:
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

---

a Sudden,—] *Violent.*

b *Thy tooth is not so keen*
Because thou art not seen,—]

The second line has provoked some discussion. Johnson supposed the original was lost, and this line substituted merely to fill up the measure and the rhyme. Warburton proposed—

"Because thou art *not sheen*;"

and Farmer,—

"Because *the heart's not seen*;"

neither of which conjectures can be thought happy. If change is imperative, one less violent will afford a meaning quite in harmony with the sentiment of the song; we might read,—

"Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art *foreseen*."

But the original text is, perhaps, susceptible of a different interpretation to that it has received. The poet certainly could not intend that the wintry blast was less cutting because invisible; he might mean, however, that the keenness of the wind's tooth was inherent, and not a quality developed (like the malice of a false friend), by the opportunity of inflicting a hurt unseen.

(*) Old text, *The.* (†) First folio, *masters.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke Frederick, Oliver, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: but look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is:
Seek him with candle; (1) bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee. [this!

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently,[a] and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Forest.*

Enter Orlando, *with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And, thou, thrice-crowned (2) queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I 'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive[b] she. [*Exit.*

---

[a] Expediently,—] *Expeditiously.* So in "King John," Act II. Sc. 1, "His marches are *expedient* to this town;" and in the Second Part of "Henry VI." Act III. Sc. 1:—

"A breach that craves a quick *expedient* stop."

[b] Unexpressive—] *Inexpressible.* So Milton, in his "Lycidas," v. 176:—

"And hears the *unexpressive* nuptial song."

And again, in the "Hymn on the Nativity":—

"Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With *unexpressive* notes to heaven's new-born heir."

Enter Corin *and* Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends.—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding,[a] or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope,——

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? your reason?

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are

[a] *May complain* of good breeding,—] That is, of *a deficiency* of good breeding. An elliptical mode of speech, which, as Whiter remarked, is not peculiar to Shakespeare, or indeed to the English language.

good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: a better instance, I say; comê.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss

tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

TOUCH. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! —Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

COR. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

TOUCH. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee, thou art raw.[a]

COR. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

TOUCH. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

COR. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

ROS. *From the east to western Ind,*
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair[b] *of Rosalind.*

TOUCH. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted; it is the right butter-women's rank[c] to market.

ROS. Out, fool!

TOUCH. For a taste:——

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,*
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest Rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them?

ROS. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

TOUCH. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROS. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

TOUCH. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

ROS. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Enter CELIA, *reading a paper.*

CEL. *Why should this a*† *desert be?*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little[d] *show.*
Therefore heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her‡ *heart;*
Cleopatra's majesty,

---

a God make incision in thee, thou art raw.] Steevens suggests, very plausibly, that the allusion is to the common expression of *cutting for the simples.*

b Fair—] *Beauty.* See note (a), p. 69, Vol. I.

c *Right butter-women's* rank *to market.*] *Rank*, here, Whiter says, "means the *jog-trot rate* with which butter-women *uniformly* travel *one after another* in their road to market." But this is not satisfactory. From a passage in Drayton's poem, "The Shepherd's Sirena," it might be inferred that "*rank*" was a familiar term for *chorus*, or *rhyme*:—

"On thy bank,
In *a rank*,
Let thy swans sing her."

And *butter-women's rank* may have been only another term for verse which rhymed in couplets, called of old, "riding ryme."

d *In* little *show.*] In *miniature* show. So in "Hamlet," Act II. Sc. 2:—"Those that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, *for his picture* in *little.*"

(*) Old text, *Wintred.* (†) Old text omits, *a.*
(‡) Old text, *his.*

Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back friends;—shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* Corin *and* Touchstone.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,(3) which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion![a] dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.[b] I pr'ythee, tell me who is it, quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle,—either too much at once, or not at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's(4) mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say *ay* and *no*, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such[c] fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

---

a Good my complexion!] Celia is triumphing in Rosalind's heightened colour, and the latter's petulant exclamation may be equivalent to "plague on my complexion." Or "*Good*" may be a misprint for "*Hood*." Thus Juliet:—

"*Hood* my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks."
Romeo and Juliet, Act III. Sc. 2.

b *One inch of delay more is* a South-sea of discovery.] This is painfully obscure, and the efforts of the commentators have by no means lessened its ambiguity. Does Rosalind mean that though "caparisoned like a man," she has so much of a woman's curiosity in her disposition, that "one inch of delay more" would cause her to betray her sex?

c *When it drops forth* such *fruit.*] The folio, 1623, reads, "when it drops *forth* fruit;" *such* was inserted by the editor of the second folio.

ROS. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes[a] the ground.

CEL. Cry, holla![b] to thy* tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

ROS. O ominous! he comes to kill my eart.

CEL. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

ROS. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

CEL. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

ROS. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *retire.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

JAQ. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORL. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

JAQ. God be wi' you; let's meet as little as we can.

ORL. I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQ. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

ORL. I pray you, mar no more† of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

JAQ. Rosalind is your love's name?

ORL. Yes, just.

JAQ. I do not like her name.

ORL. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

JAQ. What stature is she of?

ORL. Just as high as my heart.

JAQ. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

ORL. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,[c] from whence you have studied your questions.

JAQ. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

ORL. I will chide no breather in the world but myself; against whom I know most faults.

JAQ. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

ORL. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

JAQ. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

ORL. He is drowned in the brook; look but in and you shall see him.

JAQ. There I shall see mine own figure.

ORL. Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher.

JAQ. I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good signior Love. [*Exit* JAQUES.

ORL. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur Melancholy.

[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *come forward.*

ROS. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

ORL. Very well; what would you?

ROS. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

ORL. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

ROS. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

ORL. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

ROS. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

ORL. I pr'ythee who doth he trot withal?

ROS. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

ORL. Who ambles Time withal?

ROS. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

ORL. Who doth he gallop withal?

ROS. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORL. Who stays it still withal?

ROS. With lawyers in the vacation: for they

(*) Old text, *the.* (†) First folio, *moe.*

[a] *It well* becomes *the ground.*] It well *adorns*, or *graces*, or *sets off* the ground. To *become*, in the present day, signifies usually *to befit, to be suitable;* formerly it meant more than this. Thus, in "The Comedy of Errors," Act III. Sc. 2, Luciana bids Antipholus,—

"——*become* disloyalty;
Apparel Vice like Virtue's harbinger;"

And in "King John," Act V. Sc. 1, Falconbridge exhorts the King to,—

"—— glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to *become* the field."

[b] Holla!] This was a term of the *manège*, by which a rider stopped his horse. Thus, in Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," Stanza 48:—

"What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering '*Holla,*' or his 'Stand, I say?'"

[c] I answer you right painted cloth,—] Alluding to the mottoes and "wise saws," inscribed on old mural hangings. See note (1), p. 626, Vol. I.

sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister, here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland[a] man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying* the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are† not a prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek,—which you have not; a blue eye and sunken,—which you have not; an unquestionable[b] spirit,—which you have not; a beard neglected,—which you have not; but I pardon you for that; for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue.—Then your hose should be ungartered,[c] your bonnet unbanded,

[a] An inland man;] See note (c), p. 144.

[b] *An* unquestionable spirit,—] One averse to question or discourse.

(*) First folio, *defying*. (†) First folio, *art*.

[c] Your hose should be ungartered,—] See note (d), p. 11, Vol. I.

your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation;—but you are no such man;—you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORL. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROS. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORL. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROS. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORL. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROS. Love is merely[a] a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too: yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORL. Did you ever cure any so?

ROS. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish[b] youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a loving* humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: and thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

ORL. I would not be cured, youth.

ROS. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

ORL. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

ROS. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

ORL. With all my heart, good youth.

ROS. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind, observing them.*

TOUCH. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

AUD. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

TOUCH. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious[c] poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

JAQ. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatched house![d] [*Aside.*

TOUCH. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUD. I do not know what *poetical* is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

TOUCH. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

AUD. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

TOUCH. I do, truly, for thou swearest to me, thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUD. Would you not have me honest?

TOUCH. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-

(*) Old text, *living.*

[a] Merely—] It may not be impertinent to say, once for all, that *merely*, from the Latin *merus* and *mere*, in old language meant *absolutely, altogether, purely.* Thus in the present play:—

"And all the men and women *merely* players."

Again,—

"———*Merely*, thou art death's fool."
Measure for Measure, Act III. Sc. 1.

Again,—

"We are *merely* cheated of our lives."
The Tempest, Act I. Sc. 1.

Again,—

"Things rank and gross in nature possess it *merely*."
Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 2.

And in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, on which this comedy is based:—

"And forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and fed as *merely* as if they had been in Paris."

[b] Moonish—] Variable, inconstant, like the *moon.*

[c] Capricious—] "*Caper, capri, caperitious*, capricious, fantastical, capering, goatish; and by a similar sort of process are we to smooth *Goths* into *goats*."—CALDECOTT.

[d] Jove in a thatched house!] "*Stipulis et cannâ tecta palustri.*" We have the same allusion in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act II. Sc. 1:—

"My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove."

favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

JAQ. A material fool![a] [*Aside.*

AUD. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

TOUCH. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

AUD. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.[b]

[a] *A* material *fool!*] According to Johnson, a fool with matter in him, one stocked with notions. In Act II. Sc. 1, the Duke, it will be remembered, remarks that Jaques, in his "sullen fits," is "full of matter."

[b] I *am* foul.] That is, *plain, homely.*

TOUCH. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

JAQ. I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*

AUD. Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCH. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though?[a] Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right,—many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? even so:——poor men alone?[b]——No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.[c] Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

SIR OLI. Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCH. I will not take her on gift of any man.

SIR OLI. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAQ. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

TOUCH. Good even, good master *What-ye-call't:* how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir.—Nay, pray be covered.

JAQ. Will you be married, motley?

TOUCH. As the ox hath his bow,[d] sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

JAQ. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

TOUCH. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another, for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

JAQ. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

TOUCH. Come, sweet Audrey;
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.—
Farewell, good master Oliver:—not,—

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee;

but,— *Wind away,*
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee. (5)

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

SIR OLI. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest. Before a Cottage.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

ROS. Never talk to me; I will weep.

CEL. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

ROS. But have I not cause to weep?

CEL. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

ROS. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

CEL. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

ROS. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

CEL. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

ROS. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

CEL. He hath bought a pair of cast[e] lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

ROS. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

CEL. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROS. Do you think so?

CEL. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet,[f] or a worm-eaten nut.

---

a *What* though?] That is, what *then?*

b Horns, &c.] In the folio, 1623, this hopeless passage stands, "*Hornes, even so poore men alone.*" We adopt the ordinary punctuation, though with reluctance. Mr. Collier's annotator reads: "*Are* horns *given to* poor men alone?"

c Rascal.] *Rascal* was the huntsman's term for a deer lean and out of season.

d His bow,—] His *yoke.*

e *A pair of* cast *lips of Diana:*] So the folio, 1623; the second folio reads, "*chaste* lips."

f *As concave as a* covered goblet,—] A *covered* goblet, Warburton says, "because a goblet is never kept covered but when *empty.*"

Ros. Not true in love?

CEL. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

CEL. *Was* is not *is:* besides, the oath of a* lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers† of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

CEL. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts and folly guides.—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

COR. Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

CEL. Well, and what of him?

COR. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

SIL. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind.*

PHE. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable[a] impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

SIL. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that *ever* may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

PHE. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you?(6) Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,[b] [beauty,
Over the wretched? What though you have no
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? [me?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man

(*) First folio omits, *a.* (†) Old text, *confirmer.*

a *The* cicatrice *and* capable *impressure*—] Mr. Collier's annotator speciously, but without necessity, changes *capable* to *palpable. Capable* means *sensible.* The only difficulty in the line is the word *cicatrice*, which certainly appears here to be used in an exceptional sense.

b All at once,—] See note (a), p. 65.

Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

PHE. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

ROS. He's fallen in love with your[a] foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

PHE. For no ill will I bear you.

ROS. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by:—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud; though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

PHE. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?(7)

SIL. Sweet Phebe,—

PHE. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

SIL. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHE. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SIL. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

PHE. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

SIL. I would have you.

PHE. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

SIL. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

PHE. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere while?

SIL. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds,
That the old carlot[b] once was master of.

PHE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
Have[c] more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me;
I marvel, why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one, omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

SIL. Phebe, with all my heart.

PHE. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

---

[a] *With* your *foulness,*—] So the old copy. The usual lection is "*her* foulness." Caldecott observes,—"if Rosalind here turns to the parties before her," the original reading may stand.

[b] Carlot—] From *carl, churl.*

[c] Have more cause—] The second folio reads, "*I* have more cause," and has been followed by most of the modern editors, perhaps rightly, unless we should read:—"Have *much* more cause," &c.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of* Arden.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, *and* Jaques.

Jaq. I pr'y thee, pretty youth, let me be* better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, which,[a] by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your

(*) First folio omits, *be*.

a Which, by *often rumination*,—] The first folio inserts *in* before *which*, the compositor's eye having probably caught the preposition from the line which followed in the MS. The second folio reads, "in which *my* often rumination."

own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes[a] and poor hands.

JAQ. Yes, I have gained my experience.

ROS. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

ORL. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAQ. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

ROS. Farewell, monsieur Traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.*—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? you a lover? an you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORL. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROS. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth† part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o'the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

ORL. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROS. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

ORL. Of a snail?

ROS. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORL. What 's that?

ROS. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

ORL. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROS. And I am your Rosalind.

CEL. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer[b] than you.

ROS. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

ORL. I would kiss, before I spoke.

ROS. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORL. How if the kiss be denied?

ROS. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORL. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROS. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress: or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.[c]

ORL. What, of my suit?

ROS. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

ORL. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

ROS. Well, in her person, I say, I will not have you.

ORL. Then, in mine own person, I die.

ROS. No, 'faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish chroniclers[d] of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORL. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROS. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORL. Then love me, Rosalind.

ROS. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

ORL. And wilt thou have me?

ROS. Ay, and twenty such.

ORL. What sayest thou?

(*) Old text, *Gundello.* (†) Old text, *thousand.*

a Rich eyes—] So in "All's Well that Ends Well," Act V. Sc. 3:—

"Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of *richest eyes.*"

b Leer—] *Countenance, favour.*

c Or *I should* th nk *my honesty* ranker *than my wit.*] Mr. Collier's annotator reads, "Or I should *thank* my honesty *rather* than my wit."

d *And the foolish* chroniclers *of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos.*] Hanmer substituted *coroners* for "chroniclers," and the same change was made by Mr. Collier's annotator.

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,——*Will you, Orlando,*—

Cel. Go to.——Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—*I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband:* there's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts,—they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make[a] the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*[b]

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,[c] let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. *By my troth,* and *in good earnest,* and *so God mend me,* and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu!

[*Exit* Orlando.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it* runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

---

[a] Make *the doors*—] That is, *bar the doors.* See note (b), p. 128, Vol. I.

[b] Wit, whither wilt?] A proverbial saying, repeatedly met with in our early writers.

[c] *Her husband's* occasion,—] Hanmer reads *accusation;* Mr. Collier's annotator, *accusing.* If any deviation is required, we might perhaps better, and without departing far from the text, read, "her husband's *confusion.*"

(*) First folio, *in.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter JAQUES, *and* Lords *in the habit of Foresters.*

JAQ. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 LORD. Sir, it was I.

JAQ. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

1 LORD. Yes, sir.

JAQ. Sing it; 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.
Then sing him home.[a] [The rest shall bear this burden.]
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn,
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

ROS. How say you now? is it not past two o'clock? and here much[b] Orlando!

CEL. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep.—Look, who comes here?

Enter SILVIUS.

SIL. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents, but, as I guess,
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

ROS. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all!
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix; Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

SIL. No, I protest, I know not the contents; Phebe did write it.

ROS. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

SIL. Sure, it is hers.

ROS. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's* gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

SIL. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

ROS. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.—[Reads.

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—

Can a woman rail thus?

SIL. Call you this railing?

ROS. [Reads.] *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?—[Reads.

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—

Meaning me a beast.—[Reads.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love,
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

---

[a] Then sing him home.] In the original these words, and "the rest shall bear this burden," are printed in one line as part of the song, and some editors suppose the whole to be only a stage-direction. We rather take "*Then sing him home,*" to form the burden; and conjecture it ought to be repeated after each couplet.

(*) Old text, *women's.*

[b] *And here* much *Orlando!*] This ironical mode of speech is not yet in desuetude. We still occasionally hear "*Much* you'll see of him!" "*Much* I get by this!" and the like.

SIL. Call you this chiding?

CEL. Alas, poor shepherd!

ROS. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her;—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

OLI. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

CEL. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself.
There's none within.

OLI. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I should know you by description;
Such garments, and such years:—*The boy is fair,*
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister:[a] *the woman low,*
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

CEL. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

OLI. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin:—are you he?

ROS. I am: what must we understand by this?

OLI. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

CEL. I pray you, tell it.

OLI. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the cud[b] of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an* oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, [watch,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 't is
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CEL. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

OLI. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

ROS. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

OLI. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling[c]
From miserable slumber I awak'd.(1)

CEL. Are you his brother?

ROS. Was 't you he rescu'd?

CEL. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

OLI. 'T was I, but 't is not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

ROS. But, for the bloody napkin?

OLI. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place;——
In* brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.

(*) Old text inserts, *old.*

[a] ——— *And* bestows *himself*
Like a ripe sister:]
Bestow is here used in the same unusual sense which it bears in the Second Part of "Henry IV." Act II. Sc. 2:—"How might we see Falstaff *bestow* himself to-night in his true colours?" For, *Like a ripe sister*, Mr. W. N. Lettsom ingeniously proposes, "Like a *right forester.*"

(*) First folio, *I.*

[b] *Chewing the* cud—] The old text has *food*, undoubtedly a misprint. "To chew the *cud*," metaphorically, to *ruminate*, to *revolve in the mind*, is an expression of frequent occurrence in our old authors.

[c] Hurtling—] *Justling.* So in "Julius Cæsar," Act II. Sc. 2:—
"The noise of battle *hurtled* in the air."

Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his* blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
[ROSALIND *faints.*

CEL. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede! [blood.

OLI. Many will swoon when they do look on

CEL. There is more in it.—Cousin—Ganymede!

OLI. Look, he recovers.

ROS. I would I were at home.

CEL. We'll lead you thither:—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

OLI. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man?—you lack a man's heart.

(*) First folio, *this.*

ROS. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh-ho!

OLI. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

ROS. Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLI. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

ROS. So I do: but, i' faith I should have been a woman by right.

CEL. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

OLI. That will I, for I must bear answer back, how you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROS. I shall devise something: but, I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of* Arden.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

TOUCH. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

AUD. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

TOUCH. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUD. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

TOUCH. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

WILL. Good even, Audrey.

AUD. God ye good even, William.

WILL. And good even to you, sir.

TOUCH. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered How old are you, friend?

WILL. Five and twenty, sir.

TOUCH. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILL. William, sir.

TOUCH. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

WILL. Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCH. *Thank God;*—a good answer. Art rich?

WILL. 'Faith, sir, so-so.

TOUCH. *So-so* is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

WILL. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCH. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying: *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.*

The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WILL. I do, sir.

TOUCH. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILL. No, sir.

TOUCH. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he; now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

WILL. Which *he*, sir?

TOUCH. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

AUD. Do, good William.

WILL. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

COR. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

TOUCH. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

ORL. Is't possible that, on so little acquaintance, you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

OLI. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her [a] sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Roland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

ORL. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers. Go you, and prepare Aliena: for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

ROS. God save you, brother.

OLI. And you, fair sister.

ROS. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

ORL. It is my arm.

ROS. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORL. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROS. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkercher?

ORL. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROS. O, I know where you are:—nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—*I came, saw,* and *overcame:* [*] for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.[b]

ORL. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid[c] the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

ROS. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORL. I can live no longer by thinking.

ROS. I will weary you no longer then with idle

---

[a] *Nor* her *sudden consenting;*] *Her,* wanting in the old copies, was inserted by Rowe.

[b] Clubs cannot part them.] The chief preservers, and sometimes disturbers, of the public peace in London during Shakespeare's time were the civic apprentices, who, upon the breaking out of a fray, were summoned to the scene of action by the well-known cry of "Clubs! Clubs!" From this circumstance it became a common custom, when a *fracas* occurred, to call out "Clubs!" to part the belligerents.

[c] Bid *the duke*—] *Invite* the duke. So in "The Merchant of Venice," Act II. Sc. 5:—

"I am *bid* forth to supper, Jessica."

(*) First folio, *overcome.*

talking. Know of me, then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

ORL. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

ROS. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: therefore, put you in your best array, bid[a] your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.—Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

PHE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROS. I care not, if I have: it is my study,
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

PHE. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SIL. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Rosalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Rosalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;[b]
And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And so am I for Ganymede.

ORL. And so am I for Rosalind.

ROS. And so am I for no woman.

PHE. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To* ROSALIND.

SIL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To* PHEBE.

ORL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ROS. Who * do you speak to, *why blame you me to love you?*

ORL. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROS. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [*To* SILVIUS.] if I can:—I would love you [*To* PHEBE.] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together. I will marry you, [*To* PHEBE.] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow. I will satisfy you, [*To* ORLANDO.] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow.—I will content you, [*To* SILVIUS.] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. As you [*To* ORLANDO.] love Rosalind, meet; as you [*To* SILVIUS.] love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

SIL. I'll not fail, if I live.

PHE. Nor I.

ORL. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

TOUCH. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

AUD. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.[c] Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 PAGE. Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCH. By my troth, well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 PAGE. We are for you; sit i'the middle.

1 PAGE. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 PAGE. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

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[a] Bid *your friends;*] See note (c), p. 165.

[b] *All purity, all trial, all* observance;] The same word having been employed just before, *observance* is here probably a misprint for *obedience*, or *obeisance*.

(*) Old text, *why;* altered by Rowe.

[c] A woman of the world.] That is, a *married woman*.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring[a] *time,*
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country-folks would lie
In spring time, &c.

III.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

IV.

And therefore take the present time,[b]
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

TOUCH. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.[c]

1 PAGE. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

TOUCH. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter DUKE *senior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

DUKE S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORL. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.[d]

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

ROS. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:[e]——
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
[*To the* DUKE.
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

ROS. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To* ORLANDO.

ORL. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROS. You say, you 'll marry me, if I be willing?— [*To* PHEBE.

PHE. That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROS. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHE. So is the bargain.

ROS. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will? [*To* SILVIUS.

SIL. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROS. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

DUKE S. I do remember in this shepherd boy,
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

ORL. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

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[a] Ring *time,*—] The old edition has "*rang* time;" the reading in the text was proposed by Steevens, and has since been found in a MS. copy of the song of the seventeenth century, formerly belonging to Mr. Heber, and now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

[b] And therefore take the present time, &c.] This is printed as the second stanza in the old text.

[c] *The note was very* untuneable.] Theobald altered the last word to *untimeable;* and the same change is made by Mr. Collier's annotator; but *time* and *tune* were once synonymous.

[d] As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.] This line, not without reason, has been suspected of corruption, and innumerable emendations have been proposed; of these it may be sufficient to particularize the suggestion of Johnson:—

"As those that fear, *they* hope, and *now* they fear;"

that of Heath:—

"As those that fear *their* hope, and know their fear;"

and that of Mr. Collier's annotator:—

"As those that fear *to* hope, and know they fear."

A somewhat similar form of expression is found in "All's Well That Ends Well," Act II. Sc. 2:—

"But know I think, and think I know most sure."

[e] *Whiles our compact is* urg'd:] Mr. Collier's annotator needlessly changes *urg'd* to *heard.*

JAQ. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

TOUCH. Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQ. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCH. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAQ. And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCH. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

JAQ. How seventh cause?—Good, my lord, like this fellow.

DUKE S. I like him very well.

TOUCH. God 'ild you,[a] sir; I desire you[b] of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks:—a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

DUKE S. By my faith, he is very swift[c] and sententious.

TOUCH. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JAQ. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCH. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike[d] the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled[e] my judgment: this is called the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*: and so to the* *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

JAQ. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

TOUCH. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

JAQ. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCH. O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book,(1) as you have books for good manners:(2) I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

JAQ. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

DUKE S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Still music.[f] *Enter* HYMEN,[g] *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes; and* CELIA.

HYM. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even,
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her† hand with his,
Whose heart within her† bosom is.

ROS. To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To* DUKE S.

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[a] *God* 'ild *you*,—] God *yield* you, reward you.

[b] I *desire you* of *the like*.] For examples of this mode of construction, see note (a), p. 361, Vol. I.

[c] Swift—] See note (f), p. 714, Vol. I.

[d] I *did* dislike—] *Dislike* here imports not merely the entertaining an aversion, but the expressing it; so in "Measure for Measure," Act I. Sc. 2:—"I never *heard* any soldier *dislike* it." So, also, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Queen of Corinth," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

——"Has he familiarly
Disliked your yellow starch, or said your doublet
Was not exactly frenchified?"

[e] *He* disabled *my judgment*:] He *disparaged, impugned* my judgment; so in Act IV. Sc. 1:—"*disable* all the benefits of your own country."

[f] Still music.] That is, *soft, low, gentle* music;—"then, calling softly to the Gentlemen who were witnesses about him, he bade them that they should command some *still* musicke to sound."—*A Patterne of the painefull Adventures of Pericles, prince of Tyre*, 1608. See note (a), p. 92.

[g] Hymen,—] "Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen."—JOHNSON.

(*) First folio omits, *the*. (†) Old copy, *his*.

To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[*To* ORLANDO.

DUKE S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

ORL. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

PHE. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

ROS. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
[*To* DUKE S.
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—
[*To* ORLANDO.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.
[*To* PHEBE.

HYM. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'T is I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here 's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part:
[*To* ORLANDO *and* ROSALIND.
You and you are heart in heart:
[*To* OLIVER *and* CELIA.
You [*To* PHEBE.] to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—
You and you are sure together,
[*To* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'T is Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

DUKE S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

PHE. I will not eat my word; now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.
[*To* SILVIUS.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

JAQ. DE B. Let me have audience for a word, or two;
I am the second son of old sir Roland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd[a] a mighty power, which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them* again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

DUKE S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry:—
Play, music!—and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

JAQ. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

JAQ. DE B. He hath.

JAQ. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You [*To* DUKE S.] to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:—
You [*To* ORLANDO.] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*To* OLIVER.] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*To* SILVIUS.] to a long and well deserved bed;—
And you [*To* TOUCHSTONE.] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd.—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQ. To see no pastime I:—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

DUKE S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance.*

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[a] Address'd—] *Prepared.*

(*) Old text, *him.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*,(1) 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,) that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*And so, God keep your worship!*] In Lodge's novel the complot between Saladyne (the Oliver of the play) and the wrestler is related as follows:—"A champion there was to stand against all commers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely overthrowing them which hee incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fal to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead, first by secret meanes convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes hee would never more return to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as (*quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*) taking great gifts for litle gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the stratagem."—ROSALYNDE. *Euphues' Golden Legacy*, &c. reprinted by Mr. Collier in his *Shakespeare's Library*.

(2) SCENE II.—*Charles is thrown.*] In the novel, after an account of the Norman's victory over the poor Franklin's two sons, both of whom are killed, Rosader's (Orlando) encounter with the "bony prizer" is thus described:—"With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troupe of ladies that glistered there lyke the starres of heaven; but at last Love willing to make him as amorous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beautie so inveagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, he stood and fedde his lookes on the favour of Rosalyndes face; which shee perceiving, blusht, which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful redde of Aurora at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton, was not halfe so glorious. The Normane, seeing this young gentleman fettered in the lookes of the ladyes drave him out of his memento with a shake by the shoulder. Rosader looking backe with an angrie frowne, as if hee had been wakened from some pleasaunt dreame, discovered to all by the furye of his countenance that hee was a man of some high thoughts; but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a yoong man should venture in so base an action; but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprize, they wisht him to bee graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his memento by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fel to the ground, and with the violence of the fal were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whom Saladyne had appoynted him to kil; which conjecture made him stretch every limbe, and try every sinew, that working his death hee might recover the golde which so bountifuly was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but stil cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to incourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might have made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalynd so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman hee ranne upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to minde the beautie of his new mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling uppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yielded nature her due and Rosader the victorie."—*Ibid.* p. 20.

(3) SCENE II.—

——— *My better parts*
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up,
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.]

Much has been written on the origin and use of the *quintain*. The following is the account of it by Strutt in his "Sports and Pastimes:" those who seek for further information on the subject may consult advantageously the notes appended to this play in the Variorum Edition:—"Tilting or combating at the quintain is certainly a military exercise of high antiquity, and antecedent, I doubt not, to the justs and tournaments. The quintain originally was nothing more than the trunk of a tree or post set up for the practice of the tyros in chivalry. Afterward a staff or spear was fixed in the earth, and a shield being hung upon it, was the mark to strike at: the dexterity of the performer consisted in smiting the shield in such a manner as to break the ligatures and bear it to the ground. In process of time this diversion was improved, and instead of the staff and shield the resemblance of a human figure carved in wood was introduced. To render the appearance of this figure more formidable, it was generally made in the likeness of a Turk or a Saracen, armed at all points, bearing a shield upon his left arm, and brandishing a club or a sabre with his right. Hence this exercise was called by the Italians, 'running at the armed man or at the Saracen.' The quintain thus fashioned was placed upon a pivot, and so contrived as to move round with facility. In running at this figure, it was necessary for the horseman to direct his lance with great adroitness, and make his stroke upon the forehead between the eyes or upon the nose; for if he struck wide of those parts, especially upon the shield, the quintain turned about with much velocity, and, in case he was not exceedingly careful, would give him a severe blow upon the back with the wooden sabre held in the right hand, which was considered as highly disgraceful to the performer, while it excited the laughter and ridicule of the spectators." To this description of quintain there can be little doubt Shakespeare refers in Orlando's speech.

(4) SCENE III.—

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.]

Compare this brief but affecting appeal with that of Celia's prototype, Alinda, in the novel:—

"ALINDA'S ORATION TO HER FATHER IN DEFENCE OF ROSALYNDE.

"If (mighty Torismond) I offend in pleading for my friend, let the law of amitie crave pardon for my boldnesse; for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priviledge. Rosalynd and I have beene fostered up from our infancies, and noursed under the harbour of

our conversing togeather with such private familiarities, that custome had wrought an unyon of our nature, and the sympathie of our affections such a secret love, that we have two bodies and one soule. Then marvel not (great Torismond) if, seeing my friend distrest, I finde myselfe perplexed with a thousand sorrowes; for her vertuous and honourable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such as may challenge love, and race out suspition. Her obedience to your majestie I referre to the censure of your own eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered al griefs with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honored you with all dutie, as her owne father by nouriture, not in word uttering any discontent, nor in thought (as far as my conjecture may reach) hammering on revenge; only in all her actions seeking to please you, and to win my favor. Her wisdome, silence, chastitie, and other such rich qualities, I need not decypher; onely it rests for me to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If then, fortune who tryumphs in variety of miseries, hath presented some envious person (as minister of her intended stratagem) to tainte Rosalynde with any surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by witnesses; which proved, let her die, and Alinda wil execute the massacre. If none can avouch any confirmed relation of her intent, use justice, my lord, it is the glory of a king, and let her live in your wonted favour; for if you banish her, myselfe, as copartner of her harde fortunes, will participate in exile some part of her extremities."—ROSALYNDE, p. 28.

(5) SCENE III.—*Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.*] "Why then doth my Rosalynd grieve at the frowne of Torismond, who by offering her a prejudice proffers her a greater pleasure? and more (mad lasse) to be melancholy, when thou hast with thee Alinda, a friend who wil be a faithful copartner of al thy misfortunes; who hath left her father to follow thee, and chooseth rather to brooke al extremities then to forsake thy presence. What, Rosalynd,

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Cheerly, woman; as wee have been bed-fellowes in royaltie, we wil be felow mates in povertie: I wil ever be thy Alinda, and thou shalt ever rest to me Rosalynd; so shall the world canonize our friendship, and speake of Rosalynd and Alinda, as they did of Pilades and Orestes. And if ever fortune smile, and we returne to our former honour, then folding our selves in the sweete of our friendship, we shal merily say (calling to mind our forepassed miseries),

Olim hæc meminisse juvabit."—

ROSALYNDE, p. 31.

ACT II.

(1) SCENE VII.—

——All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.]

Totus mundus agit histrionem, an observation which occurs in one of the fragments of Petronius, and may even be traced still higher, is said to have been the motto over Shakespeare's theatre, the Globe, and was probably in his day a familiar apothegm. The division of human life into certain stages, or epochs, had also a classical origin. In some Greek verses attributed to Solon,—and whether written by him or not, certainly as old as the first half of the first century, being introduced by Philo Judæus into his *Liber de Mundi opificio*,—the life of man is separated into ten ages of seven years each. Other Greek authors, Hippocrates and Proclus, apportioned his existence into seven parts, and Varro the Roman into five. A Hebrew doctor of the ninth century, and a Hebrew poet of the twelfth, have made a similar distribution.

In that miscellaneous collection of the fifteenth century, denominated "Arnold's Chronicle," is a chapter entitled "THE VIJ AGES OF MAN LIVING IN THE WORLD."—"The first age is infancie, and lastyth from the byrth unto vij yere of age. The ij is childhood, and endurith unto xv yere age. The iij age is adholocencye, and endurith unto xxv yere of age. The iiij age is youthe, and endurith unto xxxv yere age. The v age is manhood, and endurith unto l yere age. The vi age is elde, and lasteth unto lxx yere age. The vij age of man is crepill, and endurith unto dethe." But the favourite mode of inculcating the moral of human life has been by pictorial illustration; in Shakespeare's time, as in France at the present day, the subject was a popular theme for prints, broadsides, and ballads. An Italian engraving of the sixteenth century, by Christopher Bertello, is still extant, valuable for its intrinsic merit, and interesting from its analogy to the exquisite moralization of Jaques. The school-boy is carrying his books; the lover, a youth of twenty, bears a branch of myrtle, and at his feet is a young Cupid bending his bow; the soldier, armed *cap-à-pie*, is "bearded like the pard;" the justice has an aspect of grave severity; the representative of our author's sixth age is a senile personage, bending with years, attired in a long furred robe, his feet in slippers, and "spectacles on nose." Last scene of all exhibits the man of eighty, blind and helpless, with one foot in the tomb already gaping to receive him.

For further information on this subject, the reader may consult two elaborate articles, one in Volume xxvii. of the "Archæologia," the other, in the Gentleman's Magazine, for May, 1853: to the mediæval representations of the ages of life there recorded, we will add one hitherto undescribed, being a series of fourteen subjects engraved on a Monumental Brass of the date of 1487, preserved in the Hôpital S. Marie, Ypres, in Belgium.

(2) SCENE VII.—*Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.*] The scene in which Orlando confronts the banished Duke and his companions in the forest, demanding food for his famished retainer, is closely copied from the novel:—

"It chaunced that day, that Gerismond, the lawfull King of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of outlawes lived in that forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lymon trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of brave men, having store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus:—

"Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may: know, that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forrest for want of food: perish wee must, unlesse relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meate to men, and to such as are everie way woorthie of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou prove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amonst you with my sword; for rather wil I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond,

looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was mooved with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eat his fill, but the lord of the feast. Gramercy, sir, (quoth Rosader,) but I have a feeble friend that lyes hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; wherupon Rosader got him up on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader, having Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer."—ROSALYNDE, p. 53.

ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—*Seek him with candle.*] Referring, it is supposed, to the passage in St. Luke, ch. xv. ver. 8:—"Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a *candle*, and sweep the house, and *seek* diligently till she find it?"

(2) SCENE II.—*And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night.*] Johnson conjectured this was an allusion to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess:—

> "*Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,*
> *Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis;*"

but Mr. Singer quotes a passage from one of Chapman's Hymns, which he thinks was probably in Shakespeare's mind:—

> "Nature's bright *eye-sight*, and the Night's fair soul,
> That with thy *triple forehead* dost control
> Earth, seas, and hell."
>
> *Hymnus in Cynthiam*, 1594.

(3) SCENE II.—*I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat.*] Rosalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an *Irish rat*, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his Satires, and Temple in his Treatises. Dr. Grey has produced a similar passage from Randolph:—

> "——— My poets
> Shall with a satire, steep'd in gall and vinegar,
> Rhyme them to death, as they do rats in Ireland."
>
> JOHNSON.

(4) SCENE II.—*Gargantua's mouth.*] "Although there had been no English translation of Rabelais in Shakespeare's time, yet it is evident, from several notices, that a chap-book history of the giant Garagantua, who swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in a salad, was very popular in this country in the sixteenth century. The 'witless devices of Gargantua' are decried among 'the vain and lewd books of the age' by Edward Dering, in his epistle to the reader, prefixed to A Brief and Necessary Instruction, 1572. The history of Garagantua formed one of the pieces in the singular library of Captain Cox, so ludicrously described by Laneham, in the Letter from Kenilworth, 1575:—'King Arthurz book, Huon of Burdeaus, Friar Rous, Howleglass, and Gargantua.' The 'monstrous fables of Garagantua' are also enumerated among many other 'infortunate treatises' in Hanmer's Eusebius, 1577. In the books of the Stationers' Company for 1592, is found an entry of 'Gargantua his Prophecie;' and in those for 1594 of 'a booke entitled the History of Garagantua.'"—HALLIWELL.

(5) SCENE III.—*I will not to wedding with thee.*] These lines are probably quoted from the old ballads mentioned in the following entries on the Registers of the Stationers' Company, 1584-5:—

> "6 AUGUSTI.
>
> "Ric. Jones. Rd of him, for his licence to printe A Ballat of O swete Olyver, Leave me not behind thee . . . . . iiij*d.*"
>
> "VICESSIMO DIE AUGUSTI.
>
> "Henry Carre. Rd of him, for printinge of the answeare of O sweete Olyver . . . . . iiij*d.*"

(6) SCENE V.—*And why, I pray you?*] Compare the parallel scene in "Rosalynde:"—

"Ganimede, overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brooke the crueltie of Phœbe, but starting from behind the bush said: And if, damzell, you fled from mee, I would transforme you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet. Phœbe at this sodaine replye was amazed, especially when shee saw so faire a swaine as Ganimede; blushing therefore, she would have bene gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus: What, shepheardesse, so faire and so cruell? Disdaine beseemes not cottages, nor coynesse maids; for either they be condemned to be too proud, or too froward. Take heed, faire nymph, that in despising love, you be not over-reacht with love, and in shaking off all, shape yourselfe to your owne shadow, and so with Narcissus prove passionat and yet unpitied. Oft have I heard, and sometime have I seene, high disdaine turned to hot desires. Because thou art beautifull be not so coy: as there is nothing more fair, so there is nothing more fading; as momentary as the shaddowes which growes from a clowdy sunne. Such (my faire shepheardesse) as disdaine in youth desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter, that might have been loved in the prime. A wringled mayd is like to a parched rose, that is cast up in coffers to please the smell, not worne in the hand to content the eye. There is no folly in love to had I wist, and therefore be rulde by mee. Love while thou art yoong, least thou be disdained when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot be recalde, and if thou love, like of Montanus; for if his desires are many, so his deserts are great."—ROSALYNDE, p. 97.

(7) SCENE V.—

> *Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;*
> *Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*]

The "dead shepherd" here apostrophised was Marlowe, and the line Phebe quotes is from his once popular poem of "Hero and Leander," first published in 1598:—

> "It lies not in our power to love or hate,
> For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.
> When two are stripp'd, long ere the course begin,
> We wish that one should lose, the other win.
> And one especially do we affect
> Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
> The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
> What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
> Where both deliberate the love is slight:
> *Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*"
>
> P. 10, Edit. 1821.

Shakespeare has before referred to this favourite poem in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act I. Sc. 1.

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE III.—

——— in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.]

The touching incident of the meeting of the two brothers is thus narrated in Lodge's story:—"Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to prey on dead carkasses; and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but slightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste. He spyed where a man lay a sleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stoode gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, he might easily discerne his visage, perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drove Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpected a chance, marvelling what should drive his brother to traverse those secrete desarts, without any companie, in such distresse and forlorne sorte. But the present time craved no such doubting ambages, for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated with himselfe. * * * * With that his brother began to stirre, and the lyon to rowse himselfe, whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the boare speare, and wounded the lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gave him a sore pinch on the brest that he had almost faln; yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John Bourdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the lion, who at his death roared so lowd that Saladyne awaked, and starting up, was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a gentleman wounded."—ROSALYNDE, p. 79.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE IV.—*O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book.*] The particular book here ridiculed, is conjectured to be a treatise in 4to. published in 1595, entitled "Vincentio Saviolo his Practice. In two Bookes. The first intreating of the use of the Rapier and Dagger. The second of Honor and honorable Quarrels." "A Discourse," says the author, speaking of the second part, "most necessarie for all Gentlemen that have in regarde their honors, touching the giving and receiving of the Lie, whereupon the *Duello* and the *Combats* in divers sortes doth insue, and many other inconveniences, for lack only of the true knowledge of honor and the contrarie: and the right understanding of wordes." The contents of the several chapters are as follows:—"I. What the reason is, that the partie unto whom the lie is given ought to become Challenger: and of the nature of Lies. II. Of the manner and diversitie of Lies. III. Of Lies certaine. IV. Of conditionall Lyes. V. Of the Lye in generall. VI. Of the Lye in particular. VII. Of foolish Lyes. VIII. A conclusion touching the Challenger and the Defender, and of the wresting and returning back of the Lye, or Dementie." In the chapter of conditional lies, he says: "Conditionall lyes be such as are given conditionally: as if a man should saie or write these wordes:—*If* thou hast saide that I have offered my Lord abuse, thou lyest; or *if* thou saiest so hereafter, thou shalt lye. * * * * Of these kind of lyes given in this manner, often arise much contention in words * * * * whereof no sure conclusion can arise." "By which," observes Warburton, "he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between." See note (6), p. 216, Vol. I.

(2) SCENE IV.—*As you have books for good manners.*] Such works were not uncommon in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Mr. Halliwell mentions a book of this description, published by Wynkyn de Worde in 1507, the colophon of which is as follows,—"Here endeth and fynysshed the boke named and Intytled Good Maners." There was also "The Boke of Nurture, or Schoole of Good Maners for Men, Servants, and Children," 8vo. 1577, written by Hugh Rhodes; another called "Galateo of Maister John Della Casa, Archebishop of Beneventa. Or rather, A treatise of the māners and behaviours, it behoveth a man to use and eschewe, in his familiar conversation. A worke very necessary and profitable for all Gentlemen or other. First written in the Italian tongue, and now done into English by Robert Peterson, of Lincoln's Inne Gentleman," 4to. 1576: and in the Stationers' Registers, under the year 1576, is an entry—

"Ric. Jones. Receyved of him, for his lycense to ymprinte a booke intituled how a yonge gentleman may behave him self in all cumpanies, &c. . . . . iiij*d.* and a copie."

EPILOGUE.

(1) *Good wine needs no bush.*] Mr. Halliwell remarks that the custom of hanging out a bush as a sign for a tavern, or a place where wine was to be sold, was of great antiquity in this country; and he supplies an interesting example from an illuminated MS. of the fourteenth century, preserved in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow, where a party of travellers are observed approaching a wayside inn, indicated by a huge bush depending from the sign. Chaucer alludes to the custom, and in an early poem in MS., Cotton. Tiber. A. vii. fol. 72, we read:—

"Ryght as off a *tavernere*,
The *greene busche* that hangeth out,
Is a sygne, it is no dowte,
Outward ffolkys ffor to telle
That within is wyne to selle."

The bush is very frequently alluded to as having been formed of ivy, in which there appears a trace of classical allusion, as the ivy was always sacred to Bacchus; perhaps continued from heathen times. So in "Gascoigne's Glass of Government," 1575: "Now-a-days the good wyne needeth none *ivye garland*." And in Florio's "Second Frutes," 1591: "Like unto an *ivy bush*, that cals men to the tavern, but hangs itselfe without to winde and wether." Kennett, in his Glossary, says, that "the tavern-bush, or frame of wood, was drest round with ivy forty years since, though now left off for tuns or barrels hung in the middle of it. This custom gave birth to the present practice of putting out a green bush at the door of those private houses which sell drink during the fair, a practice stated to be still prevalent in many of the provinces." Notices of the tavern-bush abound in our early writers, and the name is traced in the sign of the "Bush," still retained by many inns in England. The petty taverns of Normandy are, indeed, to this day distinguished by bushes.

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

AS YOU LIKE IT.

"It would be difficult to bring the contents within the compass of an ordinary narrative; nothing takes place, or rather what is done is not so essential as what is said; even what may be called the *dénouement* is brought about pretty arbitrarily. Whoever can perceive nothing but what can, as it were, be counted on the fingers, will hardly be disposed to allow that it has any plan at all. Banishment and flight have assembled together, in the forest of Arden, a strange band: a Duke dethroned by his brother, who, with the faithful companions of his misfortune, lives in the wilds on the produce of the chase; two disguised Princesses, who love each other with a sisterly affection; a witty court fool; lastly, the native inhabitants of the forest, ideal and natural shepherds and shepherdesses. These lightly-sketched figures form a motley and diversified train; we see always the shady dark-green landscape in the background, and breathe in imagination the fresh air of the forest. The hours are here measured by no clocks, no regulated recurrence of duty or of toil: they flow on unnumbered by voluntary occupation or fanciful idleness, to which, according to his humour or disposition, every one yields himself, and this unrestrained freedom compensates them all for the lost conveniences of life. One throws himself down in solitary meditation under a tree, and indulges in melancholy reflections on the changes of fortune, the falsehood of the world, and the self-inflicted torments of social life; others make the woods resound with social and festive songs, to the accompaniment of their hunting-horns. Selfishness, envy, and ambition, have been left behind in the city; of all the human passions, love alone has found an entrance into this wilderness, where it dictates the same language alike to the simple shepherd and the chivalrous youth, who hangs his love-ditty to a tree. A prudish shepherdess falls at first sight in love with Rosalind, disguised in men's apparel; the latter sharply reproaches her with her severity to her poor lover, and the pain of refusal, which she feels from experience in her own case, disposes her at length to compassion and requital. The fool carries his philosophical contempt of external show, and his raillery of the illusion of love so far, that he purposely seeks out the ugliest and simplest country wench for a mistress. Throughout the whole picture, it seems to be the poet's design to show that to call forth the poetry which has its indwelling in nature and the human mind, nothing is wanted but to throw off all artificial constraint, and restore both to mind and nature their original liberty. In the very progress of the piece, the dreamy carelessness of such an existence is sensibly expressed: it is even alluded to by Shakspeare in the title. Whoever affects to be displeased, if in this romantic forest the ceremonial of dramatic art is not duly observed, ought in justice to be delivered over to the wise fool, to be led gently out of it to some prosaical region."—SCHLEGEL.

"Though this play, with the exception of the disguise and self-discovery of Rosalind, may be said to be destitute of plot, it is yet one of the most delightful of the dramas of Shakspeare. There is something inexpressibly wild and interesting both in the characters and in the scenery; the former disclosing the moral discipline and the sweets of adversity, the purest emotions of love and friendship, of gratitude and fidelity, the melancholy of genius, and the exhilaration of innocent mirth, as opposed to the desolating effects of malice, envy, and ambition; and the latter unfolding, with the richest glow of fancy, landscapes to which, as objects of imitation, the united talents of Ruysdale, Claude, and Salvator Rosa could alone do justice.

"From the forest of Arden, from that wild wood of oaks,

> ———"whose boughs were moss'd with age,
> And high tops bald with dry antiquity,"—

from the bosom of sequestered glens and pathless solitudes, has the poet called forth lessons of the most touching and consolatory wisdom. Airs from paradise seem to fan with refreshing gales, with a soothing consonance of sound, the interminable depth of foliage, and to breathe into the hearts of those who have sought its shelter from the world, an oblivion of their sorrows and their cares. The banished Duke, the much-injured Orlando, and the melancholy Jaques, lose in meditation on the scenes which surround them, or in sportive freedom, or in grateful occupation, all corrosive sense of past affliction. Love seems the only passion which has penetrated this romantic seclusion, and the sigh of philosophic pity, or of wounded sensibility, (the legacy of a deserted world,) the only relique of the storm which is passed and gone.

"Nothing, in fact, can blend more harmoniously with the romantic glades and magic windings of Arden, than the society which Shakspeare has placed beneath its shades. The effect of such scenery, on the lover of nature, is to take full possession of the soul, to absorb its very faculties, and, through the charmed imagination, to convert the workings of the mind into the sweetest sensations of the heart, into the joy of grief, into a thankful endurance of adversity, into the interchange of the tenderest affections: and find we not here, in the person of the Duke, the noblest philosophy of resignation; in Jaques, the humorous sadness of an amiable misanthropy; in Orlando, the mild dejection of self-accusing humility; in Rosalind and Celia, the purity of sisterly affection; whilst love in all its innocence and gaiety binds in delicious fetters, not only the younger exiles, but the pastoral natives of the forest? A day thus spent, in all the careless freedom of unsophisticated nature, seems worth an eternity of common-place existence!"—DRAKE.

PERICLES

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

This play is not found in the folio of 1623. The first edition of it known is the quarto, published in 1609, under the title of "The late and much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true relation of the whole Historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: As also the no lesse strange and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by his Maiesties Servants, at the Globe on the Banck-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for *Henry Gosson*, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne, in Pater-noster row, &c. 1609." This was followed by other quarto editions, respectively dated 1611, 1619, 1630, 1635, 1639, and it was afterwards inserted in the folio of 1664, and in that of 1685. Although there is no evidence that Pericles was printed earlier than 1609, or, beyond the slight memorandum in an inventory of Alleyn's theatrical wardrobe, of "spangled hoes" for Pericles,* that it was acted before 1607 or 1608, we believe that, in an imperfect form, this piece was the work of an older play-wright than Shakespeare, and, being founded upon a story which for ages had retained extensive popularity, that it was placed in the latter's hands very early in his dramatic career for adaptation to the Blackfriars' stage. This impression is derived partly from the style, the general structure of the verse, and the want of individualization in the characters, and partly from the nature of the fable: the revolting story of Antiochus and his daughter being one which it is not easy to believe Shakespeare would ever have chosen as a subject for representation. Moreover, we conclude, from the conflicting testimony as to its success, that Pericles, on the first occasion of its re-production, was not prosperous; but that, having been re-modelled, and in part re-written by Shakespeare, especially in the fifth Act, it was again revived in 1607 or 1608, and then met with unusual favour. One proof of its popularity at this period was the publication of a prose-tract, written by George Wilkins, entitled "*The Painfull Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being The true History of the Play of Pericles as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet John Gower.* 1608,"—a story (lately reprinted with most laudable accuracy

* See Collier's *Memoirs of Alleyn*, p. 21.

by Professor Mommsen) which was composed from notes taken during the performance of the play and extracts from the English version of "Apollonius Tyrius."

The original source of Pericles is the fabulous story of KING APOLLONIUS OF TYRE, a romance of great antiquity and of such renown, that, of the Latin version alone,—HISTORIA APOLLONII TYRII, first edited about 1470,—Professor Haupt, of Berlin University, declares he is acquainted with *one hundred* MSS. The author of the play, however, appears to have been immediately indebted for his fable and incidents to that portion of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, which treats of King Appolin of Tyre, and to the English translation of the *Historia Apollonii* entitled *The Patterne of painefull Adventures: containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange accidents that befell unto Prince Apollonius, the Lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter. Wherein the uncertainty of this world and the fickle state of man's life are lively described. Gathered into English by Lawrence Twine, Gentleman,*—first printed in 1576.

Persons Represented.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of* Antioch.
PERICLES, *Prince of* Tyre.
HELICANUS, } *two Lords of* Tyre.
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *King of* Pentapolis.
CLEON, *Governor of* Tharsus.
LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of* Mitylene.
CERIMON, *a Lord of* Ephesus.
THALIARD, *a Lord of* Antioch.
PHILEMON, *Servant to* Cerimon.
LEONINE, *Servant to* Dionyza.
MARSHAL.
A PANDER.
BOULT, *his Servant.*
GOWER, *as Chorus.*
The Daughter of Antiochus.
THAISA, *Daughter to* Simonides.
MARINA, *Daughter to* Pericles *and* Thaisa.
DIONYZA, *Wife to* Cleon.
LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to* Marina.
DIANA.
A BAWD.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

SCENE,—*Dispersedly in various Countries.*

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Enter Gower.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

Gow. To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung, at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy-ales;[a]
And lords and ladies, in their lives
Have read it for restoratives.
The purchase[b] is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria;—
I tell you what mine authors say:—
This king unto him took a pheere,[c]
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As Heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke;—
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a law,
To keep her still, and men in awe,—
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

[a] *Holy*-ales;] Old copies, holy-*days:* amended by Dr. Farmer.
[b] *The* purchase—] That is, the *profit*, the *advantage*. Modern editions, *purpose*.
[c] *Peer*, in the original copies; altered by Malone.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Antiochus, Pericles, *and* Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large
receiv'd,
The danger of the task you undertake.
Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprise.
Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a
bride,
For the* embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd)

(*) Old copies omit, *the*.

Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. *Enter the* Daughter *of* Antiochus.

Per. See where she comes, apparel'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild[a] companion.
You gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless* happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd,
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heav'n, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy† whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,(1)
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath, to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then; and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven,[b] but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;—
But my unspotted fire of love to you.
[*To the* Daughter *of* Antiochus.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice; read the conclusion then;[c]
Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd[d] yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!
Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought,
But faithfulness and courage.

He reads the Riddle.

"*I am no viper, yet I feed*
On mother's flesh which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they[e] *may be, and yet in two,*
As you will live, resolve it you."

Sharp physic is the last: but O, you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
[*Takes the hand of the* Princess.
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt,
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heav'n down, and all the gods to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that 's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'T would 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He 's more secure to keep it shut, than shown:
For vice repeated 's like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;

(*) Old copies, *bondlesse.* (†) Old copies, *the.*

a *Her* mild *companion.*] That is, companion of her mildness.—Mason.

b *Who know the world,* see heaven, but feeling woe,—] We should, perhaps, read:—

"Who know the *world's heaven,*" &c.

c Read the conclusion then;] In the old copies these lines are thus arranged:—

"I wayt the sharpest blow (Antiochus),
Scorning advice: read the conclusion then:
Which read," &c.

d *Of all* 'say'd *yet,* &c.] That is, Of all who have yet *assay'd.*

e *How* they *may be,*—] In Wilkins' novel, "How *this* may be," which is probably the genuine reading.

And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd[a]
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will,
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.—
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

ANT. [*Aside.*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning!

But I will gloze with him. Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our* strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel† of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you,
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt all but* PERICLES.

PER. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad,

[a] *To tell the earth is* throng'd—] That is, *oppressed*, or *shrunk*. So in Act II. Sc. 1:—"A man *throng'd* up."

(*) Quartos, *your*. (†) Quartos, *counsel*.

As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father,)
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun* no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

ANT. He hath found the meaning, for which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.[a]

THAL. Doth your highness call?
ANT. Thaliard, you are of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes[b] her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it.(2) Say, is it done?
THAL. My lord, 't is done.
ANT. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
MES. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

(*) Old copies, *shew;* corrected by Malone.

[a] Thaliard.] In Twine's translation this character is called *Thaliarch* and *Thaliarchus:* in Wilkins' novel, *Thalyart,* and *Thaliart,* and in Gower's poem, *Taliart.*

[b] Partakes—] *Imparts.*

[c] *Enter* Pericles.] The first quarto has here, "Enter Pericles and his Lords;" and after Pericles' speech, which certainly reads like a soliloquy, it has another stage-direction, "Enter all the Lords to Pericles." The other old copies have only the first direction; but we must not infer from that, the lords entered at the same time as the Prince. Nothing is more common in early plays than to have the entrance of all the characters who are to take part in a scene indicated at the beginning of it.

ANT. As thou
Wilt live, fly after; and like an arrow shot
From a well-experienc'd archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou; never return,
Unless thou say'st, *prince Pericles is dead!*
THAL. My lord, if I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough: so farewell to your highness. [be dead,
ANT. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit* THAL.] Till Pericles
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES.[c]

PER. [*To those without.*] Let none disturb us. Why should this change of thoughts?[d]
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so[e] us'd a guest, as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet.
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus; the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me;—the great Antiochus,—
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,—
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,*
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with th' ostent[f] of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:

(*) *Him* was added by Rowe.

[d] *Why should this* change *of thoughts?*] So the old copies. The usual reading in modern editions is, "Why should this *charge* of thoughts?" Neither lection is very perspicuous. We might, with advantage to the sense, read:—

"——— why should this change *our* thoughts?"

or,

"——— why should this *charge our* thoughts?"

[e] *By* me *so us'd*—] Query, "By *me's* so used,"? &c.

[f] *And with* th' ostent *of war*—] The old editions have "the *stent* of warre." *Ostent* was suggested by Tyrwhitt.

Which care of them, not pity of myself,—
Who am* no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,—
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS, *and other* Lords.

1 LORD. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast! [us,

2 LORD. And keep your mind till you return to
Peaceful and comfortable!

HEL. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue:
They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast[a] gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here doth proclaim a† peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

PER. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt* Lords.] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us; what seest thou in our looks?

HEL. An angry brow, dread lord.

PER. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

HEL. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?

PER. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

HEL. I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

PER. Rise, pr'ythee, rise:
Sit down, thou art no flatterer;
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid![b]
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

HEL. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

PER. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
That minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then; I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are[c] arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father,
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector: and, being here,
Bethought me* what was past, what might succeed;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt[d] it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't,† offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all—of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it——

HEL. Alas, sir!

PER. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

HEL. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot;

(*) Old copies, *once;* corrected by Farmer.
(†) Old editions omit, *a.*

[a] To *which that* blast *gives heat,* &c.] The old copies have "that *sparke,*" a word caught by the compositor from the preceding line. *Blast,* a judicious emendation, was proposed by Mason.

[b] That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!] Thus the old editions; the meaning appearing to be, as Holt White explained it, "Forbid it, heaven, that kings should *suffer* their ears to hear their failings palliated." Mr. Dyce, however, whose excellent edition of the poet's works has been published while the sheets of this play are preparing for press, conceives that *let* bears here its old signification *to hinder,* and reads,—

"——and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults *chid.*"

[c] Are *arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.*] Steevens reads:—

"Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys."

That the text of the old editions is corrupted here, there can be no question; but whether by misprint or the omission of a line, who shall determine?

[d] *And should he* doubt it,—] Adapted by Malone upon the reading of the quarto 1609:—

"And shold he *doo't,*" &c

(*) Old editions omit, *me.* (†) Old copies, *call.*

Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life:
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.
PER. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence—
HEL. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.
PER. Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll* live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

THAL. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 't is dangerous. — Well, I perceive, he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.(3) Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other* Lords.

HEL. You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.
THAL. [*Aside.*] How! the king gone!
HEL. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch——

(*) Quarto 1609, *will;* that of 1619, *we.*

a *But since he's gone,* the king it sure must please—] More corruption! Of the text of this play, Malone well observes: "There is, I believe, no play of our author's, perhaps I might say, in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakespeare's other dramas, compared with Pericles, is purity itself." In the old copies, the line above reads:

"But since he 's gone, the *king's seas must please,*"

THAL. [*Aside.*] What from Antioch?
HEL. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest he had err'd or sinned,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
THAL. [*Aside.*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please[a]
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!
HEL. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
THAL. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood,[b]
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
HEL. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. *A Room in the* Governor's *House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* Attendants.

CLE. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 't will teach us to forget our own?
DIO. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, unseen* with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.
CLE. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till lungs† fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps‡ to comfort them.

(*) Old editions, *and seen.*
(†) Old copies, *tongues;* corrected by Steevens.
(‡) Old copies, *helpers.*

which Malone interprets,—

"Must *do their pleasure!*"

We adopt, as a make-sense, the emendation of Percy, though with little confidence.

b But since my landing—] That is, "But *as* since my landing," &c.

I'll then discourse our [a] woes felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.
DIO. I'll do my best, sir.
CLE. This Tharsus, over which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.
DIO. Oh, 'tis too true.
CLE. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise;
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,[b]
Must have inventions to delight the taste,

---

[a] *I'll then discourse* our *woes felt several years,*—] This speech is inveterately depraved; and in the present line, the word *our* is an obvious misprint. Cleon desires to banish the recollection of their *own* sorrows by relating "others' griefs;" we ought therefore to read:—

"I'll then discourse *of* woes," &c.

The necessity for this correction is enforced by the words "*several* years." Shakespeare uses *several* for *distinct, separate, particular, various*, but never in the sense it now commonly bears of *many;* a sense, indeed, clearly inapplicable in this instance, because, from the context,—

"These mouths, whom *but of late,* earth, sea, and air
Were all too little to content and please,"—

as well as from the novel, it is plain the famine at Tharsus was not *two summers* old.

[b] *Those palates who,* not yet two summers younger,—] In the old copy, "not yet *too savers* younger," which the modern editors have altered to

——"not *us'd to hunger's savour.*"

and

——"not *us'd to savour hunger.*"

The reading in the text was suggested by Mason long before the discovery of Wilkins' novel, which, in the corresponding scene, contains the very expression pre-supposed: "the ground of which forced lamentation was to see the power of change, that this their city, *who not two summers younger,* did so excell in pompe," &c.

Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nouzle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

DIO. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

CLE. O let those cities that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

LORD. Where's the lord governor?

CLE. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

LORD. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

CLE. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath* stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

LORD. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

CLE. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat; [a]
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground's the lowest, and we are half-way there:
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

LORD. I go, my lord.

CLE. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, *with* Attendants.

PER. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships, and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships (you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse was, stuff'd within,
With bloody veins expecting overthrow) [b]
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

ALL. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we will pray for you.

PER. Arise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

CLE. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when—the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

PER. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *That.*

[a] Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat;] This should possibly be read and pointed thus:—

"Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd: to defeat
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit."

When the object is to overthrow, the fairer the outward appearance, the more it is to be suspected.

[b] *Are, like the Trojan horse* was, stuff'd within,
With bloody veins,—]

For this, the somewhat confused but not unintelligible reading of the old text, Steevens ingeniously substituted,—

"——— *war*-stuff'd within
With bloody *views*."

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring:
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good, in conversation,—
To whom I give my benizon,—
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious: (1)
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb show.

Enter at one door PERICLES *talking with* CLEON; *all the* Train *with them. Enter at another door a* Gentleman, *with a letter to* PERICLES; PERICLES *shows the letter to* CLEON; *then gives the* Messenger *a reward, and knights him. Exit* PERICLES *at one door, and* CLEON *at another.*

Good Helicane that[a] stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keeps good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word* of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent to murder him;
And that in Tharsus 't was not best
Longer for him to make his rest:
He, knowing so,† put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there 's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is toss'd:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore to give him glad:
And here he comes; what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text. [*Exit.*

[a] *Good Helicane* that *stay'd at home,*—] Steevens reads "*hath* stay'd," but this hardly restores the passage to sense. We should perhaps read,—

"Good Helicane that stay'd at home
* * * * *
But to fulfil his prince' desire," &c.

(*) Old copies, *sav'd one of all.*

(†) In the original, *doing so.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. *An open Place on the Sea-side.*

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

PER. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me* breath,
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 FISH. What, ho, Pilche!†

2 FISH. Ho! come and bring away the nets.

1 FISH. What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 FISH. What say you, master?

1 FISH. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 FISH. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 FISH. Alas, poor souls! it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 FISH. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they're half fish, half flesh; a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 FISH. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

PER. [*Aside.*] A pretty moral.

3 FISH. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 FISH. Why, man?

3 FISH. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would

(*) Old editions, *my*.
(†) Old editions, What *to pelch*.

have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

PER. [*Aside.*] Simonides?

3 FISH. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

PER. How from the finny[a] subjects of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 FISH. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, scratch out of the calendar and nobody look after it.[b]

PER. You may see the sea hath cast me on your coast.[c]

2 FISH. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

PER. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 FISH. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

2 FISH. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

PER. I never practised it.

2 FISH. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't.

PER. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man throng'd up[d] with cold; my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.(2)

1 FISH. Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on, keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks;[e] and thou shalt be welcome.

PER. I thank you, sir.

2 FISH. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

PER. I did but crave.

2 FISH. But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

PER. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

2 FISH. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be a beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt two of the* Fishermen.

PER. [*Aside.*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 FISH. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

PER. Not well.

1 FISH. Why, I'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

PER. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 FISH. Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

PER. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 FISH. Marry, sir, half a-day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and tomorrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to joust and tourney for her love.

PER. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 FISH. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.[f]

Re-enter the two Fishermen, *drawing up a net.*

2 FISH. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 't is come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armour.

PER. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,*
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;

---

[a] *The* finny *subjects*—] Old editions, "*fenny subject*;" but see Wilkins' novel,—"And prince Pericles wondring that from the *finny subjects* of the sea these poore country people learned the infirmities of men."—*Reprint*, p. 27.

[b] Scratch *out of the calendar and* nobody look after it.] The old text has "*search* out," &c. Steevens first suggested *scratch*—we believe, rightly; thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Coxcomb," Act IV. Sc. 4:—

"That would quite *scratch me out of the Calendar.*"

But this emendation only partially restores the integrity of the dialogue; something in the preceding speech of Pericles is evidently missing, and his next is equally defective.

[c] You may see the sea hath cast me on your coast.] So the folio, 1664. The earlier editions in quarto read,—

"May see the sea hath cast upon your coast."

[d] Throng'd up—] See note [a], p. 184.

[e] Flap-jacks;] *Pancakes.* In the old editions the passage stands, "Flesh for *all day*, fish for fasting days, and *more, or* puddings and flap-jacks."

[f] And what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.] This passage has hitherto successfully resisted exposition. Its obscurity would perhaps be lessened by reading, "his wife's sole—." The meaning appears to be a gross one,—although a man cannot get a child, he may lawfully try for it; his wife is sole judge of its paternity.

(*) Old copies, *all crosses; my* was added by Malone.

And though it was my own, part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge (even as he left his life),
Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death—and pointed to this brace;—
For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,
The which the gods protect thee from! may't defend thee.[a]
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given it again:
I thank thee for 't; my shipwreck now 's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir? [worth,

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,[b]
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 Fish. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the water; there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.*

Per. Believe it, I will;
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rapture[c] of the sea,
This jewel holds his building on my arm;
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

2 Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal[d] to my will!
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old editions, *them.*

[a] The old copies read:—

"The which the gods protect thee, *fame* may defend thee."

[b] *My low* fortunes *better*,—] In the old copies, *fortune's* better.

[c] *The* rapture *of the sea*,—] Old text, *rupture*; but see the paraphrase of this passage in Wilkins' novel:—"Which horse he rovided with a jewel, whom all the *raptures* of the sea could not ereave from his arme."—*Reprint*, p. 29.

[d] *Then honour be but a* goal *to my will!*] This is alike repugnant both to sense and harmony. Surely we should read,—

"Then honour be but *equal* to my will!"

as he had just before said,—

"Were *my fortunes equal to my desires.*"

SCENE II.—*The same. A public Way or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the* King, Princess, Lords, *&c.*

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 Lord. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,*
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a* Lord.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain*
The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

[*Enter a* Knight; *he passes over the stage, and his* Squire *presents his shield to the* Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[*The second* Knight *passes over.*

(*) Old editions insert, *heere.*

(*) Old copies, *entertaine;* altered by Steevens.

Who is the second that presents himself?
THAI. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu*[a] *por dulzura que por fuerza.*
[*The third* Knight *passes over.*
SIM. And what's the third?
THAI. The third of Antioch;
And his device a wreath of chivalry;
The word, *Me pompæ*(*) *provexit apex.*
[*The fourth* Knight *passes over.*
SIM. What is the fourth? [down;
THAI. A burning torch, that's turned upside
The word, *Quod*(†) *me alit, me extinguit.*
SIM. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.
[*The fifth* Knight *passes over.*
THAI. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*
[*The sixth* Knight *passes over.*
SIM. And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?
THAI. He seems to be a stranger, but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*
SIM. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.
1 LORD. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For, by his rusty outside, he appears [lance.
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the
2 LORD. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.
3 LORD. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
SIM. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*
Great shouts without, and all cry, "The mean Knight!"

(*) Old copies, *Pompey.* (†) Old copies, *Qui.*

a Piu—] This is an Italian, not a Spanish word.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Marshal, Lords, Attendants, *and the* Knights *from tilting.*

SIM. Knights,
To say you're welcome, were superfluous.
To* place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.
THAI. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
PER. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.
SIM. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,
(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place;
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.
KNIGHTS. We are honour'd much by good Simonides. [love,
SIM. Your presence glads our days; honour we
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.
MARSH. Sir, yonder is your place.
PER. Some other is more fit.
1 KNIGHT. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes,
Envy the great nor do the low despise.[b]
PER. You are right courteous knights.
SIM. Sit, sir, sit.
By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.[c]
THAI. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat: sure he's a gallant gentleman.
SIM. He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.
THAI. To me he seems like diamond to glass.
PER. Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,

(*) Old copies, until the fourth folio, 1685, I *place.*

b That neither in our hearts, &c.] So the quarto, 1619; the first, 1609, reads:—

"Have *neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,*
Envies *the great, nor* shall *the low despise.*"

c *By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,*
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.]

In most of the modern editions these lines are assigned to Pericles, *she* being substituted for *he*; but compare the corresponding passage in Wilkins' novel,—"In the end, all being seated by the Marshall at a table, placed directly over-against where the king and his daughter sate, as it were by some divine operation, *both king and daughter, at one instant were so strucke in love with the noblenesse of his woorth, that they could not spare so much time to satisfie themselves with the delicacie of their viands, for talking of his prayses.*" We incline to think, with Steevens, that the second line should be read,—

"The cates resist me, *be* not thought upon."

Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy; [night,
Where now his son's* like a glow-worm in the
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;

(*) Old copies, *sonne.*

Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

SIM. What, are you merry, knights?

1 KNIGHT. Who can be other in this royal presence? [brim,

SIM. Here, with a cup that's stor'd* unto the

(*) Old copies, *sturd, stirr'd.*

(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
We drink this health to you.
KNIGHTS. We thank your grace.
SIM. Yet pause a while;
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?
THAI. What is it
To me, my father?
SIM. O attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:
And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance[a] more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.
THAI. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
SIM. How! do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
THAI. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
SIM. And further * tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.(3)
THAI. The king, my father, sir, has drunk to you.
PER. I thank him.
THAI. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
PER. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
THAI. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
PER. A gentleman of Tyre,—my name Pericles;
My education been, in arts and arms;[b]—
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.
THAI. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.
SIM. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.—
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance:
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.
[*The* Knights *dance.*
So[c] this was well ask'd; 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir; here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.
PER. In those that practise them they are, my lord.
SIM. Oh, that's as much as, you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy.
[*The* Knights *and* Ladies *dance.*
Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [*To* PERICLES.] Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.
PER. I am at your grace's pleasure.
SIM. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tyre. *A Room in the* Governor's *House.*

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

HEL. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence;
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated[d] in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their * bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,

(*) Old copies, *furthermore.*

[a] Entrance—] *Entrance* here means *reverie, trance,* &c., but the line has been mutilated.

[b] *My education* been, in *arts,* &c.] This is usually changed to,—

"My education *has* been," &c.

or,—

"My education *being,*" &c.

but the parallel passage in Wilkins' novel confirms the old reading:—"That he was a gentleman of Tyre, his name Pericles; his education *beene* in artes and armes," &c.

(*) Old editions, *Those.*

[c] So *this was well* ask'd, &c.] That is, *As* this was well ask'd.

[d] When he was seated, &c.] This passage, miserably corrupted in printing or transcription, is usually exhibited in modern editions thus:—

"When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire," &c.

That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
ESCA. 'T was very strange.
HEL. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heav'n's shaft, but sin had his reward.
ESCA. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 LORD. See, not a man in private conference
Or council hath respect with him but he.
2 LORD. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
3 LORD. And curs'd be he that will not second it.
1 LORD. Follow me, then: lord Helicane, a word.
HEL. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.
1 LORD. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.
HEL. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince you love.
1 LORD. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But, if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.
2 LORD. Whose death's,* indeed, the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin,) your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.
ALL. Live, noble Helicane.
HEL. For† honour's cause forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

(*) Old editions, *death*.
(†) Old copies, *Try*: amended by Mr. Dyce.

1 LORD. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.*
HEL. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, *reading a Letter; the* Knights *meet him.*

1 KNIGHT. Good morrow to the good Simonides.
SIM. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life:
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.
2 KNIGHT. May we not get access to her, my lord?
SIM. Faith, by no means: she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.
3 KNIGHT. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.
[*Exeunt.*
SIM. So, they're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'T is well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well;—nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice,
And will no longer have it be delay'd.—
Soft! here he comes;—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

PER. All fortune to the good Simonides!
SIM. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
PER. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
SIM. Sir, you are music's master.
PER. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

(*) The *it* is not in the old copies.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing.
What do you think of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer,—wondrous fair.
Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.
Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so: peruse this writing else.
Per. [*Aside.*] What's here!
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'T is the king's subtilty to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aimed so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
Per. By the gods I have not;
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor.
Per. Even in his throat (unless it be a king),
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

SIM. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud
his courage.
PER. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.
SIM. No!—
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

PER. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
THAI. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
SIM. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[*Aside.*] I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on* a stranger?—
Who, for aught I know, may be, nor can I think
The contrary,—[*Aside.*] as great in blood as I
myself.—
Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine—and you, sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife:
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:
And being join'd I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a† further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleas'd?
THAI. Yes, if you love me, sir.
PER. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.
SIM. What, are you both agreed?
BOTH. Yes, if it please your majesty.
SIM. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you
wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.
[*Exeunt.*(4)

(*) Old copies, *upon*. (†) Old copies omit, *a*.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,*
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches from the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
Aye† the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded.—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES, *at one door, with* Attendants; *a* Messenger *meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a letter.* PERICLES *shows it to* SIMONIDES; *the* Lords *kneel to the former. Then enter* THAISA *with child, and* LYCHORIDA, *a nurse.* SIMONIDES *shows his daughter the letter: she rejoices; she and* PERICLES *take leave of her father, and depart with* LYCHORIDA *and* Attendants. *Then exeunt* SIMONIDES *and the rest.*

By many a derne[a] and painful perch,
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns,‡
Which the world together joins,
Is made; with all due diligence,
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strange inquire)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenour these:—
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none;
The mutine there[b] he hastes t' oppress;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished[c] the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
Our heir apparent is a king:
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre;
His queen with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go:—
Omit we all their dole and woe:—
Lychorida her nurse she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood[d]
Varies again: the grisly north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
Doth fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm,
Shall for itself, itself perform;
I nill relate; action may
Conveniently the rest convey:
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost* Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*

(*) Old copies, *about the house.*
(†) Old copies, *Are;* corrected by Mr. Dyce.
(‡) Old copies, *crignes;* corrected by Tyrwhitt.

[a] Derne—] *Derne* is usually explained to mean, *lonely;* it appears, however, in the instances of its use that we have met with, to signify *earnest, eager*, and the like. Thus:—

"Then if *derne* love of thy deare loving Lord,—"
BARNES' *Spirituall Sonnets*, 1595.

(*) Old editions, *seas-tost.*

[b] The mutine there he—] In the old text, "*The mutiny he there.*"

[c] Y-ravished—] Old copies, *Iranished*, and *Irony shed*; Steevens made the emendation.

[d] *But* fortune's mood—] The old copies have, "But fortune *moou'd*," and "fortune *mou'd.*"

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea.*

Enter Pericles.

Per. The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still
Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—thou* storm, venomously,
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—the seaman's whistle
Is, as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife† gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!

Enter Lychorida, *with an Infant.*

Now, Lychorida—

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir, do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O, you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use[a] honour with you.

(*) Old copies, *then*.
(†) Old copies, *my* wife; corrected by Steevens.

[a] Use *honour*—] Steevens and Mason both conjectured *use* to be a misprint for *vie*, as it probably was.

LYC. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.
PER. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou art the rudeliest welcome[a] to this world,
That ere was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it! (1)

Enter two Sailors.

1 SAIL. What courage, sir? God save you!
PER. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst: yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1 SAIL. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow and split thyself.
2 SAIL. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.
1 SAIL. Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.
PER. That 's your superstition.
1 SAIL. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed, and we are strong in custom: [b] therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard straight.
PER. As you think meet. — Most wretched queen!
LYC. Here she lies, sir.
PER. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze; *
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining[c] lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O, Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: † lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her; suddenly, woman.
[*Exit* LYCHORIDA.

(*) Old copies, *oare;* corrected by Steevens.
(†) Old copies, *coffin.*

[a] *For thou art the rudeliest* welcome—] Malone changed *welcome* to *welcom'd;* but the former is the word adopted in Wilkins' novel:—"Poor inch of nature (quoth he) thou arte *as rudely welcome* to the worlde, as ever Princesse Babe was, and hast as chiding a nativitie as fire, ayre, earth and water can affoord thee."

2 SAIL. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.
PER. I thank thee.—Mariner, say, what coast is this?
2 SAIL. We are near Tharsus.
PER. Thither, gentle mariner!
Alter thy course for Tyre; when canst thou reach it?
2 SAIL. By break of day, if the wind cease.
PER. O make for Tharsus!—
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Ephesus. *A Room in* Cerimon's *House.*

Enter CERIMON, *a* Servant, *and some persons who have been shipwrecked.*

CER. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

PHIL. Doth my lord call?
CER. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.
SER. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.
CER. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*To* PHILEMON.
[*Exeunt all but* CERIMON.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 GENT. Good morrow.
2 GENT. Good morrow to your lordship.
CER. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early?
1 GENT. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals[d] did seem to rend,
And all to-topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

[b] *We are strong in* custom.] The old editions read *eastern;* we adopt the emendation proposed by Boswell, in preference to the *credence* of Steevens, the *earnest* of Mason, or the *astern* of Knight.

[c] And aye-*remaining lamps,*—] The original has "The ayre-*remaining.*"

[d] Principals—] The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building.

2 Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'T is not our husbandry.
Cer. O, you say well.
1 Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose:
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.
Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning [a] were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'T is known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the bless'd infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I [b] can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure * up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.
2 Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.

Enter two Servants *with a Chest.*

Ser. So; lift there.
Cer. What is that?
Ser. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss † upon our shore this chest;
'T is of some wreck.
Cer. Set 't down, let 's look upon't.
2 Gent. 'T is like a coffin, sir.
Cer. Whate'er it be,
'T is wondrous heavy; wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
'T is a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.[c]
2 Gent. It is so, my lord.

---

[a] Cunning—] *Cunning* here signifies *knowledge, skill,* &c.

[b] *And* I *can speak*—] The old copies exhibit these lines thus:—

"And can speak of the disturbances that nature
Works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content," &c.

(*) Old text, *pleasure*, corrected by Steevens.

(†) Old editions, *up upon*.

[c] 'Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.] Manifestly and incorrigibly corrupt.

Cer. How close 't is caulk'd and bitum'd! * Did the sea cast it up?

Ser. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open; Soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

(*) Old editions, *bottomed*.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.— Oh you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!

1 Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur'd With full bags of spices! A passport too! Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

[*Reads from a scroll.*

" Here I give to understand,—
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,—
I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!"

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks* for woe! This chanc'd to-night.

2 GENT. Most likely, sir.

CER. Nay, certainly to-night; [rough
For look how fresh she looks!—They were too
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within;
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I have heard†
Of an Egyptian that had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.[a]

Re-enter a Servant, *with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.—
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The viol once more;—how thou stirr'st, thou block!—
The music there!—I pray you, give her air;—
Gentlemen,
This queen will live; nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes‡ out of her: she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 GENT. The heavens
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

CER. She is alive; behold
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*

THAI. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 GENT. Is not this strange?

1 GENT. Most rare.

CER. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come,
And Æsculapius guide us![2]

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*

SCENE III.—Tharsus. *A Room in* Cleon's *House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* LYCHORIDA, *with* MARINA *in her arms.*

PER. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take from my heart all thankfulness! the gods
Make up the rest upon you!

CLE. Your shafts* of fortune, though they hurt† you mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly[b] on us.

DION. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

PER. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe, Marina,—whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,—here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care, beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

CLE. Fear not, my lord; but think,
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

PER. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd[c] shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill[d] in 't. So I take my leave;
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

(*) First edition, 1609, *ever* cracks.
(†) Old copies, *I heard; have* inserted by Malone.
(‡) Old copies, *warmth breath*, and *warm breath.*

[a] By good appliance recovered.] This passage, seems hopelessly depraved. In the novel founded on the play it runs as follows:—"I have read of some Egyptians, who after four houres death, (if man may call it so) have raised impoverished bodies, like to this, unto their former health."

[b] Wand'ringly—] Steevens's emendation; the old editions reading, *wond'ringly.*

(*) Old copies, *shakes.*
(†) First quarto, *haunt;* folio, 1664, *hate.*

[c] Unscissar'd—] The old copies read, "unsister'd *shall this* heir." The correction, which was made by Steevens, is established by the corresponding passage in Wilkins' novel: "Vowing solemnely by othe to himselfe, his head should grow *uncisserd*, his beard untrimmed, himself in all uncomely," &c.

[d] *Though I show* ill *in 't.*] The old copies have *will.* We adopt Mr. Dyce's reading.

DION. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.
PER. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
CLE. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven. [madam.—
PER. I will embrace your offer. Come, dearest
O, no tears, Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.(3)
[*Exeunt.*

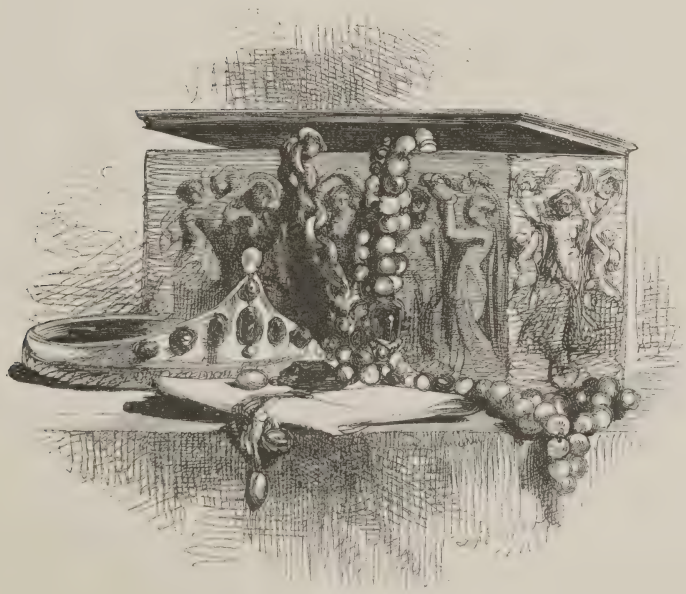
SCENE IV.—Ephesus. *A Room in* Cerimon's *House.*

Enter CERIMON *and* THAISA.

CER. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer; which are now*
At your command. Know you the character?
THAI. It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at sea
I well remember, even on my yearning† time;
But whether there delivered or no,
By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say;
But since king Pericles, my wedded lord,
I ne'er shall see again, a vestal livery
Will I take me to, and never more have joy.
CER. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide[a] until your date expire:
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.
THAI. My recompense is thanks, that 's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) The word *now* was inserted by Malone.
(†) First quarto, *learning;* second quarto, *eaning.*

[a] *Where you may* 'bide until—] The old editions have, "Where you may *abide till.*"



Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there* a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music,† letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place[a]
Of general wonder. But, alack!
That monster Envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,[b]
Even ripe[c] for marriage fight; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be.
Be't when she‡ weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp neeld[d] wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird§ mute
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow[e]
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead.
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content;
Only I carry* winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

(*) Old copies, *there's;* altered by Malone.
(†) Old copies, *musick's;* also altered by Malone.
(‡) Old copies, *they.* (§) Old copies, *night bed.*

[a] *Which makes* her, &c.] The old editions read—

"Which makes *high* both the art and place."

Steevens made the emendation.

[b] A wench full grown,—] In the original this couplet stands,—

"And in this kind our Cleon hath
One daughter, and a full-grown wench."

(*) Old text, *carried.*

All Gower's speeches are in rhyme; and Steevens regulated these two lines as they now stand in the text.

[c] *Even* ripe—] So the first quarto, in the library of the Duke of Devonshire; other copies of that edition read, *right.*

[d] *With sharp* neeld—] The old copies read *needle.* In the old play of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," the word is used in both its forms of *neeld* and *needle,* according as it suits the metre.

[e] With the dove of Paphos might the crow, &c.] The old text reads, "The dove of Paphos might with the crow." Corrected by Mason.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Tharsus. *An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

DION. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't:
'T is but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,[a]
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose. [creature.
LEON. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly
DION. The fitter then the gods should have her. [death.[b]
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress'
Thou art resolv'd?
LEON. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, *with a basket of flowers.*

MAR. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.
DION. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing; you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour 's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe! Come,
Give me your flowers: ere the sea mar it,
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.— Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.
MAR. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.
DION. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day

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[a] Inflaming love i' thy bosom,—] The old copies read, *inflaming thy love bosome;* and, *in flaming, thy love bosome.*

[b] Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.] Assuredly corrupt. Malone reads,—

"Here she comes weeping for her only mistress.
Death—thou art resolv'd."

And Percy surmised, "Here *comes* she weeping for her *old nurse's* death."

Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

MAR. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

DION. Come, come, I know 't is good for you.—
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.

LEON. I warrant you, madam.

DION. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
Pray walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.

MAR. My thanks, sweet madam.—
[*Exit* DIONYZA.
Is this wind westerly that blows?

LEON. South-west.

MAR. When I was born, the wind was north.

LEON. Was 't so?

MAR. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried, *Good seamen!* to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with haling of the ropes;[a]
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.

LEON. When was this?

MAR. When I was born.
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber: *Ha!* says one, *wilt out?*
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern;* the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

LEON. Come, say your prayers.

MAR. What mean you?

LEON. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

MAR. Why will you kill me?

LEON. To satisfy my lady.

MAR. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn,
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

LEON. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it. [hope.

MAR. You will not do 't for all the world, I

---

[a] With *haling* of *the ropes;*] Malone inserted the words, *with* and *of;* the old copies have only—
"His kingly hands haling ropes."

(*) *Sterne* to sterne, in the original.

You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:
Your lady seeks my life;—come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

LEON. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Whilst MARINA *is struggling, enter* Pirates.

1 PIRATE. Hold, villain!

[LEONINE *runs away.*

2 PIRATE. A prize! a prize!

3 PIRATE. Half-part! mates, half-part! Come, let 's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt* Pirates *with* MARINA.

Re-enter LEONINE.

LEON. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go;
There 's no hope she 'll return. I 'll swear she 's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—(1) But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

PAND. Boult,—

BOULT. Sir.

PAND. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

BAWD. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and* with continual action are even as good as rotten.

PAND. Therefore let 's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

BAWD. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven——

BOULT. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.—But shall I search the market?

BAWD. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

PAND. Thou sayest true; they're too* unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

BOULT. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market. [*Exit* BOULT.

PAND. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

BAWD. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

PAND. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

BAWD. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

PAND. *As well as we!* ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it 's no calling.—But here comes Boult.

Re-enter BOULT *with* MARINA, *and the* Pirates.

BOULT. [*To* MARINA.] Come your ways.—My masters, you say she 's a virgin?

1 PIRATE. O sir, we doubt it not.

BOULT. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

BAWD. Boult, has she any qualities?

BOULT. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there 's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

BAWD. What 's her price, Boult?

BOULT. I cannot be baited one doit of a thousand pieces.

PAND. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently.—Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt* Pander *and* Pirates.

BAWD. Boult, take you the marks of her;—the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

BOULT. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

(*) Old editions insert, *they.*

*) Old copies, *ther's* [and *there's*] *two.*

MAR. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!—
He should have struck, not spoke;—or that these pirates, [me,
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown
For to seek my mother!

BAWD. Why lament you, pretty one?

MAR. That I am pretty.

BAWD. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

MAR. I accuse them not.

BAWD. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

MAR. The more my fault,[a]
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

BAWD. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

MAR. No.

BAWD. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

MAR. Are you a woman?

BAWD. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

MAR. An honest woman, or not a woman.

BAWD. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

MAR. The gods defend me!

BAWD. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

BOULT. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

BAWD. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

BOULT. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

BAWD. We shall have him here to-morrow, with his best ruff on.

BOULT. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

BAWD. Who? monsieur Veroles?

BOULT. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

BAWD. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he doth but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

BOULT. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

BAWD. Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; to* despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

MAR. I understand you not.

BOULT. O take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

BAWD. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

BOULT. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

BAWD. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit?

BOULT. I may so.

BAWD. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

BOULT. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

BAWD. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

BOULT. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

BAWD. Come your ways; follow me.

MAR. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

BAWD. What have we to do with Diana? pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Tharsus. *A Room in* Cleon's *House.*

Enter CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

DION. Why, are you foolish? can it be undone?

CLE. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

[a] *The more my* fault,—] *Fault*, here, means misfortune. See note (d), p. 640, Vol. I.

(*) Old editions omit, *to*.

Dion. I think you'll turn a child again. [world,
Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too;
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact:[a] what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?
Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the
fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.
Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.
Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent,[b] he did not flow
From honourable courses.[c]
Dion. Be it so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain[d] my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day.[e] It pierc'd me
thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.
Cle. Heavens forgive it!
Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

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a *Becoming well thy* fact:] In the old copies, *face*. The emendation is due to Mr. Dyce. Steevens suggested "*feat*."

b *Though not his* pre-*consent*,—] The quarto, 1609, has "*prince* consent," &c.; the other old editions have "*whole* consent.' The reading in the text was proposed by Steevens.

c *From honourable* courses.] Mr. Dyce reads *sources;* perhaps rightly.

d *She did* distain *my child*;—] Old copies, *disdaine*. To *distain* meant *to cloud, to eclipse, cast into the shade*.

e ——A malkin
Not worth the time of day.]

A *homely wench*, not deserving the poor courtesy of "Good morning," or "Good even."

CLE. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.*

DION. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before the Monument of* MARINA.

Enter GOWER.

GOW. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for 't;
Making,—to take your† imagination,—
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late[a]
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind;
Old Helicanus goes along behind. [brought
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have
This king to Tharsus,—think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—[b]
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move a while;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES *at one door, with his* Train; CLEON *and* DIONYZA *at the other.* CLEON *shows* PERICLES *the tomb of* MARINA; *whereat* PERICLES *makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt* CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd, [show'r'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on* MARINA's *monument.*

The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year:
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd;
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No vizor does become black villainy,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady Fortune; while our scene* must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 GENT. Did you ever hear the like?

2 GENT. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 GENT. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 GENT. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

1 GENT. I'll do anything now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for ever.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

PAND. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

(*) Old editions, *talents.* (†) Old editions, *our.*

[a] Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late, &c.] The present arrangement of these lines was made by Steevens: in the old copies they are thus misplaced:—

"Old Helicanus goes along behind
Is left to governe it, you beare in mind.
Old Escanes whom Helicanus late
Advancde in time to great and hie estate.
Well sailing ships," &c.

[b] —— *Think* his *pilot thought;* &c.] The old copies read:—
"Think *this* pilot thought,
So with his steerage shall your thoughts *groan*,"—
corrected by Malone.

(*) Old copies, *steare.*

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox.—Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity! Have you that a man may deal withal and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 't is to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest. [*Exit* Boult.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Re-enter Boult *with* Marina.

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [*To* Marina.] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

MAR. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

BAWD. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

MAR. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

BAWD. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

MAR. What he will do graciously I will thankfully receive.

LYS. Have you done?

BAWD. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt* Bawd, Pander, *and* BOULT.

LYS. Go thy ways.[a]—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

MAR. What trade, sir?

LYS. What * I cannot name but I shall offend.

MAR. I cannot be offended with my trade; please you to name it.

LYS. How long have you been of this profession?

MAR. Ever since I can remember.

LYS. Did you go to it so young? were you a gamester at five or at seven?

MAR. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

LYS. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

MAR. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.(2)

LYS. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

MAR. Who is my principal?

LYS. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof † for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

MAR. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

LYS. How's this? how's this?—Some more; —be sage.

MAR. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—
O that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

LYS. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Perséver in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

MAR. The good gods preserve you!

LYS. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold, here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

BOULT. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

LYS. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

BOULT. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

MAR. Whither would you have me?

BOULT. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

BAWD. How now! what's the matter?

BOULT. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

BAWD. O abominable!

BOULT. She * makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

BAWD. Marry, hang her up for ever!

BOULT. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

(*) Old editions, *Why.* (†) Old copies, *aloft.*

[a] Go thy ways.—] These words are found only in the quarto of 1609, and there are appended to the Bawd's speech; they seem more appropriate to Lysimachus.

(*) Old copies, *he.*

BAWD. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

BOULT. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

MAR. Hark, hark, you gods!

BAWD. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!

[*Exit* Bawd.

BOULT. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

MAR. Whither wilt thou have me?

BOULT. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

MAR. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

BOULT. Come now, your one thing.

MAR. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

BOULT. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

MAR. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned door-keeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

BOULT. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

MAR. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;
Any of these ways are yet better than this:
For 'what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain aught * by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

BOULT. But can you teach all this you speak of?

MAR. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

BOULT. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

MAR. But amongst honest women? (3)

BOULT. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I 'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old copies omit, *aught*.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays:
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her neeld composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin * with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd [a]
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.
[*Exit.*

(*) Old copies, *twine.*

a Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost: Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd, &c.]

This is the reading of Malone. In the quarto of 1609, the lines run,—

" Where wee left him on the sea, wee there him *left*,
Where driven before the windes, he is arriv'de," &c.

In the subsequent old copies,—

" Where we left him *at* sea, *tumbled and tost*,
And driven before the winde, he is arriv'de," &c.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mitylene. *On board* Pericles' *ship. A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it;* Pericles *within, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the* Tyrian *vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, *one belonging to the* Tyrian *vessel, the other to the barge.*

Tyr. Sail. [*To the* Sailor *of* Mitylene.] Where is the lord Helicane ? [a] he can resolve you.
O, here he is.—

Enter Helicanus.

Sir, there 's a barge put off from Mitylene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,
There is some of worth [b] would come aboard; I pray,
Greet him fairly.

[*The* Gentlemen *and* Sailors *go on board the barge.*

Enter from thence Lysimachus, *attended; the* Gentlemen, *and* Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you. [you!

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place? [before.

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king; [spoken
A man, who for this three months hath not
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

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[a] *Where is the lord* Helicane?] The old editions (except that of 609, which omits *the*) read, "Where is the Lord *Helicanus?*" We believe, here and in some other instances, where the old text has *Helicanus*, the author wrote *Helicane*.

[b] Some *of worth*—] So the old copies; but the usual reading has been,—Some *one* of worth. The late Mr. Barron Field, however, produced a passage from Heywood to show that the expression *some* was formerly employed for *some person*,—

"Besides a sudden noise
Of *some* that swiftly ran towards your fields:
Make haste; 'twas now; *he* cannot be far off."—
Fortune by Land and Sea, Act II. Sc. 3.

HEL. 'T would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief[a] springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
LYS. May we not see him?
HEL. You may, [to any.
But bootless is your sight;—he will not speak
LYS. Yet let me obtain my wish.
HEL. Behold him. [PERICLES *discovered.*] This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,*
Drove him to this.
LYS. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!
HEL. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
LORD. Sir,
We have a maid in Mitylen, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
LYS. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fair'st of all,
And, with her fellow-maids, is[b] now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*Whispers a* Lord, *who goes off in the barge of* LYSIMACHUS.

HEL. Sure, all's† effectless; yet nothing we'll omit [kindness
That bears recovery's name. But since your
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.
LYS. O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more,
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.
HEL. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you:—
But see, I am prevented.

Re-enter from the barge, Lord, *with* MARINA, *and a* Lady.

LYS. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?*
HEL. She's a gallant lady.
LYS. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock, [wed.—
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty†
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat[c]
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
MAR. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion‡
Be suffer'd to come near him.
LYS. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous!
[MARINA *sings.*(1)
LYS. Mark'd he your music?
MAR. No, nor look'd on us.
LYS. See, she will speak to him.
MAR. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.—
PER. Hum, ha!
MAR. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—[*Aside.*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*
PER. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?
MAR. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage
You would not do me violence. [upon me.
PER. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes
You are like something, that—What country-woman?
Here of these shores?[d]
MAR. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

(*) *Wight,* in all the old copies. (†) Old editions, *all.*

[a] But the main grief—] Something has evidently dropped out. The omission is ordinarily supplied by reading,—

"But the main grief *of all* springs from the loss," &c.

[b] *And,* with *her fellow-maids,* is *now upon*—] The words *with* and *is* are of modern interpolation.

[c] *Artificial* feat—] Dr. Percy suggested this reading, the old copies having *fate.*

[d] *Here of these* shores?] The emendation of *shores* for *shewes* was suggested to Malone by the Earl of Charlemont. The passage as it stands in the old editions, will afford the reader some notion of the state in which this most unfortunate of dramas has come down to us:—

"PER. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes upon me, your like something that, what countrey women heare of these shewes.
MAR. No, nor of any shewes, &c."

(*) Old editions, *present.*
(†) Old copies, *beauty;* corrected by Steevens
(‡) Old editions add, *maid.*

PER. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?
MAR. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
PER. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?
MAR. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.
PER. Pr'ythee, speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say,* when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?
MAR. So indeed I did.
PER. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.
MAR. Some such thing I said,
And said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
PER. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them?† Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.
MAR. My name is Marina.

(*) Old copies, *stay*.
(†) Old copies, *How lost thou thy name?* corrected by Malone.

PER. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.
MAR. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.
PER. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
MAR. The name
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father and a king.
PER. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?
MAR. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
PER. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion?—Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore called Marina?
MAR. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.
PER. At sea! what mother?
MAR. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very * minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
PER. O, stop there a little!
[*Aside.*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter's† buried. Well;—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
MAR. You scorn to believe me;[a] 't were best I did give o'er.
PER. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet give me leave—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
MAR. The king my father did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir, whither
Will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be
You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.
PER. Ho, Helicanus!
HEL. Calls my lord?
PER. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?
HEL. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene
Speaks nobly of her.
LYS. She would never * tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.
PER. O, Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality, [hither,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again!—O, Helicane,†
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.
MAR. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?
PER. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name:—as in the rest you said,
Thou hast been god-like perfect,—the heir of kingdoms,
And another-life[b] to Pericles thy father.
MAR. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.
PER. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.—(2)
Give me fresh garments. Mine own Helicane,†
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?
HEL. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.
PER. I embrace you.—

(*) *Very* added by Malone. (†) Old editions, *daughter.*

[a] *You scorn* to *believe me;* &c.] The old editions have, "*You scorn believe me,*" &c., which Malone changed to, "You'll scarce believe me," &c.

[b] *And* another-life to *Pericles* thy father.] In the old text,—"And another like," &c. We adopt the easy alteration proposed by Mason, though we have doubts whether the author did not write,—"And *mother*-like to Pericles thy father," *i.e.* like one to whom he owed existence, by whom he was new-born.

(*) Old editions, *She never would.*
(†) Old editions, *Helicanus.*

Give me my robes.—I am wild in my beholding.—
O heavens bless my girl! — But hark, what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,*
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?
HEL. My lord, I hear none.
PER. None!
The music of the spheres!—List, my Marina.
LYS. It is not good to cross him; give him way.
PER. Rarest sounds! do ye not hear?
LYS. My lord, I hear— [*Music.*
PER. Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*
LYS. A pillow for his head:—
So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.
[*Exeunt all except* PERICLES.

DIANA *appears to* PERICLES *as in a vision.*

DIA. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.[a]
Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do it, and happy:[b] by my silver bow!
Awake and tell thy dream. [DIANA *disappears.*(3)
PER. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

HEL. Sir?
PER. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails: eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
[*To* LYSIMACHUS.
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
LYS. Sir,
With all my heart; and when you come ashore,

(*) Old copies, *doat.*

[a] *Repetition to the* life.] The old copies read *like;* but, as Malone observes, this vision is founded upon a corresponding passage in Gower:—

"To Ephesim he bade hym drawe,
And as it was that tyme lawe
He shal do ther hys sacrafice:
And eke he bade in alle wise,
That in the temple amonges alle
His fortune, as it is byfalle
Towchyng his douhter, and his wiff,
He shalle be knowe uppon his liff."
Confessio Amantis.

[b] And happy:] That is, and *be* happy.

I have another suit.*
PER. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.
LYS. Sir, lend me your arm.
PER. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Ephesus. *Before the Temple of* DIANA.

Enter GOWER.

GOW. Now our sands are almost run:
More a little, and then dumb.
This, as my last boon, give me,[a]
(For such kindness must relieve me,)
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The interior of the Temple;* THAISA *standing near the altar, as* High Priestess; *a number of* Virgins *on each side;* CERIMON *and other* Inhabitants *of* Ephesus *attending.*

Enter PERICLES *with his* Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a* Lady.

PER. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaisa at Pentapolis.[b]
At sea, in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child called Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.
THAI. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—
[*She faints.*
PER. What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!
CER. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.
PER. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.
CER. Upon this coast, I warrant you.
PER. 'Tis most certain.
CER. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoyed.—
Early in blust'ring morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.
PER. May we see them?
CER. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.
THAI. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
PER. The voice of dead Thaisa!
THAI. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drowned.
PER. Immortal Dian!
THAI. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.
[*Shows a ring.*
PER. This, this; no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sport: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.
MAR. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to* THAISA.
PER. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burthen at the sea, and call'd Marina

(*) Old copies, *sleight.*

[a] This, as my last boon, give me,—] We should perhaps read,—"This my last boon *freely* give me." Steevens partially remedied the defective measure by inserting "*as*."—"This *as* my last," and his lection has been usually followed.

[b] The fair Thaisa at Pentapolis.] The old editions have,—"At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa."

For she was yielded there.

THAI. Bless'd, and mine own!

HEL. Hail, madam, and my queen!

THAI. I know you not.

PER. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute.
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.

THAI. 'Twas Helicanus then.

PER. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

THAI. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.

PER. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

CER. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

PER. Pure Dian! bless thee for thy vision! I will offer night-oblations to thee.—Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis.—And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form,
And what these fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

THAI. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir;
My father's dead.

PER. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.—
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead 's (4) the way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter GOWER.

GOW. In Antiochus and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)
Virtue preserv'd* from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and† honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them;‡ although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience ever more attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play hath ending.

[*Exit* GOWER.

(*) *Preferr'd*, in all the old copies; corrected by Malone.
(†) Quartos, *the*.
(‡) Old copies omit, *them*, which was added by Malone.

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars.]

"The fader, whanne he understode
That thei his douhter thus bysouhte,
With alle his wit he caste and souhte
Howe that he myht fynde a lette;
And thus a statute than he sette,
And in this wise his lawe he taxeth—
That what man that his douhter axeth,
But if he couth his questionn
Assoile, uponne suggestion
Of certen thinges that bifelle,
The wich he wolde unto hym telle,
He sholde in certeyn lese his hede.
And thus ther were many dede,
Here hedes stondyng on the gate
Tille atte laste, longe and late,
For lakke of answere in the wise,
The remenaunt, that weren wise,
Escheweden to make assaie."
GOWER: *Confessio Amantis.*

(2) SCENE I.—
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it.]

In Twine's translation of Apollonius Tyrius, Antiochus confides to Thaliard the cause of his animosity to the Prince. The author follows Gower:—

"He hadde a felowe bacheler
Wich was the pryve conceiler,
And Taliart by name he hiht,
The kynge a stronge puysone diht
With inne a boxe, and golde therto,
In all hast and badde hym go
Strauht unto Tyr, and for no coste
Ne spare, til he hadde loste
The prynce, wich he wolde spille."

(3) SCENE III.—*Well, I perceive, he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.*] "Who this wise fellow was, may be known from the following passage in Barnabie Riche's 'Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill,' 1604, p. 27:—'I will therefore commende the poet Philipides, who, being demaunded by King Lisimachus, what favour he might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answere to the king, That your majesty would never impart unto me *any of your secrets.*'"—STEEVENS.

ACT II.

(1) GOWER.—*And, to remember what he does,*
Build his statue to make him glorious.]

So in the *Confessio Amantis*:—

"That they for ever in remembraunce
Made a figure in resemblaunce
Of hym, and in comonne place
They sett it upp; so that his face
Miht every maner man by holde,
So that the cite was by holde.
It was of latonn over gilte;
Thus hath he not his yifte spilte.

(2) SCENE I.—
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.]

This scene is apparently formed upon the corresponding description in Twine's version:—"And whilest he spake these wordes, hee sawe a man comming towardes him, and he was a rough fisherman, with an hoode upon his head, and a filthie leatherne pelt upon his backe, unseemely clad, and homely to beholde.

"When hee drewe neare, Apollonius, the present necessitie constraining him thereto, fell down prostrate at his feet, and powring forth a floud of teares he said unto him: Whosoever thou art, take pitie upon a poore sea-wracked man, cast up nowe naked, and in simple state, yet borne of no base degree, but sprung foorth of noble parentage. And that thou maiest in helping me knowe whome thou succourest, I am that Apollonius Prince of Tyrus, whome most part of the worlde knoweth and I beseech thee to preserve my life by shewing me friendly reliefe. When the fisherman beheld the comlinesse and beautie of the yoong gentleman, hee was mooved with compassion towardes him, and lifted him up from the grounde and lead him into his house, and feasted him with such fare as he presently had; and the more amplie to expresse his great affection towardes him, he disrobed himselfe of his poore and simple cloke, and dividing it into two parts, gave the one halfe thereof unto Apollonius, saying: Take here at my handes such poore entertainment and furniture as I have, and goe into the citie, where perhappes thou shalt finde some of better abilitie, that will rue thine estate: and if thou doe not returne then againe hither unto mee, and thou shalt not want what may be performed by the povertie of a poore fisherman."

(3) SCENE III.—
And further tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.]

Thus in Gower:—

"The kynge behelde his hevynesse
And of his grete gentilesse

His douhter, wich was faire and gode,
And att the borde by fore hym stode,
As it was thilke tyme usage,
He bade to go on his message,
And fonde for to make him gladde.
And she dede as her fader bade,
And goth to hym the softe pas,
And axeth whence and what he was."

(4) Scene V.—*Exeunt.*] In the *Confessio Amantis*, as in the play, the princess reveals her love for the knight of Tyre in a letter to her father :—

"So write I to yowe, fader, thus :—
But if y have Appolinus,
Of alle this worlde what so bytide,
I wolle noon othir man abide:
And certes if I of hym faile,
I wote riht welle, with outen faile,
Ye shull for me be douhterles.
This lettir came, and ther was prees
To fore the kyng, there as he stode ;
And whan that he it understode,
He yaff hem answere by and by :
Bot that was do so pryvely,
That noon of othir counceile wiste.

* * * * * *

And whan that he to chambre is come,
He hath in to his conceile nome
This man of Tyr, and let hym se
This lettir, and alle the pryvete
The wiche his douhter to hym sente."

ACT III.

(1) Scene I.—

—— *Now the good gods*
Throw their best eyes upon it!]

It may be interesting to compare this scene with the one Wilkins worked up from it and the parallel description in the old novel :—"With which stirre (good Lady) her eies and eares, hauing not till then bin acquainted, she is strucke into such a hasty fright, that welladay she falles in travell, is delivered of a daughter, and in this childe-birth dies, while her princely husband being above the hatches, is one while praying to heaven for her safe deliverance, an other while suffering for the sorow wherwith he knew his Quéene was imburthened, he chid the contrary storme (as if it had béen sensible of hearing) to be so unmanerly, in this unfitting season, and when so good a Quéene was in labor, to kéep such a blustering : thus while the good Prince remayned reprooving the one, and pittying the other, up comes Lycorida the Nurse, sent along by good Symonides with his daughter, and into his armes delivers his Sea-borne Babe, which he taking to kisse, and pittying it with these words : Poore inch of Nature (quoth he) thou arte as rudely welcome to the worlde, as ever Princesse Babe was, and hast as chiding a nativitie, as fire, ayre, earth, and water can affoord thee, when, as if he had forgot himselfe, he abruptly breaks out : but say Licorida, how doth my Quéene? O sir (quoth she) she hath now passed all daungers, and hath giuen uppe her griefes by ending her life. At which wordes, no tongue is able to expresse the tide of sorrowe that overbounded Pericles, first looking on his Babe, and then crying out for the mother, pittying the one that had lost her bringer ere shée had scarce saluted the worlde, lamenting for himselfe that had béene bereft of so inestimable a Iewell by the losse of his wife, in which sorrowe as he would haue procéeded, uppe came the Maister to him, who for that the storme continued still in his tempestuous height, brake off his sorrowe with these sillables. Sir, the necessitie of the time affoordes no delay, and we must intreate you to be contented, to have the dead body of your Quéene throwne over-boorde. How varlet! quoth Pericles, interrupting him, wouldest thou have me cast that body into the sea for burial, who being in misery received me into favour? We must intreate you to temperance sir (quoth the Maister) as you respect your owne safety, or the prosperitie of that prety Babe in your armes. At the naming of which word Babe, Pericles, looking mournfully upon it, shooke his heade, and wept. But the Maister going on, tolde him, that by long experience they had tried, that a shippe may not abide to carry a dead carcasse, nor would the lingering tempest cease while the dead body remayned with them. But the Prince, séeking againe to perswade them, tolde them, that it was but the fondnes of their superstition to thinke so. Call it by what you shal please sir (quoth the Maister) but we that by long practise have tried the proofe of it, if not with your graunt, then without your consent (for your owne safety, which wée with all duety tender) must so dispose of it. So calling for his servants about him, he willed one of them, to bring him a chest, which he foorthwith caused to be well bitumed and well leaded for her coffin, then taking up the body of his (even in death) faire Thaysa, he arrayed her in princely apparrell, placing a Crowne of golde uppon her head, with his owne hands, (not without store of funerall teares) he layed her in that Toombe, then placed hée also store of golde at her head, and great treasure of silver at her féete, and having written this Letter, which he layd upon her breast, with fresh water flowing in his eyes, as loath to leave her sight, he nayled up the Chest, the Tenor of which writing was in forme as followeth :—

If ere it hap this Chest be driven
On any shoare, or coast or haven,
I Pericles the Prince of Tyre,
(That loosing her, lost all desire,)
Intreat you give her burying,
Since she was daughter to a king :
This golde I giue you as a fee,
The Gods requite your charitie."

(2) Scene II.—*And Æsculapius guide us.*] Compare this incident with its prototype in Gower :—

"Riht as the corps was throwe on londe,
There came walkying upponn the stronde,
A worthy clerk, a surgyen,
And eke a grete phisicien,
Of all that londe the wisest oon,
Wich hiht maister Cerymon :
There were of his disciples somme,
This maister to the cofre is come,
And peyseth ther was sommewhat inne,
And bade hem bere it to his inne,
And goth hymself forth with alle,
All that shall falle, falle shalle.

Thei comen home, and tarye nouht :
This cofre in to chambre brouht,
Wich that thei fynde faste stoke,
Bot thei with crafte it have unloke.
Thei loken inne, where as thei founde
A body ded, wich was i wounde
In cloth of golde, as Iseide er :
The tresour eke they founden ther

Forth with the letter, wich thei rede,
And tho thei token bettir hede.
Unsowed was the body sone:
As he that knewe what was to done,
This noble clerke, with alle haste
Be ganne the veynes for to taste,
And seih hire age was of youthe:
* * * * *
Thei leide hire on a couche softe,
And with a shete warmed ofte
Here colde breste be ganne to hete
Here herte also to flakke and bete.
This maister hath here every joynt
With certeyn oyle and bawme enoynt,
And put a liquour in here mouthe,
Wich is to fewe clerkes couthe,
So that she covereth att the laste.
And fyrst hir yhen uppe she caste,
And whan she more of strenth cauht,
Here armes both forth she strauht,
Helde up here honde, and petously
She spake, and seide, A! where am I?
Where is my lorde? What worlde is this?
As she that wote nouht how it is."

(3) SCENE III.—*Come, my lord.*] So in Gower:—

"——— My frende Strangulio,
Lo thus, and thus it is by falle:
And thou thi self arte oon of alle,
Forth with thy wiff, that I most triste;
For thi if it yow both liste,
My douhter Thayse, by youre leve,
I thenke shalle with yow bileve
As for a tyme; and thus I pray
That she be kepte by alle weye:
And whan she hath of age more,
That she be sette to bokes lore.
And this avowe to God I make
That I shal never for hire sake
My berde for no lykyng shave,
Tille it befalle that I have,
In covenable tyme of age,
By sette hire unto mariage."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—

Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.]

In the present scene the author appears to have followed Twine, rather than Gower, as the latter makes no mention of Marina's affectionate visits to her nurse's tomb. The name of Dionyza's confederate is, however, borrowed from Gower; Leonine, in the *Confessio Amantis*, being the name of the brothel-keeper at Mitylene:—

"When Dionisiades heard Tharsia commended, and her owne daughter Philomacia so dispraised, shee returned home wonderfull wroth, and, withdrawing herselfe into a solitary place, began thus secretly to discourse of the matter:—It is now fourteen yeares since Apollonius, this foolish girles father, departed from hence, and he never sendeth letters for her, nor any remembrance unto her, whereby I conjecture that he is dead. Ligozides, her nurce, is departed, and there is no bodie now of whom I should stand in feare, and therefore I will now slay her, and dresse up mine owne daughter in her apparell and jewels. When shee had thus resolved her selfe uppon this wicked purpose, in the meane while there came home one of their countrey villaines, called Theophilus, whom shee called, and said thus unto him:—Theophilus, my trustie friend, if ever thou looke for libertie, or that I shoulde doe thee pleasure, doe so much for me as to slay Tharsia. Then said Theophilus: Alas! mistresse, wherein hath that innocent maiden offended, that she should be slaine? Dionisiades answered, Shee innocent! nay she is a wicked wretch, and therefore, thou shalt not denie to fulfill my request, but doe as I commaund thee, or els I sweare by God thou shalt dearely repent it. But how shall I best doe it, mistres? said the villaine. She aunswered: Shee hath a custome, as soon as shee returneth home from schoole, not to eate meat before that she have gone into her nurces sepulchre, where I would have thee stand readie, with a dagger drawn in thine hand; and when she is come in, gripe her by the haire of the head, and so slay her: then take her bodie, and cast it into the sea, and when thou hast so done, I will make thee free, and besides reward thee liberally.

"Then tooke the villaine a dagger, and girded himselfe therewith, and with an heavy heart and weeping eies went forth towards the grave, saying within himselfe: Alas, poore wretch that I am! alas, poore Theophilus, that canst not deserve thy libertie but by shedding of innocent bloud! And with that hee went into the grave, and drue his dagger, and made him readie for the deede. Tharsia was nowe come from schoole, and made haste unto the grave with a flagon of wine, as shee was wont to doe, and entred within the vault. Then the villaine rushed violently upon her, and caught her by the haire of the head, and threw her to the ground. And while he was now readie to stab her with the dagger, poore silly Tharsia, all amazed, casting up her eies upon him, knew the villaine, and, holding up her handes, said thus unto him: O, Theophilus! against whom have I so greevously offended, that I must die therefore? The villaine answered, Thou hast not offended, but thy father hath, which left thee behind him in Stranguilios house, with so great a treasure in money and princely ornaments. O, said the mayden, would to God he had not done so! but I pray thee, Theophilus, since there is no hope for me to escape with life, give mee licence to say my praiers before I die. I give thee licence, saide the villaine; and I take God to record that I am constrained to murther thee against my will.

"As fortune, or rather the providence of God served, while Tharsia was devoutly making her praiers, certaine pyrats which were come aland, and stood under the side of an hill watching for some prey, beholding an armed man offering violence unto a mayden, cried unto him, and said," &c. &c.

(2) SCENE VI.—*I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.*] Speaking of the novel by Wilkins, Mr. Collier remarks,—"It is my firm conviction that it supplies many passages, written by Shakespeare and recited by the performers, which were garbled, mangled, or omitted in the printed play of 'Pericles,' as it has come down to us in the quartos of 1609, 1619, and 1630, and in the folios of 1664 and 1685."

The corresponding speech of Marina at this point, as given by Wilkins, is certainly confirmatory of Mr. Collier's opinion, for it exhibits a terseness of expression and a vigour of thought, which are quite Shakespearian:—"If as you say (my Lorde) you are the Governour, let not your authoritie, which should teach you to rule others, be the meanes to make you mis-governe your selfe: If the eminence of your place came unto you by discent, and the royalty of your blood, let not your life proove your birth a bastard: If it were throwne upon you by opinion, make good, that opinion was the cause to make you great. What

reason is there in your Iustice, who hath power over all, to undoe any? If you take from mee mine honour, you are like him, that makes a gappe into forbidden ground, after whome too many enter, and you are guiltie of all their evilles: my life is yet unspotted, my chastitie unstained in thought. Then if your violence deface this building, the workemanship of heaven, made up for good, and not to be the exercise of sinnes intemperaunce, you do kill your owne honour, abuse your owne justice, and impoverish me."

(3) SCENE VI.—*But amongst honest women.*] From the words, *honest women*, which occur in the *Confessio Amantis*, it is evident the author here had Gower before him:—

> "If so be, that thi maister wolde
> That I his golde encrece sholde,
> It may nott falle by this weye;
> But soffre me to go my weye
> Oute of this hous, where I am inne,
> And I shall make hym for to wynne
> In somme place elles of the towne,
> Be so it be of religioun
> Where that honest women dwelle."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—*Marina sings.*] The song sung by Marina was very probably that given by Twine (an exact translation of the Latin original), and printed in Wilkins' novel, where it is introduced thus;—"Which when Marina heard, shee went boldely downe into the cabine to him, and with a milde voyce saluted him, saying; God save you sir, and be of good comfort, for an innocent Virgin, whose life hath bin distressed by shipwrack, and her chastity by dishonesty, and hath yet bin preserved from both, thus curteously saluteth thee: but perceiving him to yeeld her no answer, she began to record in verses, and therewithall to sing so sweetly, that Pericles, notwithstanding his great sorrow, woondered at her, at last, taking up another instrument unto his eares she preferred this:—

> "Amongst the harlots foule I walke,
> But harlot none am I;
> The Rose amongst the Thornes doth grow,
> And is not hurt thereby.
> The Thiefe that stole me sure I thinke,
> Is slaine before this time,
> A Bawde me bought, yet am I not
> Defilde by fleshly crime;
> Nothing were pleasanter to me,
> Then parents mine to know.
> I am the issue of a King,
> My blood from Kings dooth flow:
> In time the heavens may mend my state
> And send a better day,
> For sorrow addes unto our griefes,
> But helps not any way:
> Shew gladnesse in your countenaunce,
> Cast up your cheerefull eies,
> That God remaines, that once of nought
> Created Earth and Skies."

(2) SCENE I.—*Thou art my child.*] So Gower:—

> "And he tho toke here in his arme;
> Bot such a joye as he tho made
> Was never seen; thus be thei glade
> That sorry hadden be to forn.
> Fro this day forth fortune hath sworne
> To sett hym upwarde on the whiel:
> So goth the worlde, now wo, now weel."

(3) SCENE I.—*Diana disappears.*] The vision is related as follows in Twine's translation:—"All things being in a readinesse, he tooke shipping with his sonne in lawe and his daughter and weyghed anchor, and committed the sailes unto the winde, and went their way, directing their course evermore towarde Tharsus, by which Apollonius purposed to passe unto his owne countrie Tyrus. And when they had sailed one whole day, and night was come, that Apollonius laide him downe to rest, there appeared an angell in his sleepe, commaunding him to leave his course toward Tharsus, and to saile unto Ephesus, and to go into the temple of Diana, accompanied with his sonne in-lawe and his daughter, and there with a loude voyce to declare all his adventures, whatsoever had befallen him from his youth unto that present day."

(4) SCENE III.—*Sir, lead's the way.*] The leading incident in this scene, which so strikingly resembles the much grander one of the same nature in "The Winter's Tale," is related by the old poet with a simplicity and pathos which are irresistible:—

> "With worthi knyhtes environed,
> The kynge hym self hath abandoned
> In to the temple in good entente,
> The dore is uppe, and in he wente,
> Where as with gret devocioun
> Of holy contemplacioun
> With inne his herte he made his shrifte,
> And aftir that a rich yefte
> He offreth with grete reverence;
> And there in open audience
> Of hem that stoden alle aboute
> He tolde hem, and declareth owte
> His happe, suche as hym is byfalle:
> Ther was no thyng foryete of alle.
> His wiff, as it was goddes grace,
> Wich was professed in the place,
> As she that was abbesse there,
> Unto his tale hath leide hir ere.
> She knew the voys, and the visage:
> For pure joye, as inne a rage,
> She strauht unto hym alle att ones,
> And felle a swone upponn the stones
> Wherof the temple flore was paved.
> She was anon with water laved,
> Til she came to here selfe ayeyn,
> And thanne she began to seyn:
> A bleased be the hihe soonde,
> That I may se myn husbonde,
> Wich whilom he and I were oone.
>
> The kynge with that knewe here anoon,
> And tooke her in his arme, and kyste,
> And alle the towne the soone it wiste.
> Tho was there joye many folde,
> For every man this tale hath tolde
> As for myracle, and weren glade."

CRITICAL OPINIONS ON PERICLES.

"PERICLES is generally reckoned to be in part, and only in part, the work of Shakespeare. From the poverty and bad management of the fable, the want of any effective or distinguishable character, for Marina is no more than the common form of female virtue, such as all the dramatists of that age could draw, and a general feebleness of the tragedy as a whole, I should not believe the structure to have been Shakespeare's. But many passages are far more in his manner than in that of any contemporary writer with whom I am acquainted; and the extrinsic testimony, though not conclusive, being of some value, I should not dissent from the judgment of Steevens and Malone, that it was, in no inconsiderable degree, repaired and improved by his touch. Drake has placed it under the year 1590, as the earliest of Shakespeare's plays, for no better reason, apparently, than that he thought it inferior to all the rest. But if, as most will agree, it were not quite his own, this reason will have less weight; and the language seems to me rather that of his second or third manner than of his first. Pericles is not known to have existed before 1609."—HALLAM.

"This piece was acknowledged by Dryden to be a work, but a youthful work of Shakespeare's. It is most undoubtedly his, and it has been admitted into several late editions of his works. The supposed imperfections originate in the circumstance, that Shakespeare here handled a childish and extravagant romance of the old poet Gower, and was unwilling to drag the subject out of its proper sphere. Hence he even introduces Gower himself, and makes him deliver a prologue in his own antiquated language and versification. This power of assuming so foreign a manner is at least no proof of helplessness."—SCHLEGEL.

Act 3. Sc. 4.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

THIS enchanting comedy was first printed in the folio of 1623, and no quarto edition of it has ever been found. Though long supposed, upon the authority of Malone and Chalmers, to have been one of Shakespeare's very latest productions, we now know that it was acted in the Middle Temple, as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century. This fact was first made public by Mr. Collier and Mr. Hunter, who discovered, almost simultaneously, a small manuscript diary, among the Harleian Collection in the library of the British Museum, which appears to have been made by a student of the Temple, named Manningham, and contains the following interesting entry:—

"Feb. 2, 1601 [2].

At our feast, wee had a play called Twelve Night or what you will, much like the Comedy of errors, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian, called *Inganni*. A good practice in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady in general termes telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, &c.; and then when he came to practice, making beleeve they tooke him to be mad."

This is decisive, and, as there can be no doubt that, before being acted in the Temple, it had been represented in the public theatre, and, since it is not mentioned by Meres in his list of 1598, its production may be confidently ascribed to the period between that year and February, 1602.

The story whence the serious incidents of "Twelfth Night" are derived, is found in Bandello, Parte Seconda, Novella 36:—"*Nicuola innamorata di Lattantio và a servirlo vestita da paggio; edopo Molti casi seco si marita, e ciò che ad un suo fratello avvenne;*" but whether Shakespeare borrowed them from the fountain-head, or through the English translation of Barnabie Riche, called "*The Historie of Apollonius and Silla,*" or whether he found them in the Italian play referred to by Manningham, still remains a subject for investigation. The diarist notices only one comedy called *Inganni*, but there are two Italian plays bearing the title *Gl' Inganni*, both founded upon Bandello's novel; one (*commedia recitata in Milano l'anno* 1547, *dinanzi la Maestà del Re Filippo*) by Niccolò Secchi, 1562; the other, written by Curzio Gonzago, and printed in 1592. To neither of these plays does our poet appear to have been under much, if any, obligation. There is, however, a third Italian comedy of the *Accademici Intronati*, to which Mr. Hunter first called attention (*New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. pp. 391—2), that presents much stronger claims to consideration as the immediate origin of the plot of "Twelfth Night." This drama is entitled *Gl' Ingannati* (*Commedia celebrata ni' Giuochi del Carnevale in Siena, l'anno* 1531, *sotto il Sodo dignissimo Archintronato*), first printed in 1537, and having for its general title *Il Sacrificio*. "That it was on the model of this

play," Mr. Hunter remarks, "and not on any of the *Ingannis*, that Shakespeare formed the plan of the serious part of the *Twelfth Night*, will appear evidently by the following analysis of the main parts of the story. Fabritio and Lelia, a brother and sister, are separated at the sack of Rome, in 1527. Lelia is carried to Modena, where resides Flamineo, to whom she had formerly been attached. Lelia disguises herself as a boy, and enters his service: Flamineo had forgotten Lelia and was a suitor to Isabella, a Modenese lady. Lelia, in her male attire, is employed in love-embassies from Flamineo to Isabella. Isabella is insensible to the importunities of Flamineo, but conceives a violent passion for Lelia, mistaking her for a man. In the third act Fabritio arrives at Modena, when mistakes arise owing to the close resemblance there is between Fabritio and his sister in her male attire. Ultimately recognitions take place; the affections of Isabella are easily transferred from Lelia to Fabritio, and Flamineo takes to his bosom the affectionate and faithful Lelia. * * * We have in the Italian play, a subordinate character named Pasquella, to whom Maria corresponds; and in the subordinate incidents we find Fabritio mistaken in the street for Lelia by the servant of Isabella, who takes him to her mistress's house, exactly as Sebastian is taken for Viola, and led to the house of Olivia. . . . . The name of *Fabian* given by Shakespeare to one of his characters was probably suggested to him by the name of *Fabia*, which Lelia in the Italian play assumed in her disguise. *Malvolio* is a happy adaptation from *Malevolti*, a character in the *Il Sacrificio*. A phrase occurring in a long prologue or preface prefixed to this play in the Italian [*la Notte di Beffana*] appears to me to have suggested the title 'Twelfth-Night.'"

Persons Represented.

Orsino, *Duke of* Illyria.
Sebastian, *a Young Gentleman, brother to* Viola.
Antonio, *a Sea Captain, friend to* Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
Curio, Valentine, } *Lords attending on the* Duke.
Sir Toby Belch, *Uncle to the Lady* Olivia.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.
Malvolio, *Steward to* Olivia.

Fabian, Clown, } *Servants to* Olivia.

Olivia, *a rich Countess.*
Viola, *in love with the* Duke.
Maria, Olivia's *woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*A City in* Illyria, *and the Sea-coast near it.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Curio, *and other* Lords; Musicians *attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.——
That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet sound [a]
That breathes upon a bank of violets,

[a] *O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet* sound—] So the early text, but Pope changed *sound* to *south*, and the alteration has been approved, perhaps too readily, by nearly every editor and critic since his time; at all events, if *south* were the poet's word, he must have employed it, not in the sense Pope intended of *south-wind*, but as *south*, *sowth*, or *sough* is used in the North, to signify the soft whisper of the breeze:—

"The soft *south* of the swyre, and sound of the stremes,
The sweit savour of the swairde, and singing of fewlis,
Might comfort any creature of the kyn of Adam."
Dunbar, Maitland's Poems, p. 64.

Stealing, and giving odour!—Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

CUR. Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE. What? Curio.

CUR. The hart.

DUKE. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—

Enter VALENTINE.

How now! what news from her?

VAL. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

DUKE. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her!—when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd—
Her sweet perfection,[a]—with one self king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, *and* Sailors.

VIO. What country, friends, is this?

CAP. This is Illyria, lady.

VIO. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium. [sailors?
Perchance, he is not drown'd:—what think you,

CAP. It is perchance, that you yourself were sav'd.

VIO. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be. [chance,

CAP. True, madam: and, to comfort you with
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

VIO. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,—
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,—
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

CAP. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIO. Who governs here?

CAP. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

VIO. What is his name?

CAP. Orsino.

VIO. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

CAP. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of),
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIO. What's she?

CAP. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight[b] of men.

VIO. O, that I served that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is!

CAP. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

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[a] —— *when liver, brain, and heart,*
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd—
Her sweet perfection,—*with one self king!*]
The old copy has, "Her sweet *perfections*," a slight but unfortunate misprint, which totally destroys the meaning of the poet. The passage should be read,—
"——When liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd
With one self king,—her sweet perfection."
The "sweet perfection" not being, as Steevens conjectured, her *liver, brain,* and *heart,* but her husband, her "one self [or single] king." According to the doctrine of Shakespeare's time, a female was imperfect, her nature undeveloped, until by marriage she was incorporated with the other sex.
"——— and as one glorious flame,
Meeting another, grows the same:"

(*) Old text, *Orion.*
The writers of the period abound in allusions to this belief:—
"Marriage their object is; their *being* then,
And now *perfection,* they receive from men."
OVERBURY'S "*Wife.*"
See also Donne's "Epithalamium made at Lincoln's Inn," in which this, the predominating idea on such occasions, is made the burden of every stanza:—
"Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame,
To-day put on *perfection,* and a woman's name."

[b] ——— *the* company
And sight *of men.*]
The old text runs:—
"——— *the sight*
And company," &c.
Hanmer made the necessary transposition.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pr'ythee, (and I'll pay thee bounteously,)
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. *Confine!* I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too:—an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall[a] a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

[a] *He's* as tall *a man*—] That is, as *able a* man. "*A tall man of his hands*, meant a good fighter: *a tall man of his tongue*, a licentious speaker; and *a tall man of his trencher*, a hearty feeder."—Gifford.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,(1) and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a coystril,[a] that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.(2) What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo;*[b] for here comes sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,——

---

[a] Coystril,—] A mean groom or peasant; derived, it is thought, from the Low Latin, *Coterellus*.

[b] *Castiliano vulgo;*] Warburton proposed, "*Castiliano-volto*, put on your *Castilian*, that is, your grave looks;" but Maria appears already to have been more serious than suited Sir Toby's humour.

Sir To. You mistake, knight: *accost* is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accost?*

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar,(3) and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.[a]

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit* Maria.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoi?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by[b] nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be,

---

[a] *It's* dry, *sir.*] As a moist hand was commonly accounted to denote an amatory disposition, a dry one was considered symptomatic of debility.

[b] *It will not* curl by *nature.*] The old text reads, it will not *cool my* nature. Corrected by Theobald.

it's four to one she'll none of me; the count himself, here hard by, wooes her.

SIR TO. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

SIR AND. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TO. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

SIR AND. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

SIR TO. What is thy excellence? in a galliard, knight?

SIR AND. Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TO. And I can cut the mutton to't.

SIR AND. And I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

SIR TO. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? (4) why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

SIR AND. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured* stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TO. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

SIR AND. Taurus? that's† sides and heart.

SIR TO. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

VAL. If the duke continues these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIO. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

VAL. No, believe me.

VIO. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and* Attendants.

DUKE. Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIO. On your attendance, my lord; here.

DUKE. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

VIO. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return. [then?

VIO. Say, I do speak with her, my lord, what

DUKE. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio* of more grave aspect.

VIO. I think not so, my lord.

DUKE. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company: prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

VIO. I'll do my best,
To woo your lady: yet, [*Aside.*] a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter MARIA *and* Clown.(5)

MAR. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

CLO. Let her hang me: he, that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colours.[a]

MAR. Make that good.

CLO. He shall see none to fear.

(*) Old text, *dam'd colour'd.* (†) Old text, *That.*

[a] *Needs* to fear no colours.] Nares conjectures that to *fear no colours* was originally a military expression for *fear no enemy.* Maria suggests the same thing, but the point of the allusion here,

(*) Old copy, *nuntio's.*

and in other instances of this "skipping dialogue," is lost to us.

MAR. A good lenten* answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, *I fear no colours.*

CLO. Where, good mistress Mary?

MAR. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

CLO. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MAR. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away,—is not that as good as a hanging to you?

CLO. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MAR. You are resolute, then?

CLO. Not so neither, but I am resolved on two points.

MAR. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins [a] fall.

CLO. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MAR. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

CLO. Wit, and 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

Enter OLIVIA, MALVOLIO, *and* Attendants.

God bless thee, lady!

OLI. Take the fool away.

CLO. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the lady.

OLI. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

CLO. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

OLI. Sir, I bade them take away you.

CLO. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much to say as,[b] I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLI. Can you do it?

CLO. Dexterously, good madonna.

OLI. Make your proof.

CLO. I must catechize you for it, madonna; good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

OLI. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

CLO. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLI. Good fool, for my brother's death.

CLO. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLI. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

CLO. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

OLI. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

MAL. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

CLO. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

OLI. How say you to that, Malvolio?

MAL. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool,[c] that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

OLI. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

CLO. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,[d] for thou speakest well of fools.

(*) Old copy, *lenton.*

[a] *Or, if both* [points] break, your gaskins fall.] See note (e), p. 250, Vol. I.

[b] *That's as much to* say as,—] In modern editions this is usually printed in conformity with modern construction,—"That's as much *as to say;*" but the form in the text was not uncommon in old language:—"And yet it is said,—labour in thy vocation; which is *as much to say as,*" &c.—"Henry VI." (Part Second), Act IV. Sc. 2.

[c] *An* ordinary *fool,*—] An *ordinary* fool may mean a *common* fool; but more probably, as Shakespeare had always an eye to the manners of his own countrymen, he referred to a jester hired to make sport for the diners at a public ordinary.

[d] *Now Mercury endue thee with* leasing, for thou speakest well of fools.] The humour of this is not very conspicuous even by the light of Johnson's comment,—"May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools!"

Re-enter MARIA.

MAR. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

OLI. From the count Orsino, is it?

MAR. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

OLI. Who of my people hold him in delay?

MAR. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLI. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

CLO. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool,—whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

OLI. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR TO. A gentleman.

OLI. A gentleman! what gentleman?

SIR TO. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring!—How now, sot!

CLO. Good sir Toby!——

OLI. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

SIR TO. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

OLI. Ay, marry; what is he?

SIR TO. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

OLI. What's a drunken man like, fool?

CLO. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

OLI. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink,—he's drowned: go, look after him.

CLO. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit* Clown.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

OLI. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

MAL. H' as been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,(6) and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLI. What kind o' man is he?

MAL. Why, of man kind.

OLI. What manner of man?

MAL. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLI. Of what personage and years is he?

MAL. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLI. Let him approach; call in my gentlewoman.

MAL. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

OLI. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.*

VIO. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLI. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: your will?

VIO. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible,[a] even to the least sinister usage.

OLI. Whence came you, sir?

VIO. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLI. Are you a comedian?

VIO. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

OLI. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIO. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

(*) Old copy, *Violenta*.

[a] Comptible,—] This must mean *impressible, susceptive, sensible*.

OLI. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

VIO. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

OLI. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not[a] mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MAR. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

VIO. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

OLI. Tell me your mind.

VIO. I am a messenger.[b]

OLI. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

VIO. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

OLI. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

VIO. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

OLI. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA.] Now, sir, what is your text?

VIO. Most sweet lady,——

OLI. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

VIO. In Orsino's bosom.

OLI. In his bosom! in what chapter of his bosom?

VIO. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLI. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

VIO. Good madam, let me see your face.

OLI. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

VIO. Excellently done, if God did all.

OLI. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

VIO. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

OLI. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil, labelled to my will: as, *item*, two lips indifferent red; *item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them; *item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to *praise*[c] me?

VIO. I see you what you are,—you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

OLI. How does he love me?

VIO. With adorations, with* fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLI. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIO. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

OLI. Why, what would you?

VIO. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

OLI. You might do much. What is your parentage?

VIO. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

OLI. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

VIO. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;

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[a] *If you be* not *mad*,—] We should perhaps read—"If you be *but* mad," &c. that is, "*If you are a mere madman, begone*," &c. No two words are more frequently confounded in these plays than *not* and *but*.

[b] OLI. Tell me your mind.
VIO. I am a messenger.]

(*) Old copy omits, *with*.

In the old copy these lines are annexed to the preceding speech, thus,—"VIO. . . Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie; tell me your minde, I am a messenger."

[c] *To* praise *me?*] That is to *value*, to *appraise* me.

My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

OLI. *What is your parentage?*
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;
I am a gentleman.——I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—not too fast:—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. Here, madam, at your service.

OLI. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man; he left this ring behind him
Would I or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

MAL. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

OLI. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be;—and be this so! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

ANT. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not hat I go with you?

SEB. By your patience, no: my stars shine arkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might erhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave f you your leave, that I may bear my evils lone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to y any of them on you.

ANT. Let me yet know of you, whither you are ound.

SEB. No, sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is ere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so ex- llent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort om me what I am willing to keep in; therefore charges me in manners the rather to express yself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, y name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo; y father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom know you have heard of: he left behind him yself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the avens had been pleased, would we had so ended! it you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before u took me from the breach of the sea was my ster drowned.

ANT. Alas the day!

SEB. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANT. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEB. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble!

ANT. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

SEB. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

ANT. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO *following.*

MAL. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

VIO. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

MAL. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

VIO. She took the ring of me;—I 'll none of it.

MAL. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

VIO. I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man! If it be so,—as 'tis,—
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our* frailty is the cause, not we!
For, such as we are made of,† such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him.
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this! As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR TO. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou knowest,——

SIR AND. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TO. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life[a] consist of the four elements?

SIR AND. Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TO. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!——a stoop of wine!

SIR AND. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Enter Clown.

CLO. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of we three? (1)

SIR TO. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

SIR AND. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.[b] I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; (2) 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman:[c] hadst it?

CLO. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

SIR AND. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

SIR TO. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

SIR AND. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a——

CLO. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?[d]

SIR TO. A love-song, a love-song.

SIR AND. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

CLO. *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?*
O, stay and hear; your true-love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR AND. Excellent good, i' faith!

SIR TO. Good, good.

(*) Old copy, *O.* (†) Old text, *if;* corrected by Tyrwhitt.

[a] *Does not our* life *consist of the four elements?*] The old copy has *lives*, and the modern lection is, "*Do* not our *lives*," &c.; but see sir Andrew's rejoinder:—"I think, *it* rather consists," &c.

[b] *An excellent* breast.] *Breast* meant *voice.* The phrase is so common in our old writers that it would be superfluous to cite examples of its use in this sense.

[c] *Sixpence for thy* leman:] The old copy reads *lemon.* *Leman* signified *sweet-heart* or *mistress.*

[d] A song of good life?] That is, a *moral* song.

CLO. *What is love? 't is not hereafter;*
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty:[a]
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

SIR AND. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TO. A contagious breath.

SIR AND. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

SIR TO. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

SIR AND. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

CLO. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

SIR AND. Most certain. Let our catch be, *Thou knave.*(3)

CLO. *Hold thy peace, thou knave*, knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee *knave*, knight.

SIR AND. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

CLO. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

SIR AND. Good, i'faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*

Enter MARIA.

MAR. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

SIR TO. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg a-Ramsey,(4) and *Three merry men be we.*(5) Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally; *lady! There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*(6)

[*Singing.*

CLO. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR AND. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

SIR TO. *O, the twelfth day of December,—*

[*Singing.*

MAR. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'[b] catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

SIR TO. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck-up.[c]

MAL. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TO. *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*[d](7) [*Singing.*

MAL. Nay, good sir Toby.

CLO. *His eyes do show his days are almost done.* [*Singing.*

MAL. Is't even so?

SIR TO. *But I will never die.* [*Singing.*

CLO. Sir Toby, there you lie.

MAL. This is much credit to you.

SIR TO. *Shall I bid him go?* [*Singing.*

CLO. *What an if you do?* [*Singing.*

SIR TO. *Shall I bid him go, and spare not?*

[*Singing.*

CLO. *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

[*Singing.*

SIR TO. Out o' tune, sir?[e] ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

CLO. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

SIR TO. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go sir, rub your chain with crumbs.[f] A stoop of wine, Maria!

---

[a] Sweet-and-twenty:] A proverbial endearment; thus in "The Merry Devil of Edmonton," "——his little wanton wagtailes, his *sweet and twenties*, his pretty pinckineyd pigsnies," &c.

[b] Coziers' *catches*—] A *cozier* meant a botcher of clothes or shoes.

[c] Sneck-up.] A contemptuous exclamation, equivalent to "go hang:"—

"And now, helter-skelter, to th' rest of the house:
The most are good fellows, and love to carouse;
Who's not may go *sneck-up;* he's not worth a louse
That stops a health i' th' round."

Song by Patrick Carey, "Come, faith, since I'm parting." (See CHAPPELL'S *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, Vol. I. p. 289.)

[d] Farewell, dear heart, &c.] This and the subsequent lines sung by sir Toby and the Clown are modified snatches of an ancient ballad, which will be found in the Illustrative Comments on this comedy.

[e] *Out o'* tune, *sir?*] Very needlessly changed to "Out of *time!*" in most editions. Sir Toby desires an excuse for insulting the Steward, and finds it in pretending he had decried their singing.

[f] Rub your chain with crumbs.] The steward's badge of office formerly was a gold chain, and the usual mode of cleaning plate was by rubbing it with crumbs. See Webster's play of "The Duchess of Malfy:"—"Yea, and the chippings of the butlery fly after him, to *scouer his gold chain.*"

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word,[a] and make him a common

[a] Nay word,—] *By-word;* the old copy has, *ayword.*

recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

SIR TO. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

MAR. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

SIR AND. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

SIR TO. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR AND. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

MAR. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned[a] ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths:[b] the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TO. What wilt thou do?

MAR. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TO. Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR AND. I have't in my nose too.

SIR TO. He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him?

MAR. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

SIR AND. And your horse now would make him an ass.

MAR. Ass, I doubt not.

SIR AND. O, 'twill be admirable.

MAR. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

SIR TO. Good night, Penthesilea.

SIR AND. Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TO. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o' that?

SIR AND. I was adored once too.

SIR TO. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

SIR AND. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

SIR TO. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.[c]

SIR AND. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

SIR TO. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

DUKE. Give me some music.—Now, good morrow, friends:—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—
Come, but one verse.

CUR. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

DUKE. Who was it?

CUR. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

DUKE. Seek him out:—and play the tune the while. [*Exit* CURIO.—*Music.*
Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For such as I am, all true lovers are,—
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

VIO. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

DUKE. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath staid upon some favour[d] that it loves;—
Hath it not, boy?

VIO. A little, by your favour.

DUKE. What kind of woman is't?

VIO. Of your complexion.

DUKE. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

VIO. About your years, my lord.

DUKE. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,

---

[a] Affectioned—] That is, *affected.*

[b] *Great* swarths:] A *swarth* is explained to mean as much corn or grass as a mower cuts down at one sweep of his scythe.

[c] Call me cut.] *Call me cut* is a phrase not unfrequent in our old plays; so, in the Interlude of "Nature:"—

"Yf thou se him not take his way,
Call me cut, when thou metest me another day."

It appears to be synonymous with the "call me *horse*" of Falstaff, and, Malone suggests, was probably an abbreviation of *curtal.*

[d] Favour—] *Countenance.* In her reply, Viola employs the word in a double sense.

So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,[a]
Than women's are.

VIO. I think it well, my lord.

DUKE. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

VIO. And so they are: alas, that they are so;—
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO *and* Clown.

DUKE. O fellow, come, the song we had last night,—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

CLO. Are you ready, sir?

DUKE. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

CLO. *Come away, come away, death,*
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly* breath;*
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there! (8)

DUKE. There's for thy pains.

CLO. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

DUKE. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

CLO. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

DUKE. Give me now leave to leave thee.

CLO. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal![b]—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit* Clown.

DUKE. Let all the rest give place.—
[*Exeunt* CURIO *and* Attendants.
Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

VIO. But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE. I* cannot be so answer'd.

VIO. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so: must she not, then, be answer'd?

DUKE. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

VIO. Ay, but I know,—

DUKE. What dost thou know?

VIO. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

DUKE. And what's her history?

VIO. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove

(*) Old text, *Fye—fie.*

(*) Old text, *It.*

[a] *Sooner lost and* worn,—] Johnson proposed to read *won* for *worn*, and perhaps rightly.

[b] *For thy mind is a very* opal!] The *opal* being a stone which varies its hues according to the different lights in which it is seen.

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIO. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

SIR TO. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

FAB. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TO. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FAB. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TO. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—shall we not, sir Andrew?

SIR AND. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

SIR TO. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my nettle[a] of India?

MAR. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a

[a] *My* nettle *of India?*] So the second folio. That of 1623 has *mettle*, which in most of the modern editions is changed into *metal*, and explained to mean *gold*. By the *nettle of India*, Steevens says, is meant a zoophyte, called *Urtica Marina*, abounding in the Indian seas. "Quæ tacta totius corporis pruritum quendam excitat, unde nomen Urticæ est sortita."—FRANZII, *Hist. Animal.* 1665, p. 620. This plant is likewise mentioned in Greene's "Card of Fancie," 1608:—"The *flower of India*, pleasant to be seen, but whoso smelleth to it feeleth present smart."

contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*Throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*Exit* MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

SIR TO. Here's an over-weening rogue!

FAB. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR AND. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TO. Peace! I say.

MAL. To be count Malvolio;—

SIR TO. Ah, rogue!

SIR AND. Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TO. Peace, peace!

MAL. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy[a] married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR AND. Fie on him, Jezabel!

FAB. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

MAL. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

SIR TO. O, for a stone-bow,(9) to hit him in the eye!

MAL. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

SIR TO. Fire and brimstone!

FAB. O, peace, peace.

MAL. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—to ask for my kinsman Toby;—

SIR TO. Bolts and shackles!

FAB. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

MAL. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me,—

SIR TO. Shall this fellow live?

FAB. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,[b] yet peace.

MAL. I extend my hand to him thus,—quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

SIR TO. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

MAL. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech,*—

SIR TO. What, what?

MAL. *You must amend your drunkenness.*

SIR TO. Out, scab!

FAB. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MAL. *Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;*—

SIR AND. That's me, I warrant you.

MAL. *One sir Andrew:*—

SIR AND. I knew, 't was I; for many do call me fool.

MAL. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

FAB. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TO. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

MAL. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes she her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR AND. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that?

MAL. [*Reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady. To whom should this be?

FAB. This wins him, liver and all.

MAL. [*Reads.*] *Jove knows, I love:*
But who?
Lips do not move:
No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man must know:*—if this should be thee, Malvolio!

SIR TO. Marry, hang thee, brock!

MAL. [*Reads.*]

I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece' knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.*

FAB. A fustian riddle!

SIR TO. Excellent wench, say I.

MAL. *M, O, A, I,*(10) *doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

FAB. What dish of poison has she dressed him!

---

[a] *The lady of the* Strachy—] The allusion is obviously to some old story in which a lady of distinction married a person much beneath her, but who she was, and whether *Strachy* was her name, her family, or her occupation, are as much a mystery now as they were a century ago.

[b] *With* cars,—] For *cars*, an undoubted misprint, Hanmer gave "*by th' ears;*" Johnson proposed "with *carts;*" Tyrwhitt, "with *cables;*" Mr. Singer, "*tears;*" and Mr. Sidney Walker, "with *racks;*" which last we consider preferable to any suggestionhere offered.

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel * checks at it!

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this;—and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

(*) Old text, *stallion* · corrected by Hanmer.

SIR TO. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

FAB. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

MAL. *M*,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

FAB. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

MAL. *M*,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

FAB. And *O* shall end, I hope.

SIR TO. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O!*

MAL. And then *I* comes behind.

FAB. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

MAL. *M, O, A, I;*—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.—[*Reads.*] *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born* great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered; I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,*

THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY.

Day-light and champian discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me: for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads.*] *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.* Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

FAB. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

SIR TO. I could marry this wench for this device,—

SIR AND. So could I too.

SIR TO. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

SIR AND. Nor I neither.

FAB. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

SIR TO. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

SIR AND. Or o' mine either?

SIR TO. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,[a] and become thy bond-slave?

SIR AND. I'faith, or I either?

SIR TO. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

MAR. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

SIR TO. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

MAR. If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

SIR TO. To the gates of Tartar,[b] thou most excellent devil of wit!

SIR AND. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *become.*

[a] *Tray-trip,*—] A game similar to, if not the same as, our backgammon.

[b] Tartar,—] *Tartarus.* So in "Henry V." Act II. Sc. 2:—

"He might return to vasty *Tartar* back."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Viola, *and* Clown *with a tabor.*(1)

Vio. 'Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church, for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove[a] to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton. [name, sir.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: but, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings,—the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

[a] *Cheveril* glove—] See note (e), p. 180, Vol. I.

VIO. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

CLO. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

VIO. By my troth, I'll tell thee,—I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

CLO. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIO. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

CLO. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

VIO. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

CLO. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin,—I might say, element, but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

VIO. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit;
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men,* folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR TO. 'Save you, gentleman.

VIO. And you, sir.

SIR AND. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

VIO. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

SIR AND. I hope, sir, you are, and I am yours.

SIR TO. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

VIO. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

SIR TO. Taste[a] your legs, sir, put them to motion.

VIO. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me *taste* my legs.

SIR TO. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIO. I will answer you with gait and entrance: —but we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

SIR AND. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

VIO. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

SIR AND. *Odours, pregnant,* and *vouchsafed:* —I'll get 'em all three ready.*

OLI. Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* MARIA.

Give me your hand, sir.

VIO. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLI. What is your name?

VIO. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess. [world,

OLI. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

VIO. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLI. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

VIO. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

OLI. O, by your leave, I pray you,—
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

VIO. Dear lady,——

OLI. Give me leave, beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cyprus,[b] not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

(*) Old text, *mens.*

*) Old text, *already.*

[a] Taste—] *Taste* was frequently employed in the old writers as *test*, or *try*. Steevens gives an apt example from Chapman's translation of the Odyssey:—

"——— he now began
To *taste* the bow, the sharp shaft took, tugg'd hard."—*Book* 21.

But Sir Toby uses it as he does *encounter the house*, and as the Clown adopts *welkin* and *element*, to ridicule the fantastic jargon of the Euphuists.

[b] Cyprus,—] *Cyprus*, or *cipress*, was a thin, transparent stuff, similar to that now called *crape*.

VIO. I pity you.
OLI. That's a degree to love.
VIO. No, not a grise;[a] for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies. [again.
OLI. Why, then, methinks, 't is time to smile
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
VIO. Then westward-ho!—(2)
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
OLI. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
VIO. That you do think you are not what you are.
OLI. If I think so, I think the same of you.
VIO. Then think you right; I am not what I am.
OLI. I would you were as I would have you be!
VIO. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
OLI. [*Aside.*] O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter,—
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.
VIO. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,—
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
OLI. Yet come again: for thou perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

SIR AND. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
SIR TO. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.
FAB. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.
SIR AND. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.
SIR TO. Did she see thee[b] the while, old boy? tell me that.
SIR AND. As plain as I see you now.
FAB. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
SIR AND. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?
FAB. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.
SIR TO. And they have been grand-jurymen, since before Noah was a sailor.
FAB. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.
SIR AND. And 't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist(3) as a politician.
SIR TO. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.
FAB. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.
SIR AND. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?
SIR TO. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst[c] and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st*(4) him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write, with a goose-pen, no matter; about it.
SIR AND. Where shall I find you?
SIR TO. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo:*[d] go.
[*Exit Sir* ANDREW.
FAB. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

[a] *A* grise;] A *step.* Thus in "Othello," Act I. Sc. 3:—
"Which, as a *grise,* or step, may help these lovers."

[b] *Did she see* thee *the while,*—] *Thee* was added by Rowe.

[c] Curst—] *Curst* means *churlish, cross-grained.*

[d] The cubiculo:] We should surely read "*thy* cubiculo."

SIR TO. I have been dear to him, lad,—some two thousand strong, or so.

FAB. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

SIR TO. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

FAB. And his opposite,[a] the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

SIR TO. Look where the youngest wren of nine* comes.

Enter MARIA.

MAR. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull, Malvolio, is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings!

SIR TO. And cross gartered?

MAR. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.[b]—I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: (5) you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

SIR TO. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

SEB. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

ANT. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

SEB. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

ANT. To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

SEB. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

ANT. Would you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his gallies,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

SEB. Belike you slew great number of his people?

ANT. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

SEB. Do not, then, walk too open.

ANT. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, [ledge,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your know-
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

SEB. Why I your purse?

ANT. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

SEB. I'll be your purse bearer, and leave you for an hour.

ANT. To the Elephant.—

SEB. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

OLI. [*Aside.*] I have sent after him: he says he'll come;—
How shall I feast him? what bestow of[d] him?

(*) Old text, *mine.*

[a] Opposite,—] *Opponent, antagonist.*

[b] *Like a pedant that keeps a school* i' the church.] This passage may help to enlighten another in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act V. Sc. 1:—"Do you not educate youth at the *charge*-house on the top of the hill?" where *charge* is most probably a misprint for *church.*

[c] And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns—] In the old copy this stands:—
"And thankes: and ever oft good turnes," &c.
The repetition was suggested by Theobald.

[d] *What bestow* of *him?*] That is, *on* him. *Of* for *on*, *to* for *with*, and the like, are archaisms repeatedly found in works of the time.

For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.——
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil,[a]
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:—
Where is Malvolio? [manner.

MAR. He's coming, madam; but in very strange
He is sure possessed, madam.

OLI. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

MAR. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

OLI. Go call him hither. [*Exit* MARIA.] I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Re-enter MARIA, *with* MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

MAL. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*

OLI. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MAL. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, *Please one, and please all.*(6)

OLI. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

MAL. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLI. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MAL. To bed! ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

OLI. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

MAR. How do you, Malvolio?

MAL. At your request! Yes; nightingales answer daws.

MAR. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MAL. *Be not afraid of greatness:*—'twas well writ.

OLI. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MAL. *Some are born great,*—

OLI. Ha!

MAL. *Some achieve greatness,*—

OLI. What sayest thou?

MAL. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

OLI. Heaven restore thee!

MAL. *Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;*—

OLI. Thy[b] yellow stockings!

MAL. *And wished to see thee cross-gartered.*

OLI. Cross-gartered!

MAL. *Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;*—

OLI. Am I made?

MAL. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

OLI. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

SER. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLI. I'll come to him. [*Exit* Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

MAL. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough,* says she;—*be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang* with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;*—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to: fellow!* not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but, *fellow.* Why, everything adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with Sir* TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

SIR TO. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

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[a] *He is* sad *and* civil,—] Interpreted to import solemn and *grave,* which is mere tautology. *Civil* here means *tart, sour, bitter;* see note (a), p. 707, Vol. I. Thus in "The Scornful Lady" of Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"If he be *civil,* not your powder'd sugar,
Nor your raisins, shall persuade the captain
To live a coxcomb with him."

(*) Old copy, *langer.*

[b] Thy *yellow stockings!*] Mr. Lettsom suggested, we should read, "*My* yellow stockings!" since Olivia has no idea that Malvolio is quoting the letter.

FAB. Here he is, here he is.—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

MAL. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

MAR. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MAL. Ah, ah! does she so?

SIR TO. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MAL. Do you know what you say?

MAR. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness: gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things; I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen.—But see, but see.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.*

FAB. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

SIR TO. [*Reads.*] *Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat;*[a] *that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

FAB. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

SIR TO. [*Reads.*] *I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

FAB. Good.

SIR TO. [*Reads.*] *Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.*

FAB. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law:[b] good.

SIR TO. [*Reads.*] *Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,*

ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR TO. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

MAR. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

SIR TO. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

SIR AND. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[*Exit.*

SIR TO. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth,—he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as I know his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

FAB. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

SIR TO. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

Re-enter OLIVIA, *with* VIOLA.

OLI. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:*
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof. [bears,

VIO. With the same 'haviour that your passion
Go on my master's griefs. [picture;

OLI. Here, wear this jewel for me,—'tis my
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

VIO. Nothing but this—your true love for my master. [that

OLI. How with mine honour may I give him
Which I have given to you?

VIO. I will acquit you.

OLI. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well;
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell!

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

SIR TO. Gentleman, God save thee.

VIO. And you, sir.

SIR TO. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck,[c] be yare[d] in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

VIO. You mistake, sir, I am sure; no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

SIR TO. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

---

[a] *Thou* liest in thy throat;] See note (2), p. 626, Vol. I.

[b] Still you keep o' the windy side of the law:] Fabian alludes to a ridiculous distinction in the Rules of the Duello, which is aptly explained in the note just mentioned, at page 626, Vol. I. where it will be remarked that to tell a man, "thou liest by the throat," or even, "thou liest by the throat, like a rogue," was an offence expiable without resort to combat; but to say, "thou liest by the throat, like a rogue, *as thou art*," was an affront to be atoned for only by blood.

(*) Old text, *on't*.

[c] Dismount thy tuck,—] *Draw thy rapier.*

[d] Yare—] *Yare* means *brisk, nimble.*

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched[a] rapier and on carpet consideration; (7) but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three: and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob,[b] is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct[c] of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste[d] their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech

[a] *Dubbed with* unhatched *rapier*—] From the context it would appear that Malone was right in thinking we ought to read *an hatch'd* rapier, that is, a rapier, the hilt of which was richly inlaid and ornamented. The ordinary lection is *unhacked* rapier.

[b] Hob, nob,—] The same as *Habbe* or *Nabbe*, have or not have, hit or miss. "The citizens in their rage * * * shot *habbe* or *nabbe* at random."—Holinshed.

[c] Some conduct—] Some *conductor*.

[d] *To* taste *their valour:*] See note [a], p. 256.

you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

SIR TO. I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

[*Exit Sir* TOBY.

VIO. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FAB. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

VIO. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FAB. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

VIO. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Street adjoining* Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR TO. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in,[a] with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: they say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

SIR AND. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

SIR TO. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

SIR AND. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

SIR TO. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

I have his horse [*To* FAB.] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

FAB. He is as horribly conceited of him, and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

SIR TO. [*To* VIO.] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

VIO. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

[*Aside.*

FAB. Give ground, if you see him furious.

SIR TO. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to't.

SIR AND. Pray God, he keep his oath!

[*Draws.*

VIO. I do assure you 'tis against my will.

[*Draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. Put up your sword.—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing*

SIR TO. You, sir! why what are you?

ANT. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

SIR TO. Nay, if you be an undertaker,[b] I am for you. [*Draws.*

FAB. O good sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

SIR TO. I'll be with you anon. [*To* ANTONIO.

VIO. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please. [*To Sir* ANDREW.

SIR AND. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily, and reins well.

Enter two Officers.

1 OFF. This is the man; do thy office.

2 OFF. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

ANT. You do mistake me, sir.

1 OFF. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows I know him well.

ANT. I must obey.—This comes [*To* VIO.] with seeking you;—

[a] Stuck-in,—] A corruption of the Italian fencing term, *stoccata.*

[b] *An* undertaker,—] One who *undertakes* the quarrel of another.

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity [me
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves
Much more for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2 OFF. Come, sir, away.

ANT. I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIO. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

ANT. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

VIO. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

ANT. O heavens themselves!

2 OFF. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANT. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 OFF. What's that to us? The time goes by; away! [god!—

ANT. But, O, how vile an idol proves this
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish but the mind,
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:[a]
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 OFF. The man grows mad; away with him!
Come, come, sir.

ANT. Lead me on.

[*Exeunt* Officers *with* ANTONIO.

VIO. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you.

SIR TO. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couple or two of most sage saws.

VIO. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,—
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*

SIR TO. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

FAB. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

SIR AND. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

SIR TO. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

SIR AND. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

FAB. Come, let's see the event.

SIR TO. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

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[a] *The* unkind:] The *unnatural.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sebastian *and* Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Clo. *Vent* my folly! he has heard that word of

some great man, and now applies it to a fool. *Vent* my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney.[a]—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall *vent* to my lady; shall I *vent* to her that thou art coming?

SEB. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

CLO. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.[b]

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR AND. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

SEB. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.—
Are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* ANDREW.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

SIR TO. Hold, sir! or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

CLO. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit.*

SIR TO. Come on, sir; hold! [*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

SIR AND. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

SEB. Let go thy hand!

SIR TO. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

SEB. I will be free from thee. [*Liberates himself.*] What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [*Draws.*

SIR TO. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

OLI. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

SIR TO. Madam—

OLI. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!—
Be not offended, dear Cesario!—
Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.[c]

SEB. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep![d]

OLI. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: would thou'dst be rul'd by me.

SEB. Madam, I will.

OLI. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter MARIA *and* Clown.

MAR. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art sir Topas the curate; do it quickly; I'll call sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit* MARIA.

CLO. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall[e] enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.[f]

---

[a] I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney.] The point of this is not apparent. Douce conjectured we should read—"this great lubberly *word* will prove a cockney." Omitting the adjective "*great*," which may have been caught by the compositor from the line above, Douce's emendation probably gives us what the poet wrote.

[b] After fourteen years' purchase.] That is, After the *rate* of fourteen years' purchase. The current price of land in England when this play was written appears to have been twelve years' purchase; so, buying character of fools was a bad bargain.

[c] *He started one poor* heart *of mine in thee.*] Johnson was doubtful whether an ambiguity were intended between *heart* and *hart:* the hunter's technical phrase *started*, might have convinced him that the poet was playing on the word.

[d] If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!] This speech recals that of Antipholus of Syracuse ("Comedy of Errors," Act II. Sc. 2), under similar circumstances of bewilderment:—

> "Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell,—
> Sleeping or waking,—mad or well advis'd?
> Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?
> I'll say as they say, and persever so,
> And in this mist at all adventures go."

[e] *I am not* tall *enough*, &c.] For the sake of an antithesis, most modern editors read,—"I am not *fat* enough;" but "*tall*" in its ancient sense of *robust, stout, personable*, offers quite sufficient contrast to the *lean* of the next line.

[f] *The* competitors enter.] That is, the *confederates*, the *colleagues*. See note (c), p. 17, Vol. I.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

SIR TO. Jove bless thee, master parson.

CLO. *Bonos dies*, sir Toby; for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is:* so I, being master parson, am master parson: for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

SIR TO. To him, sir Topas.

CLO. What, ho, I say!—Peace in this prison!

SIR TO. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

MAL. [*In an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

CLO. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MAL. [*Within.*] Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

CLO. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR TO. Well said, master parson.

MAL. [*Within.*] Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

CLO. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

MAL. [*Within.*] As hell, sir Topas.

CLO. Why, it hath bay-windows[a] transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories(1) towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MAL. [*Within.*] I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

CLO. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

MAL. [*Within.*] I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

CLO. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

MAL. [*Within.*] That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

CLO. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MAL. [*Within.*] I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

CLO. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MAL. [*Within.*] Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

SIR TO. My most exquisite sir Topas!

CLO. Nay, I am for all waters.[b]

MAR. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

SIR TO. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to* the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY *and* MARIA.

CLO. [*Singing.*] *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*(2)
Tell me how thy lady does.

MAL. [*Within.*] Fool,—

CLO. [*Singing.*] *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

MAL. Fool,—

CLO. [*Singing.*] *Alas, why is she so?*

MAL. Fool, I say;—

CLO. [*Singing.*] *She loves another.*—Who calls, ha?

MAL. [*Within.*] Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

CLO. Master Malvolio!

MAL. [*Within.*] Ay, good fool.

CLO. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MAL. [*Within.*] Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

CLO. But *as well?* then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MAL. [*Within.*] They have here propertied[c] me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

CLO. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—[*As Sir* TOPAS.] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

MAL. [*Within.*] Sir Topas,——

CLO. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.[d]—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'wi'you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

MAL. [*Within.*] Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

CLO. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

---

[a] Bay-windows—] A bay-window was what we term a *bow*-window, and was so called, according to Minsheu, "because it is builded in manner of a Bay, or roade for ships, that is, round."

[b] am for all waters.] I can play any character. A metaphor borrowed, perhaps, from the tavern:—"Hee is first broken to the sea in the Herring-man's Skiffe or Cockboate, where having learned *to brooke all waters*, and drinke as he can out of a tarrie canne," &c.—Nashe's "Lenten Stuffe," p. 27.

[c] Propertied—] *Propertied* bears here the same meaning,—that, apparently, of *circumscribed, restricted, appropriated*,—as in "King John," Act V. Sc. 2:—

"I am too high-born to be *propertied*."

[d] Maintain no words with him, good fellow.] The clown is playing a double part, and feigns, by change of voice and language, a colloquy between Sir Topas and himself.

(*) Old text omits, *to*.

Mal. [*Within.*] Good fool, help me to some light and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. [*Within.*] By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. [*Within.*] Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. [*Within.*] Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing.*] *I am gone, sir,*
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,[a]
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
*Adieu, goodman drivel.** [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,[b]
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune

[a] Like to the old vice,—] See note (3), p. 119.
[b] Credit,—] *Information.*

(*) Old text, *devil.*

So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,—
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As I perceive she does: there's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and a* Priest.

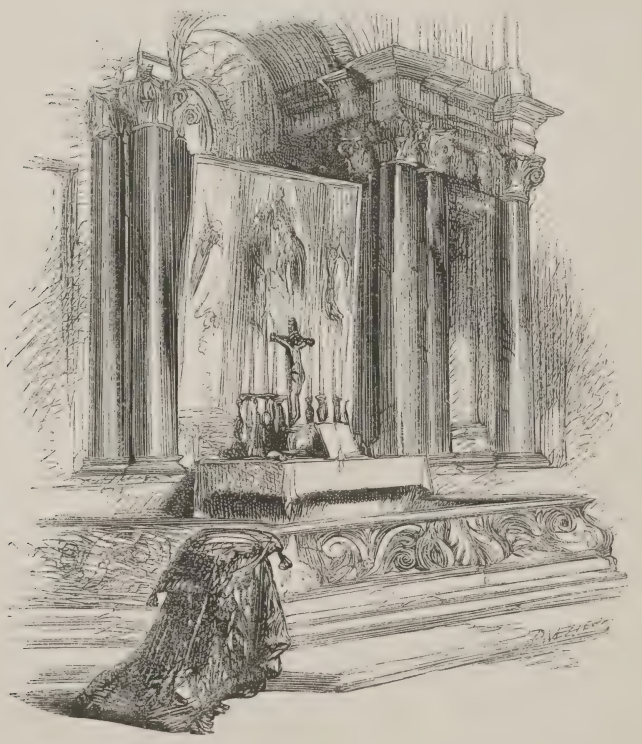
OLI. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: he shall conceal it,
Whiles[a] you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep,
According to my birth.—What do you say?

SEB. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLI. Then lead the way, good father;——and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*

[a] Whiles—] That is, *until.*



ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Clown *and* Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses,[a] if your four

[a] Conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,—] A passage cited by Farmer from the tragedy of "Lust's Dominion," in some degree explains the Clown's thought:—

"*Queen.* —— Come, let's kisse.
Moor. Away, away.
Queen. No, no, says *a e;* and *twice awa ,* sayes *stay.*"

negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

DUKE. Why, this is excellent.

CLO. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

DUKE. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

CLO. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

DUKE. O, you give me ill counsel.

CLO. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

DUKE. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer;[a] there's another.

CLO. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Benet, sir, may put you in mind,—one, two, three.

DUKE. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

CLO. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[*Exit* Clown.

VIO. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO *and* Officers.

DUKE. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scatheful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 OFF. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy,
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIO. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,—
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

DUKE. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

ANT. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication. For his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

VIO. How can this be?

DUKE. When came he to this town?

ANT. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

DUKE. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.——
But for thee, fellow,—fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Attendants.

OLI. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIO. Madam!

DUKE. Gracious Olivia,——

OLI. What do you say, Cesario?——Good my lord,——

VIO. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

OLI. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat[b] and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.

DUKE. Still so cruel?

---

[a] A double dealer;] See note (d), p. 740, Vol. I.

[b] *It is as* fat—] *Fat*, here, means *o'ercloying, sickening.*

OLI. Still so constant, lord.
DUKE. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
OLI. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
DUKE. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? (1) a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly.—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*
VIO. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
[*Following.*
OLI. Where goes Cesario?
VIO. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
OLI. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!
VIO. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
OLI. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an* Attendant.
DUKE. Come, away! [*To* VIOLA.
OLI. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay!
DUKE. *Husband?*
OLI. Ay, husband, can he that deny?
DUKE. Her husband, sirrah?
VIO. No, my lord, not I.
OLI. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—

Re-enter Attendant, *with* Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveal before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
PRIEST. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings: (2)
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
DUKE. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? [a]
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
VIO. My lord, I do protest,—
OLI. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *with his head broken.*

SIR AND. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to sir Toby.
OLI. What's the matter?
SIR AND. H'as broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.
OLI. Who has done this, sir Andrew?
SIR AND. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.
DUKE. My gentleman, Cesario?
SIR AND. 'Od's lifelings, here he is!—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir Toby.
VIO. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.
SIR AND. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.—Here comes sir Toby, halting—you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the* Clown.

DUKE. How now, gentleman! how is't with you?
SIR TO. That's all one; h'as hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?

---

[a] Case.] An old term, not altogether disused, for *skin*.

Clo. O, he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, after a passy-measure's pavin;[a] I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help?—an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave!—a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

[*Exeunt* Clown, Fabian, *Sir* Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that,
I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!
A natural perspective,[b] that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio? O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed:
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.

---

[a] After *a passy-measure's pavin;*] The first folio reads, "*and* a passy measures *panyn*." In a MS. list of old dances, Mr. Collier has found one dance called "The passinge measure Pavyon."

[b] Perspective,—] See note (4), p. 498, Vol. I.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

VIO. My father had a mole upon his brow,—

SEB. And so had mine.

VIO. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

SEB. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

VIO. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help [a]
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count;
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEB. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
[*To* OLIVIA.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,—
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

DUKE. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:—
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
[*To* VIOLA.
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIO. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent, the fire
That severs day from night.

DUKE. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIO. The captain that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

OLI. He shall enlarge him:—fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, *with a letter, and* FABIAN.

A most extracting [b] frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

CLO. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: h'as here writ a letter to you, I should have given 't you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

OLI. Open 't, and read it.

CLO. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman: [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, madam,*—

OLI. How now! art thou mad?

CLO. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox.*

OLI. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

CLO. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

OLI. Read it you, sirrah. [*To* FABIAN.

FAB. [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*
The madly-used MALVOLIO.

OLI. Did he write this?

CLO. Ay, madam.

DUKE. This savours not much of distraction.

OLI. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit* FABIAN.
My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

DUKE. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
Your master quits you; [*To* VIOLA.] and, for your service done him,—

---

[a] *Where lie my* maiden *weeds; by whose gentle help*
I was preserv'd *to serve this noble count;*]

To correct the prosody of the first line, Theobald reads, "my *maid's* weeds;" perhaps the object is attained more effectually by adding than subtracting a syllable:—

"Where lie my maiden weeds; *he* by whose gentle help," &c.

His alteration of *preferr'd* for *preserv'd* in the second line is, however, an undeniable improvement, and is almost verified by the passage in Act I. Sc. 2, where Viola tells the captain she is here speaking of,—

"I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt *present me.*"

[b] Extracting *frenzy*—] The second folio has "*exacting,*" and Mr. Collier's annotator reads "distracting;" but see the passage quoted by Malone, from "The Hystorie of Hamblet" "to try if men of great account be *extract* out of their wits;" and another, cited by Steevens, where William de Wyrcester, speaking of Henry VI. says:—"—subito cecidit in gravem infirmitatem capitis, ita quod *extractus* à mente videbatur."

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,—
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

OLI. A sister!—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

DUKE. Is this the madman?

OLI. Ay, my lord, this same:—
How now, Malvolio!

MAL. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

OLI. Have I, Malvolio? no. [letter:

MAL. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that
You must not now deny it is your hand,—
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you;
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

OLI. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she [smiling,[a]
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in
And in such forms, which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

FAB. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter at sir Toby's great importance;[b]
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

OLI. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

CLO. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown*[c] *upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;*—but do you remember? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged:* and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

MAL. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you! [*Exit.*

OLI. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

DUKE. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except the* Clown.

SONG.

CLO. *When that I was and a little tiny boy,*[3]
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*

[a] Then cam'st in smiling,—] *Thou* must be understood after cam'st, "then cam'st *thou* in smiling," &c.

[b] Importance;] That is, *importunity.*

[c] *Some have greatness* thrown *upon them.*] "Query," Mr. Dyce asks, "is *thrown*, instead of 'thrust,' an oversight of the author, or an error of the scribe or printer?" We believe it to be neither one nor the other, but a purposed variation common to Shakespeare in cases of repetition, possibly from his knowing, by professional experience, the difficulty of quoting with perfect accuracy. *Thrown* occurs with precisely the same sense in Wilkins' tract of "Pericles, Prince of Tyre:"—"If the eminence of your place came unto you by descent, and the royalty of your blood, let not your life prove your birth a bastard: if it were *thrown* upon you by opinion, make good that opinion," &c.

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE III.—*He plays o' the viol-de-gamboys.*] Mr. Gifford observes (BEN JONSON'S Works, II. 125), "that a viol-de-gambo (a bass viol, as Jonson also calls it) was an indispensable piece of furniture in every fashionable house, where it hung up in the best chamber, much as the guitar does in Spain, and the violin in Italy, to be played on at will, and to fill up the void of conversation. Whoever pretended to fashion, affected an acquaintance with this instrument." The allusions to it are frequent in our old dramas: thus, in the Induction to Marston's "Malcontent," 1604:—

"SINK. Save you, coose.
SLY. O, coosin, come, you shall sit betweene my legges heare.
SINK. No, indeede, coosin, the audience then will take me for a *viol-de-gambo*, and thinke that you play upon me."

(2) SCENE III.—*A parish-top.*] "A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants may be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work."—STEEVENS.

The amusement must have been very popular, being repeatedly mentioned in early books: thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Thierry and Theodoret," Act II. Sc. 3:—

"——— I'll hazard
My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
Should scourge him hither like a *parish-top*,
And make him dance before you."

So also in Taylor, the Water Poet's "Jacke-a-Lent," p. 117, ed. 1630:—

"Were it not for these Netmongers, it is no flat lye to say, the Flounder might lye flat in his watry Cabin, and the Eele (whose slippery taile put mee in mind of a formall Courtiers promise) would wriggle up and downe in his muddy habitation, which would bee a great discommodity for schoole-boyes, through the want of scourges to whip Gigs and *Towne-Tops*."

(3) SCENE III.—*The buttery-bar.*] This was a favourite locality in the palaces of royalty, and in the houses of the opulent. Mr. Halliwell has furnished an engraving of one still preserved at Christ Church College, Oxford; and he remarks that "this relic of ancient customs is still found in most of our ancient colleges. 'Furst every mornyng at brekefast oon chyne of beyf at our kechyn, oon chete loff and oon maunchet at our panatry barre, and a galon of ale at our *buttrye barre;* Item, at dyner, a pese of beyfe, a stroke of roste, and a reward at our said kechyn, a cast of chete bred at our panatry barre, and a galon of ale at our *buttry barre*.'—MS. dated 1522."

(4) SCENE III.—*Mistress Mall's picture.*] The picture in question is supposed to be a portrait of one Mary Frith, commonly known as Mall Cut-purse; an Amazonian *bona roba*, to whom allusions innumerable are made by the dramatic and satirical writers of the period. She is said to have been born in Barbican, and to have attained to such disreputable celebrity, that about 1610 a book was published, entitled "The Madde Prancks of mery Mall of the Banckside, with her walkes in man's apparell and to what purpose, written by John Day." In the following year she was made the heroine of a comedy by Middleton and Decker, called "The Roaring Girle, or Moll Cutpurse, as it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-stage by the Prince his Players," on the title-page of which she is represented in her male habiliments, and smoking tobacco. About the same time she did penance at St. Paul's Cross, of which ceremony the following account is preserved in a letter from John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, dated February 12, 1611-12:—"This last Sunday Moll Cutpurse, a notorious baggage that used to go in man's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place, where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippel'd of three quarts of sack before she came to her penance." She died in 1659, and is stated to have left twenty pounds by her will for the Fleet-street conduit to run with wine when King Charles the Second returned, which happened soon after.

(5) SCENE V.—*Clown.*] *Clown*, in our old plays, was the generical term for the *buffone*, or low-comedy character of the piece. Sometimes this merry-man was a mere country bumpkin, like the old shepherd's son in "The Winter's Tale;" or a shrewd rustic, like Costard in "Love's Labour's Lost;" or a witty retainer, such as Launce in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona;" and Launcelot in "The Merchant of Venice;" sometimes he was an "allowed," or hired domestic jester, like Touchstone in "As You Like it," Lavatch in "All's Well that Ends Well," and the fool in the present comedy. For a description of the sort of amusement the domestic fools were expected to afford their employers, see note (2), p. 54.

(6) SCENE V.—*He says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post.*] The doors of Mayors' and Sheriffs' houses were furnished with ornamented posts, on which were set up the royal and civic proclamations. It appears to have been the custom to repaint the posts whenever a new election of these officials took place: thus in "Lingua:" "Knowes he how to become a scarlet gowne? hath he a paire of *fresh posts* at his doore?" And again in "*Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth*," 1598:—

"Or like a new sherifes gate-posts, whose old faces
Are furbished over to smoothe time's disgraces."

A pair of Mayors' posts are still standing in Norwich, which, from the initials T. P. and the date 159.., are conjectured to have belonged to Thomas Pettys, who was Mayor of that city in 1592.

ACT II.

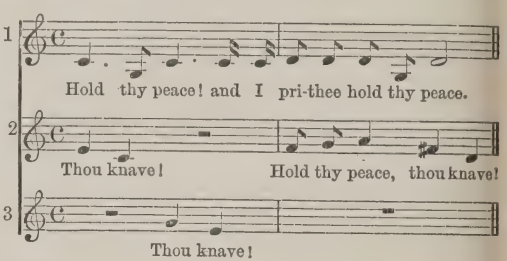
(1) SCENE III.—*Did you never see the picture of we three?*] The Clown roguishly refers to a once common sign, which represented two fools drinking, with an inscription beneath of "We *three* loggerheads be."

> "Plain home-spun stuffe shall now proceed from me,
> Much like unto the picture of *Wee Three*."
> TAYLOR'S *Farewell to the Tower-Bottles*, 1622.

There is a marginal note to this passage,—"The picture of two fooles and the third looking on, I doe fitly compare with the two black bottles and myselfe."

(2) SCENE III.—*In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus.*] Sir Andrew's commendation calls to mind one of the most characteristic accomplishments of the wittiest domestic jesters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We say the *wittiest*, for, without distributing the Clowns of the period according to the careful classification adopted by Mr. Douce, it is evident that, in the Fool's calling, as in others, there were various degrees, and that the first-class jester of a royal or noble family ranked as much above his brother clown of the common sort, as the leading histrion of a London theatre tops the poor varlet who struts and frets his hour upon the stage at a country fair; "I marvel," says Malvolio, "that your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brains than a stone." All clowns were capable, more or less, of the biting sarcasms and coarse practical merriment which their vocation licensed; but few, probably, had sufficient information, not to say learning, to garnish their discourse with the mock erudition and the snatches of axiomatical philosophy exhibited by the jesters of "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It;" and from them any reasoning admitting a sensible interpretation must not, of course, be looked for; though something may be traced in them which bears a close affinity to the fantastic extravagance and wild conceits of Rabelais. The source, however, of their sham sententiousness is of an earlier date than the romance of the great French satirist. The first known edition of that work is dated 1532; but in the library of M. de Bure were found two more ancient though undated books, entitled "*Les Chroniques de Gargantua*," which have much of this peculiar humour. The history of Gargantua, as an enormous giant, was well known too in England during the sixteenth century, though the romance relating to him contains nothing of the amusing rhodomontade indulged in by Rabelais and the humorists in question. A remote resemblance to it may be detected in some parts of the poems of Robert Longland, "The Vision and Creed of Pierce Ploughman;" and there is extant a genuine specimen of the "excellent fooling" for which the clowns of Shakespeare stand unrivalled, in the form of a mock sermon, in a manuscript of the fifteenth century, preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, which, with other burlesques of the same date, was printed in 1841 by Mr. T. Wright, in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, Vol. I. pp. 82—84. One extract from this effusion, with the orthography partly modernised, will convey no very imperfect notion of the clown's "gracious fooling" with Sir Toby and his companion knight:—"Why hopest thou not, for sooth, that there stood once a cook on St. Paul steeple top, and drew up the strapuls of his breech? How provest thou that? By all the four doctors of Wynebere hylles; that is to say, Vertas, Gadatryme, Trumpas, and Dadyl Trymsert; the which four doctors say, that there was once an old wife had a cook to her son; and he looked out of an old dove-cote, and warned and charged that no man should be so hardy neither to ride nor to go on St. Paul steeple top but if he rode on a three-footed stool, or else that he brought with him a warrant of his neck, and yet the lewd letherand lurdon went forth, and met seven acres of land betwixt Dover and Quicksand, and he brought an acre in his recke [hand-basket] from the Tower of London unto the Tower of Babilon; and, as he went by the way, he had a foul fall, and he fell down at the castle of Dover into a gruel pot, and brake both his shins. Thereof came tripping to the king of Hongre, that all people which might not lightly come to the Plain of Salisbury, but the fox and the grey convent, should pray for all the old shoe-soles that ben roasted in the king's dish on Saturday."

(3) SCENE III.—*Let our catch be, Thou knave.*] In this catch, the notes of which we append, the fun consists in the parts being so contrived that each singer in turn calls his fellow *knave*.



(4) SCENE III.—*Malvolio's a Peg a-Ramsey.*] The words of the old ballad of *Peg-a-Ramsey* are lost, but Mr. Chappell informs us that "there are two tunes under the name, and both as old as Shakespeare's time. The first is called *Peg-a-Ramsey* in William Ballet's Lute Book, and is given by Sir John Hawkins as the tune quoted in the text. (See the *Variorum* edition.) 'Little Pegge of Ramsie' is one of the tunes in a manuscript by Dr. Bull, which formed a part of Dr. Pepusch's, and afterwards of Dr. Kitchener's library."

(5) SCENE III.—*Three merry men be we.*] This song is mentioned in Peele's "Old Wives' Tale," 1595. Anticke, Frolicke, and Fantasticke, three adventurers, are lost in a wood in the night, and Anticke says, "Let us rehearse the old proverb:—

> "'Three merrie men, and three merrie men,
> And three merrie men be wee;
> I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
> And Jacke sleeps in the tree.'"

The burden being a jovial and popular one, is continually quoted by the old play-wrights. For the tune the reader is referred to Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, Vol. I. p. 216.

(6) SCENE III.—*There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*] Of this long and wearisome ballad we have already given a sufficient sample (Vol. I. p. 217) in illustration of the familiar burden, "lady, lady." In a broadside preserved in the Roxburghe collection, it is headed, "An excellent Ballad, Intituled, *The constancy* of Susanna. To an excellent new tune." A "ballette of the godly constante wyse Susanna," was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company so early as 1562-3, and a play on the same subject was printed in 1578.

(7) SCENE III.—*Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*] The ballad referred to in the note at p. 247, is printed by Percy, (Reliques, i. 205,) from an ancient miscellany, entitled "The golden Garland of princely delights."

(8) SCENE IV.—

Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there!]

On comparing the Duke's description of that "antique song" he heard last night, with this ballad, the difference is so striking, as to beget suspicion that the latter was an interpolation and not the original song intended by the poet. It appears, indeed, to have been the privilege of the singer formerly, whenever the business of the scene required a song, to introduce one of his own choice; hence we frequently find in our old dramas, instead of the words of a ballad, merely a stage direction, "A Song," or "He sings."

(9) SCENE V.—*O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!*] "A stone-bow was a cross-bow made for propelling stones, or rather bullets, merely in contradistinction to a bow that shot arrows. 'Litle more then a yeare after I maried, I and my wife being at Skreenes with my father, (the plague being soe in London, and my building not finished,) I had exercised my-selfe with a *stone-bow* and a spar-hawke at the bush.'—*Autobiography of* SIR JOHN BRAMSTON, p. 108."—HALLIWELL.

(10) SCENE V.—*M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*] Fustian riddles of this kind were not uncommon in Shakespeare's time, and several examples are quoted by Mr. Halliwell. Thus, in the "Squyr of Lowe Degre"—

> In the myddes of your sheld ther shal be set
> A ladyes head, with many a frete;
> Above the head wrytten shall be
> A reason for the love of me;
> Both O and R shall be therein,
> With A and M it shall begynne.

ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—*Enter Clown with a tabor.*] The *tabor* was a favourite instrument with the professional fools. Most people are familiar with the print prefixed to Tarlton's Jests, 1611, in which that famous comedian is represented playing on a pipe and beating a small drum or tabor. Mr. Knight, in his "Pictorial Shakspere," has given an earlier portrait of Tarlton, (the original, apparently, of that attached to the "Jests,") which is taken from the Harleian MS. No. 3885. It is to this representation, probably, that allusion is made in "The pleasant and Stately Morall of the three Lordes and *three Ladies of London*." By Robert Wilson, 1590. The dialogue is between Wil, Wit, Wealth (pages of the three Lords), and Simplicitie ("a poore Free man of London").

Simplicitie. "This is Tarlton's picture. Didst thou neuer know Tarlton?"

Wil. "No: what was that Tarlton? I neuer knew him."

Simplicitie. "What was he? A prentice in his youth of this honourable city, God be with him. When he was young, he was leaning to the trade that my wife vseth nowe, and I haue vsed, *vide lice shirt*, water bearing. I wis he hath tost a tankard in Cornehil er nowe: If thou knewst him not, I will not call thee ingram; but if thou knewest not him, thou knewest nobody. I warrant, her's two crackropes knew him."

Wit. "I dwelt with him."

Simplicitie. "Didst thou? now giue me thy hand: I loue thee the better."

Wit. "And I, too, sometime."

Simplicitie. "You, child! did you dwell with him sometime?"

Wit dwelt with him, indeed, as appeared by his rime, and served him well; and Wil was with him now and then. But soft: thy name is Wealth: I think in earnest he was litle acquainted with thee.

O, it was a fine fellow, as ere was borne:
There will neuer come his like while the earth can corne.
O, passing fine Tarlton! I would thou hadst liued yet."

Wealth. "He might haue some, but thou showest small wit.
There is no such finenes in the picture, that I can see."

Simplicitie. "Thou art no Cinque Port man; thou art not wit free.
The finenes was within, for without he was plaine;
But it was the merriest fellow, and had such jests in store,
That if thou hadst scene him, thou wouldst have laughed thy hart sore."

(2) SCENE I.—*Then westward-ho!*] In our poet's time the Thames formed the great highway of traffic, and "Westward, ho!" "Eastward, ho!" equivalent to the modern omnibus conductor's "West-end!" "City!" were the cries with which the watermen made its shores resound from morn till night. At that period, before the general introduction of coaches, there were not less, according to Taylor, than forty thousand of these clamorous Tritons plying their calling on the river in and near to the metropolis; and their desperate contentions to secure custom sometimes led to scenes of scandalous riot and confusion. Decker took the exclamation "Westward, ho!" for the title of a comedy, and Jonson, Chapman, and Marston adopted that of "Eastward, ho!" for one jointly written by them a few years afterwards.

(3) SCENE II.—*A Brownist.*] The *Brownists* were a sect who derived their name from Robert Browne, a gentleman of good family, and who had been educated at Cambridge. He separated from the Church, and gave great offence about 1580 by maintaining that her discipline was Popish and Antichristian, and her ministers not rightly ordained. Strype, in his life of Whitgift, relates, however, that in the year 1589 he "went off from the separation, and came into the communion of the Church."

(4) SCENE II.—*If thou* thou'st *him some thrice, it shall not be amiss.*] Theobald's conjecture that this passage was levelled at the Attorney-General Coke for his *thouing* Sir Walter Raleigh is at once put out of court since "Twelfth Night" is discovered to have been acted nearly two years before Sir Walter's trial took place. But if Theobald were ignorant of the fact, subsequent editors who have adopted his supposition ought to have known that to *thou* any body was once thought a direct mark of insult, as might be shown by a hundred examples. Mr. Singer has adduced one pertinent illustration from "The Enimie of Idlenesse," by William Fulwood, 1568: "A merchaunt having many servantes, to his chiefest may speake or wryte by this terme *you:* but to them whome he lesse esteemeth, and are more subject to correction, he may use thys terme *thou.*" The following, from the "Galateo of Maister John Della Casa, Archebishop of Beneventa," 4to. Lond. 1576, pp. 45-6, is even still more to the purpose:—

"Many times it chaunceth that men come to daggers drawing, even for this occasion alone, that one man hath not done the other, that worship and honour uppon the way, that he ought. For to saye a trueth, the power of custome is great and of much force, and would be taken for a lawe, in these cases. And that is the cause we say: *You:* to every one, that is not a man of very base calling, and in suche kinde of speach wee yealde such a one, no maner of courtesie of our owne. But if wee say: *Thou:* to suche a one, then wee disgrace him and offer him outrage and wronge: and by suche speach, seeme to make no better reconing of him, then of a knave and a clowne. * * * * So that it behoves us, hedefully to marke the doings and speache, wherewith daily practise and custome, wonteth to receave, salute, and name in our owne country, all sortes and kinds of people, and in all our familiar communication with men, let us use the same. And notwithstanding the Admerall * (as, peradventure, the maner of his time was such) in his talke with Peter the king of Aragon, did many times *Thou* him: Let us yet saye to our King, *Your* majestie: and *your* highnes: as well in speache as in writing."

* *Bocc. Novel.* 6. *Gior.* 5.

(5) SCENE II.—*The new map, with the augmentation of the Indies.*] An allusion, it is supposed, to a *multilineal* map engraved for the English translation of Linschoten's Voyages, published in 1598. Of a portion of this "new map," Mr. Knight has given a copy in his "Pictorial Shakspere," among the notes to the present play.

(6) SCENE IV.—*It is with me as the very true sonnet is,* Please one, and please all.] Of this "very true sonnet" a copy, believed to be unique, was discovered a few years ago, and is now in the possession of Mr. George Daniel. It is adorned with a rude portrait of Queen Elizabeth, with her feathered fan, starched ruff, and ample farthingale, and is said to have been the composition of her majestie's right merrie and facetious droll, Dick Tarlton. The numbers of this recovered relic are not lofty, nor the expression very felicitous; but "Please One and Please All" is worth preserving, both as an illustration of Shakespeare, and as a specimen of the quaint and simple old ballad literature of our forefathers:—

A prettie new Ballad, intytuled:
The Crowe sits upon the wall,
Please one and please all.

To the tune of, Please one and please all.

Please one and please all,
Be they great be they small,
Be they little be they lowe,
So pypeth the Crowe,
sitting upon a wall:
Please one and please all,
please one and please all.

Be they white be they black,
Have they a smock on their back,
Or a kercher on her head,
Whether they spin silke or thred,
Whatsoever they them call:
Please one and please all.

Be they sluttish be they gay,
Love they worke or love they play,
Whatsoever be theyre cheere,
Drinke they ale or drinke they beere,
Whether it be strong or small:
please one and please all.

Be they sower be they swete,
Be they shrewish be they meeke,
Weare they silke or cloth so good
Velvet bonnet or french-hood,
upon her head a cap or call:
please one and please all.

Be they halt be they lame,
Be she Lady be she dame,
If that she doo weare a pinne,
Keepe she taverne or keepe she Inne,
Either bulke bouth or stall:
please one and please all.

The goodwife I doo meane,
Be she fat or be she leane,
Whatsoever that she be,
This the Crowe tolde me,
sitting uppon a wall:
please one and please all.

If the goodwife speake aloft,
See that you then speake soft,
Whether it be good or ill,
Let her doo what she will:
and to keepe yourselfe from thrall,
please one and please all.

If the goodwife be displeased,
All the whole house is diseased,
And therefore by my will,
To please her learne the skill,
Least that she should alwaise brall:
please one and please all.

If that you bid her do ought,
If that she doo it not,
And though that you be her goodman,
You yourself must doo it then,
be it in kitchin or in hall:
please one and please all.

Let her have her owne will,
Thus the Crowe pypeth still,
Whatsoever she command,
See that you doo it out of hand,
whensoever she doth call:
please one and please all.

Be they wanton be they wilde,
Be they gentle be they milde:
Be shee white be shee browne,
Doth shee skould or doth she frowne,
Let her doo what she shall:
please one and please all.

Be she coy be she proud,
Speake she soft or speake she loud,
Be she simple be she flaunt,
Doth she trip or dooth she taunt,
the Crowe sits upon the wall:
please one and please all.

Is she huswife is she none,
Dooth she drudge dooth she grone,
Is she nimble is she quicke,
Is she short, is she thicke,
Let her be what she shall:
please one and please all.

Be she cruel be she curst,
Come she last come she first,
Be they young be they olde,
Doo they smile doo they scold,
though they doo nought at all:
please one and please all.

Though it be some Crowes guise,
Oftentimes to tell lyes,
Yet this Crowes words dooth try,
That her tale is no lye,
For thus it is and ever shall
please one and please all.

Please one and please all,
Be they great be they small,
Be they little be they lowe,
So pipeth the Crowe,
sitting upon a wall:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

FINIS. R T

Imprinted at London for Henry Kyrkham, dwelling at the little North doore of Paules, at the syne of the blacke Boy.

(7) SCENE IV.—*On carpet consideration.*] By *carpet consideration* Shakespeare points at the *carpet knights*, or *knights of the green cloth*, as those persons were called who attained to the distinction of knighthood, not by military services, but for some real or supposed merit in their civil capacities. Of such, Francis Markham, in *The Booke of Honour*, folio 1625, p. 71, observes: "Next unto these (he had been speaking of *Dunghill*, or *Truck knights*) in degree, but not in qualitie (for these are trûly for the most part vertuous and worthie), is that rank of Knights which are called *Carpet Knights*, being men who are by the prince's grace and favour made knights at home and in the time of peace, by the imposition or laying on of the king's sword, having, by some special service done to the common-wealth, or for some other particular virtues made known to the soveraigne, as also for the dignitie of their births, and in recompence of noble and famous actions done by their ancestors, deserved this great title and dignitie."

Randal Holme, in much the same terms, describes the several orders of persons eligible for the title, and speaks of it as an honourable distinction. It is plain, however, from innumerable passages in the old writers, that, to the popular idea, a *carpet knight* was synonymous then, as it is now, with an effeminate popinjay, who gained by favour what he would never have won by deeds. So, in Harrington's epigram, "Of Merit and Demerit:"—

> "That captaines in those days were not regarded:
> That only *Carpet-knights* were well rewarded."

Whetstone, in the story of *Rinaldo and Giletta*, in *The Rock of Regard*, 1576, says:—"Now he consults with *carpet knights* about curious masks and other delightful shewes; anon he runs unto the tailer's, to see his apparell made of the straungest and costliest fashion." And in "A Happy Husband, or Directions for a Maid to chuse her Mate, together with a Wive's Behaviour after Mariage," by Patrick Hannay, Gent. 1622, there is a full-length portrait of the character:—

> "A carpet knight, who makes it his chiefe care
> To trick him neatly up, and doth not spare
> (Though sparing) precious time for to devoure;
> Consulting with his glasse, a tedious houre

Soon flees, spent so, while each irreguler haire
His Barbor rectifies, and to seem rare,
His heat-lost lockes, to thicken closely curles,
And curiously doth set his misplac'd purles;
Powders, perfumes, and then profusely spent,
To rectifie his native, nasty sent·

This forenoones task perform'd, his way he takes,
And chamber-practis'd craving cursies makes
To each he meets; with cringes, and screw'd faces,
(Which his too partiall glasse approv'd for graces:)
Then dines, and after courts some courtly dame,
Or idle busie-bout misspending game;" &c.

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE II.—*Clear-stories.*] The clear-stories are the upper story or row of windows in a church, hall, or other erection, rising clear above the adjoining parts of the building, adopted as a means of obtaining an increase of light. "Whereupon a iij thousand werkmen was werkynge iiij monethes to make it so grete in quantyté, so statly, and all with *clere-story* lyghtys, lyk a lantorne, the roffis garnyshed with sarsnettys and buddys of golde, and borderyd over all the aras over longe to dysturbe the rychnes therof."—ARNOLD'S *Chronicle.*

(2) SCENE II.—

Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does!]

"The original of this song is preserved in a MS. containing poems by Sir Thomas Wyatt, and is entitled 'The careful Lover complaineth, and the happy Lover counselleth:'—

A Robyn,—Jolly Robyn,
Tell me how thy leman doeth,—And thou shalt knowe of myn.
My lady is unkyinde, perde.—Alack! why is she so?
She loveth an other better than me:—And yet she will say, no.

RESPONSE. I fyndé no such doubleness:—I fynde women true.
My lady loveth me dowtles,—And will change for no newe.

LE PLAINTIF. Thou art happy while that doeth last;—But I say, as I fynde,
That woman's love is but a blast,—And torneth with the wynde.

RESPONSE. But if thou wilt avoyde thy harme,—Lerne this lesson of me,
At others fieres thy selfe to warme,—And let them warme with the.

LE PLAINTIF. Suche folkes can take no harme by love,—That can abide their torn,
But I, alas, can no way prove—In love but lake and morn."—HALLIWELL.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—
Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?]

This relates, perhaps, as Theobald suggested, to a story found in the *Æthiopics* of Heliodorus. The *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, a native of Memphis, and the chief of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a strong body of robbers coming down upon the band of Thyamis, he was under such apprehensions for his beloved that he had her shut up in a cave with his treasure. It was customary for those barbarians, "when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear," and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, betook himself to his cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answered towards the mouth of the cave by a Grecian, making to the speaker by the direction of the voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast.

(2) SCENE I.—
A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings.]

The ceremony which had taken place between Olivia and Sebastian, Mr. Douce has conclusively shown, was not an actual marriage, but that which was called *espousals*, namely, a *betrothing, affiancing,* or *promise of future marriage.* "Vincent de Beauvais, a writer of the thirteenth century, in his *Speculum historiale,* lib. ix. c. 70, has defined *espousals* to be *a contract of future marriage,* made either by a simple promise, by earnest or security given, by a ring, or by an oath. During the same period, and the following centuries, we may trace several other modes of betrothing, some of which it may be worth while to describe more at large.

I. The interchangement of rings.—Thus in Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide,* book 3:—

"Soon after this they spake of sondry things
As fill to purpose of this aventure,
And playing *enterchaungeden her rings*
Of which I can not tellen no scripture."

When espousals took place at church, rings were also interchanged. According to the ritual of the Greek church, the priest first placed the rings on the fingers of the parties who afterwards exchanged them. Sometimes the man only gave a ring. * * *

II. The kiss that was mutually given. When this ceremony took place at church, the lady of course withdrew the veil which was usually worn on the occasion; when in private, the drinking of healths generally followed.

III. The joining of hands. This is often alluded to by Shakspeare himself.

IV. The testimony of witnesses. That of the priest alone was generally sufficient, though we often find many other persons attending the ceremony. The words 'there before him,' and 'he shall conceal it,' in Olivia's speech, sufficiently demonstrate that betrothing and not marriage is intended; for in the latter the presence of the priest alone would not have sufficed. In later times, espousals in the church were often prohibited in France, because instances frequently occurred where the parties, relying on the testimony of the priest, scrupled not to live together as man and wife; which gave rise to much scandal and disorder."—DOUCE'S *Illustrations of Shakspeare,* I. 109—113.

(3) SCENE I.—*When that I was and a little tiny boy.*] It is to be regretted, perhaps, that this "nonsensical ditty," as Steevens terms it, has not been long since degraded to the foot-notes. It was evidently one of those jigs, with which it was the rude custom of the Clown to gratify the groundlings upon the conclusion of a play. These absurd compositions, intended only as a vehicle for buffoonery, were usually improvisations of the singer, tagged to some popular ballad-burden—or the first lines of various songs strung together in ludicrous juxtaposition, at the end of each of which, the performer indulged in hideous grimace, and a grotesque sort of "Jump Jim Crow" dance. Of these "nonsense songs," we had formerly preserved three or four specimens, but they have unfortunately got mislaid.

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

"*The Twelfth Night, or What you Will,* unites the entertainment of an intrigue, contrived with great ingenuity, to a rich fund of comic characters and situations, and the beauteous colours of an ethereal poetry. In most of his plays, Shakspeare treats love more as an affair of the imagination than the heart; but here he has taken particular care to remind us that, in his language, the same word, *fancy*, signified both fancy and love. The love of the music-enraptured Duke for Olivia is not merely a fancy, but an imagination; Viola appears at first to fall arbitrarily in love with the Duke, whom she serves as a page, although she afterwards touches the tenderest strings of feeling; the proud Olivia is captivated by the modest and insinuating messenger of the Duke, in whom she is far from suspecting a disguised rival, and at last, by a second deception, takes the brother for the sister. To these, which I might call ideal follies, a contrast is formed by the naked absurdities to which the entertaining tricks of the ludicrous persons of the piece give rise, under the pretext also of love: the silly and profligate knight's awkward courtship of Olivia, and her declaration of love to Viola; the imagination of the pedantic steward, Malvolio, that his mistress is secretly in love with him, which carries him so far that he is at last shut up as a lunatic, and visited by the clown in the dress of a priest. These scenes are admirably conceived, and as significant as they are laughable. If this were really, as is asserted, Shakspeare's latest work, he must have enjoyed to the last the same youthful elasticity of mind, and have carried with him to the grave the undiminished fulness of his talents."—SCHLEGEL.

"The serious and the humorous scenes are alike excellent; the former

> ——'give a very echo to the seat
> Where love is thron'd,'

and are tinted with those romantic hues, which impart to passion the fascinations of fancy, and which stamp the poetry of Shakespeare with a character so transcendently his own, so sweetly wild, so tenderly imaginative. Of this description are the loves of Viola and Orsino, which, though involving a few improbabilities of incident, are told in a manner so true to nature, and in a strain of such melancholy enthusiasm, as instantly put to flight all petty objections, and leave the mind wrapt in a dream of the most delicious sadness. The fourth scene of the second act more particularly breathes the blended emotions of love, of hope, and of despair, opening with a highly interesting description of the soothing effects of music in allaying the pangs of unrequited affection, and in which the attachment of Shakespeare to the simple melodies of the olden time is strongly and beautifully expressed.

"From the same source which has given birth to this delightful portion of the drama, appears to spring a large share of that rich and frolic humour which distinguishes its gayer incidents. The delusion of Malvolio, in supposing himself the object of Olivia's desires, and the ludicrous pretension of Sir Andrew Aguecheek to the same lady, fostered as they are by the comic manœuvres of the convivial Sir Toby and the keen-witted Maria, furnish, together with the professional drollery of Feste the jester, an ever-varying fund of pleasantry and mirth; scenes in which wit and raillery are finely blended with touches of original character, and strokes of poignant satire."—DRAKE.

KING HENRY VI.

PART I.

Act II. Sc. 3.

THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

THE first edition of this play known, is that of the folio 1623. It is generally supposed to be the same "*Henery the vj.*," somewhat modified and improved by Shakespeare, which is entered in Henslowe's diary as first acted on the 3rd of March, 1591–2, and to which Nash alludes in his "*Pierce Pennilesse, his Supplication to the Devil*," 1592:—"How would it have joy'd brave Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lyne two hundred yeare in his tombe, he should triumph againe on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at severall times,) who, in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding." This opinion has, however, been strenuously impugned by Mr. Knight, in his able "Essay on the Three Parts of King Henry VI. and King Richard III.," wherein he attempts to show, that the present drama, as well as the two parts of the "Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster," which Malone has been at such infinite pains to prove the works of earlier writers, are wholly the productions of Shakespeare.

The subject is of extreme difficulty, and one upon which there will always be a conflict of opinion. For our own part, we can no more agree with Mr. Knight in ascribing the piece before us solely to Shakespeare, than with Malone in the attempt to despoil him of the two parts of the "Contention." To us, in the present play, the hand of the great Master is only occasionally perceptible; while in the "Contention," it is unmistakeably visible in nearly every scene. The former was probably an early play of some inferior author, which he partly re-modelled; the latter appears to have been his first alteration of a more important production, perhaps by Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, which he subsequently re-wrote, re-christened, and divided, as it now appears, into what are called the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.

Persons Represented.

King Henry VI.
Duke *of* Gloucester, *Uncle to the* King, *and* Protector.
Duke *of* Bedford, *Uncle to the* King, *and Regent of* France.
Thomas Beaufort, *Duke of* Exeter, *Great Uncle to the* King.
Henry Beaufort, *Great Uncle to the* King, *Bishop of* Winchester, *and afterwards* Cardinal.
John Beaufort, *Earl of* Somerset, *afterwards Duke.*
Richard Plantagenet, *Eldest Son of* Richard, *late Earl of* Cambridge ; *afterwards Duke of* York.
Earl *of* Warwick.
Earl *of* Salisbury.
Earl *of* Suffolk.
Lord Talbot, *afterwards Earl of* Shrewsbury.
Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of* March.
Sir John Fastolfe.
Sir William Lucy.
Sir William Glansdale.
Sir Thomas Gargrave.
Mayor *of* London.
Woodville, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
Vernon, *of the* White Rose, *or* York *faction.*
Basset, *of the* Red Rose, *or* Lancaster *faction.*
A Lawyer.
Mortimer's Keepers.

Charles, *Dauphin, afterwards King of* France.
Reignier, *Duke of* Anjou, *and titular King of* Naples.
Duke *of* Burgundy.
Duke *of* Alençon.
Bastard *of* Orleans.
Governor *of* Paris.
General *of the* French Forces *in* Bourdeaux.
Master-Gunner *of* Orleans, *and his* Son.
A French Sergeant.
A Porter.
An old Shepherd, *father to* Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, *Daughter to* Reignier ; *afterwards married to* King Henry.
Countess *of* Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, *commonly called* Joan of Arc.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and various Attendants both on the English *and* French, *Fiends appearing to* La Pucelle.

SCENE,—*Partly in* England, *and partly in* France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. The corpse of King Henry *the* Fifth *discovered, lying in State; attended on by the* Dukes *of* Bedford, Gloucester, *and* Exeter; *the* Earl *of* Warwick; *the* Bishop *of* Winchester, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black,(1) yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented[a] unto Henry's death!
King Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end? (2)

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:

[a] Consented—] Steevens proposed to read *concented*, believing the word was not employed here in its ordinary sense, but as *concentus*.

None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a schoolboy, you may over-awe.
WIN. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector,
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen may.
GLO. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
BED. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar:—heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist[a] eyes, babes shall suck;
Our isle be made a marish[b] of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright ——[c]

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.
BED. What say'st thou, man![d] before dead Henry's corse
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.
GLO. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again, [ghost.
These news would cause him once more yield the
EXE. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd? [money.
MESS. No treachery; but want of men and
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man* thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words, peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.
EXE. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.
BED. Me they concern; regent I am of France:—
Give me my steeled coat! I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 MESS. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance:
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier,† duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.
EXE. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?
GLO. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.
BED. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 MESS. My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.
WIN. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so? [thrown:
3 MESS. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'er-
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,

---

a Moist—] The reading of the second folio: the first has *moisten'd*.

b Marish—] The first folio reads *Nourish*, an evident misprint, but one not lacking defenders. Our reading is Pope's, which Ritson has very well supported by a line from Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy:"

"Made mountains *marsh with spring-tides of my tears.*"

c Or bright——] Malone conjectured that the blank arose from the transcriber's or compositor's inability to decipher the name. Johnson would fill it up with "Berenice;" while Mr. Collier's annotator reads, "Cassiopé."

d What say'st thou, man!] This line is invariably printed, "What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?"

(*) First folio omits, *man*. (†) Old text, *Reynold*.

By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew: *
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe † had not play'd the coward;
He being in the vaward,[a] (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

BED. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 MESS. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

BED. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,—
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours,—
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 MESS. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

EXE. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn;
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

BED. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

GLO. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

EXE. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*

WIN. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to steal,[b]
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exit.*

(*) Old text, *slew.* (†) Old text, *Falstaffe.*

[a] Vaward,—] Some editors, perhaps rightly, read *rear-ward.*
[b] Steal,—] The folio has, *send.* Mason suggested, what is obvious enough, that *steal* was the poet's word; and Mr. Collier's annotator has made the same correction.

SCENE II.—France. *Before* Orleans.

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, *with his* Forces; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

CHAR. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side,
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

ALEN. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

REIG. Let's raise the siege; why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

CHAR. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French![c]—

[c] *The* forlorn *French!*] The sense of *forlorn* in this place, does not appear to have been understood, and Mr. Collier's annotator proposes to read *forborne*, instead. But the old word, meaning *fore-lost*, needs no change; the Dauphin apostrophises the honour of those French who had *previously fallen.*

Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot or fly.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums; Excursions; the French *are beaten back by the* English *with great loss.*

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

CHAR. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.
REIG. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.
ALEN. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,*
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?
CHAR. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to[a] be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.
REIG. I think, by some odd gimmers or device,
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.
ALEN. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard *of* Orleans.

BAST. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him. [us.
CHAR. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to
BAST. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.
CHAR. Go, call her in: [*Exit* Bastard.] but, first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern;—
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.
[*Retires.*

Re-enter the Bastard *of* Orleans, *with* LA PUCELLE.(3)

REIG. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats? [me?—
PUC. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile
Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.
REIG. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
PUC. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you[b] see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve[c] on this;—thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.
CHAR. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms;
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

(*) Old text, *breed.*

"Peel'd priest, dost thou command me *to* be shut out?"

a To *be* more eager:] As Steevens suggested, the preposition ought to be omitted. The same redundancy is found in a subsequent line,—

b Which you see.] Thus the second folio; the first has superfluously, "which you *may* see."

c Resolve *on this*:] Be *assured* of it.

PUC. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five* flower-de-luces on each side;
The which, at Touraine, in saint Katherine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.
CHAR. Then come, o' God's name, I fear no woman.
PUC. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.
[*They fight, and* LA PUCELLE *overcomes.*
CHAR. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
PUC. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.
CHAR. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
PUC. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.
CHAR. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
REIG. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
ALEN. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock,
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
REIG. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean? [do know:
ALEN. He may mean more than we poor men
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
REIG. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
PUC. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp, I will be your guard.
CHAR. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.
PUC. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect saint Martin's summer,[a] halcyon† days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.(4)

(*) Old copy, *fine.* (†) Old text, *halcyons.*

[a] Saint Martin's summer,—] "That is, expect *prosperity* after *misfortune*, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun."—JOHNSON.

CHAR. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove? (5)
Thou with an eagle art inspired, then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?
ALEN. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
REIG. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
CHAR. Presently we'll try:—come, let's away about it;
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—London. Tower Hill.

Enter, at the Gates, the DUKE *of* GLOUCESTER, *with his* Serving-men *in blue coats.*

GLO. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.[b]—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates, 'tis Gloster that calls.[c]
[Servants *knock.*
1 WARD. [*Within.*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?
1 SERV. It is the noble duke of Gloster.
2 WARD. [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.
1 SERV. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?
1 WARD. [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do not otherwise than we are will'd.
GLO. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I.—
Break up[d] the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

GLOUCESTER'*s* men *rush at the* Tower *gates: and* WOODVILLE, *the* Lieutenant, *speaks within.*

WOOD. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?
GLO. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.
WOOD. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandement,[e]
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

[b] Conveyance.] *Deception, fraudulence,*—perhaps *connivance.*
[c] 'Tis Gloster that calls.] See note (b), p. 293.
[d] Break up *the gates,*—] To *break up*, meant to *break open.*
[e] Commandement,—] *Commandement*, here, as in "The Mer chant of Venice," Act IV. Sc. 1—
"Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement."
must be pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 Serv. Open the gates unto the lord protector; [quickly.
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not

Enter Winchester, *with his* Serving-men *in tawny coats.*[a]

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! * what means this?

Glo. Peel'd[b] priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:
I'll canvas[c] thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot;
This be Damascus,[d] be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt. [back:

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth,
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

(*) Old copies, *Umpheir*, and *Umpire*.

[a] Tawny *coats.*] A *tawny coat* was the dress worn by persons employed in the ecclesiastical courts, and by the retainers of a church dignitary. Thus, in Stow's *Chronicle*, p. 822:—"—and by the way the *bishop* of London met him, attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny-coats.*"

[b] Peel'd *priest*,—] In allusion to his shaven crown.

[c] Canvas—] That is, *toss*, as in a blanket. Thus, in "The Second Part of Henry IV." Act II. Sc. 4, when Falstaff says:—"I will toss the rogue in a blanket," Doll Tearsheet rejoins, "—if thou dost, I'll *canvas* thee between a pair of sheets."

[d] Damascus,—] Damascus was anciently believed to be the spot where Cain killed his brother:—"*Damascus* is as moche to saye as shedynge of blood. For there *Chaym* slowe *Abell*, and hidde hym in the sonde."—*Polychronicon*, fol. xii. quoted by Ritson.

WIN. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face. [face!—

GLO. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat;[a]
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

WIN. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope. [rope!—

GLO. Winchester goose! I cry, a rope! a
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny-coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here GLOUCESTER's men *beat out the* Cardinal's men. *In the hurly-burly, enter the* Mayor *of* London *and his* Officers.

MAY. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

GLO. Peace, mayor! thou knowest little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

WIN. Here's Gloster too,[b] a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and to suppress the prince.

GLO. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*

MAY. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation:—
Come, officer; as loud as ever thou canst cry.

OFF. [*Reads.*] *All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

GLO. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

WIN. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear[c] cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

MAY. I'll call for clubs,[d] if you will not away:—
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

GLO. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

WIN. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have't ere long. [*Exeunt.*

MAY. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.— [bear!
Good God![e] these nobles should such stomachs
I myself fight not once in forty[f] year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—France. *Before* Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner *and his* Son.

M. GUN. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd;
And how the English have the suburbs won.

SON. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. GUN. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace
The prince's espials have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont,* through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And fully† even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, boy,‡ do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

SON. Father, I warrant you; take you no care,
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper chamber of a Tower, the LORDS SALISBURY *and* TALBOT, *Sir* WILLIAM GLANSDALE, *Sir* THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and others.*

SAL. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?

---

[a] *Under my feet* I'll *stamp*, &c.] So the second folio; the first reads, "*I* stamp."

[b] *Here's Gloster* too, *a foe to citizens;*] So the second folio; the first omits, *too*. But query, whether here, and in the line:—

"Open the gates; 'tis Gloster that calls,"

and—

"Gloster, we'll meet; to thy cost, be sure,"

we were not intended to read, *Gloucester.*

(*) Old text, *went.* (†) First folio omits, *fully.*
(‡) First folio omits, *boy.*

[c] *To thy* dear *cost, be sure:*] The reading of the second folio; in the first, *dear* is omitted. See the preceding note.

[d] I'll call for clubs,—] See note (b), p. 165.

[e] *Good God!* these *nobles*, &c.] Here, *that* is understood,—"Good God! *that* these nobles," &c.

[f] Forty *year.*] That is, *many* years. See note (5), p. 150, Vol. I.

Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

TAL. The duke* of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd: and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile†-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O, the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

SAL. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd. [taunts.

TAL. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all;
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart. [dur'd;

SAL. I grieve to hear what torments you en-
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now, it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through[a] this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.

GAR. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords. [bridge.

GLAN. And I, here, at the bulwark of the

TAL. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.[b]

[*Shot from the town.* SALISBURY *and Sir* THO. GARGRAVE *fall.*

SAL. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

GAR. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

TAL. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd us?—
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!—
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars:
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.—
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die whiles——
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.—
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,[c]
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
[*Alarum: thunder and lightning.*
What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head!
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
[SALISBURY *lifts himself up and groans.*

TAL. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—
Pucelle or puzzel,[d] dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.[e] [*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

(*) Old text, *Earle.* (†) Old text, *Piel'd.*

a *Here,* through *this grate, I count each one,*—] This is the reading of the first folio, although Steevens, in error, states it has *thorough;* and Mr. Knight endorses his mistake by adopting that word.

b Enfeebled.] Enfeebled, in this instance, must be read as a quadrisyllable.

c And like thee, Nero,—] The first folio omits, "*Nero;*" the second reads,—

"——and, Nero like, will," &c.

d Puzzel,—] *A foul drab.*

e And then, &c.] Steevens proposed to restore the measure of this line by omitting *and* or *these,* or by reading,—

"Then try we what these dastard Frenchmen dare."

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Before one of the Gates of Orleans.

Alarum. Skirmishings. Enter TALBOT, *pursuing the* Dauphin; *he drives him in, and exit: then enter* JOAN LA PUCELLE, *driving* Englishmen *before her, and exit after them. Then re-enter* TALBOT.

TAL. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them!
Here, here she comes:

Enter LA PUCELLE.

——I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee,[a]—thou art a witch,—
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.
PUC. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee. [*They fight.*
TAL. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.
[*They fight again.*
PUC. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved* men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.
[LA PUCELLE *enters the town, with* Soldiers.
TAL. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,(6)
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[*A short alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous[b] from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*
It will not be.—Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt* TALBOT *and his* Forces, &c.

Flourish. Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and* Soldiers.

PUC. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English:—[c]
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
CHAR. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,[d]
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens, [next.—
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
REIG. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
ALEN. All France will be replete with mirth and joy, [men.
When they shall hear how we have play'd the
CHAR. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her:
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's of* Memphis',(7) ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,(8)
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

(*) Old copy, *hungry-starved.*

(*) Old text, *or.*

[a] Blood will I draw on thee,—] It was formerly believed that drawing blood from a witch rendered her malice impotent.

[b] *So* timorous *from the wolf,*—] The old text has *trecherous,* which was corrected by Pope.

[c] From the English:—] The second folio reads,—"English *wolves;*" but, remembering what Talbot had just before said,—
"They call us, for our fierceness, English *dogs,*"
we should prefer adding *dogs.*

[d] Bright Astræa's daughter,—] So the second folio; the first omits, *bright.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before* Orleans.

Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant *and two* Sentinels.

SERG. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
1 SENT. Sergeant, you shall.—[*Exit* Sergeant.]
Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds,)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and* Forces, *with scaling ladders; their drums beating a dead march.*

TAL. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we, then, this opportunity;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

BED. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,—
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,—
To join with witches and the help of hell.
BUR. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?
TAL. A maid, they say.
BED. A maid! and be so martial!
BUR. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.
TAL. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress; in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
BED. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
TAL. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
BED. Agreed; I'll to yond corner.
BUR. And I to this.
TAL. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—

Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The* English *scale the walls, crying St. George! a Talbot! and all enter by the town.*

SENT. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French *leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the* BASTARD, ORLEANS, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *half ready, and half unready.*

ALEN. How now, my lords! what, all unready[a] so?

BAST. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

REIG. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

ALEN. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous or desperate than this.

BAST. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

REIG. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

ALEN. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.

BAST. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE.

CHAR. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

PUC. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

CHAR. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

ALEN. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

BAST. Mine was secure.

REIG. And so was mine, my lord.

CHAR. And, for myself, most part of all this night.
Within her quarter and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way[b] should they first break in?

PUC. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms[c] to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier *crying, a Talbot! a Talbot! They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

SOLD. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Orleans. *Within the Town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a* Captain, *and others.*

BED. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

TAL. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,

---

[a] Unready—] *Undressed.*

[b] *Then* how or which way—] In a note on a passage of "Richard the Second," (see p. 464, Vol. I.) where this pleonasm occurs, we expressed a suspicion that "*or which way*" was an uncancelled interlineation of the poet. We have since discovered our error. "*How or which way,*" like "Many a time and oft," was evidently an admitted phrase of old. Thus, in "All's Well that Ends Well," Act IV. Sc. 3:—"I'll take the sacrament on 't, *how and which way* you will." Again, in a curious ballad of the sixteenth century, entitled "Of Evyll Tongues," in the collection of Mr. George Daniel:—

> "*Howe and which way* together they agree,
> And what their talke and conference might be."

[c] Platforms—] *Plans, schemes.*

His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

BED. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

BUR. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,)
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

TAL. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

MESS. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast, she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

BUR. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

TAL. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:—
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?

BED. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

TAL. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.—
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You perceive my mind.

CAPT. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Auvergne. *Court of the Castle.*

Enter the COUNTESS *and her* Porter.

COUNT. Porter, remember what I give in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

PORT. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

COUNT. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger *and* TALBOT.

MESS. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

COUNT. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

MESS. Madam, it is.

COUNT. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

TAL. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you. [*Going.*

COUNT. What means he now!—Go ask him whither he goes.

MESS. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

TAL. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter *with keys.*

COUNT. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

TAL. Prisoner! to whom?

COUNT. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

TAL. Ha, ha, ha!

COUNT. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

TAL. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,[a]

[a] Fond,—] That is, *foolish.*

To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.
COUNT. Why, art not thou the man?
TAL. I am indeed.
COUNT. Then have I substance too.
TAL. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.
COUNT. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?
TAL. That will I show you presently.

[*He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter* Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.
COUNT. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
TAL. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
COUNT. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *The* Temple Garden.

Enter the EARLS *of* SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK: RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and a* Lawyer.

PLAN. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
SUF. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.
PLAN. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth,
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?
SUF. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
SOM. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.
WAR. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;—
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
PLAN. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
SOM. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
PLAN. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.
SOM. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
WAR. I love no colours;[a] and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
SUF. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.
VER. Stay, lords and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
SOM. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
PLAN. And I.
VER. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
SOM. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.
VER. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,

---

[a] Colours;—] The word is employed equivocally for *artifices, specious glosses,* &c.

And keep me on the side where still I am.
SOM. Well, well, come on: who else?
LAW. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
[*To* SOMERSET.
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.
PLAN. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
SOM. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.
PLAN. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
SOM. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger,—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
PLAN. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
SOM. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
PLAN. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
SOM. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
PLAN. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion,[a] peevish boy.
SUF. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
PLAN. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
SUF. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
SOM. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.
WAR. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England:
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
PLAN. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
SOM. By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

[a] *I scorn thee and thy* fashion,—] Theobald reads *faction*, we believe rightly; Plantagenet presently after says,—

" ——— This pale and angry rose,——
Will I for ever, and my *faction*, wear.'

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

PLAN. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker[a] Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:[b]
Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

SOM. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;
For these, my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

PLAN. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance[c] of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

SUF. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

SOM. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*

PLAN. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

WAR. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd * out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophecy,—this brawl to-day
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

PLAN. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

VER. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

LAW. And so will I.

PLAN. Thanks, gentle sir.†
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Room in the* Tower.

Enter MORTIMER,(1) *brought in a chair by* Keepers.

MOR. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like, aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,—
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief;
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:—
Yet are these feet whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1 KEEP. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to* his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

MOR. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 KEEP. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

MOR. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

PLAN. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

MOR. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

PLAN. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,

(*) First folio, *whipt.* (†) First folio omits, *sir.*

(*) Old text, *unto.*

[a] Partaker—] *Particeps;* a *partner,* a *factionary.*

[b] Apprehension:—] *Conceit, sarcasm.* He alludes to their calling him a *yeoman.*

[c] Cognizance—] "A *badge* is called a *cognisance, à cognoscendo,* because by it such persons as do wear it upon their sleeves, their shoulders, or in their hats, are manifestly known whose servants they are. In heraldry the *cognisance* is seated upon the most prominent part of the helmet."—TOLLET.

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head. [me,

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease. [was,

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew [a] Richard,—Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young king* Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the† third son
To king Edward the third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as, in this haughty[b] great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army; weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd. [last.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have,

---

[a] Nephew—] Some editors read *cousin*. If *nephew* is the author's word, it must be used like the Latin *nepos*.

(*) First folio omits, *king*.

(†) First folio omits, *the*

[b] Haughty—] *High*.

And that my fainting words do warrant death;
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care. [me:

PLAN. Thy grave admonishments prevail with
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

MOR. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place. [years

PLAN. O, uncle, would some part of my young
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

MOR. Thou dost, then, wrong me,—as the slaught'rer doth,
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so, farewell, and fair be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war!
[*Dies.*

PLAN. And peace, no war, befal thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—
[*Exeunt* Keepers, *bearing out the body of* MORTIMER.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:—
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—
I doubt not, but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill[a] th' advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

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a *Or make my* ill—] The old text is, "make my *will*," &c.; for the restoration of the intended antithesis, we are indebted to Theobald.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. *The* Parliament-House.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloucester, Warwick, Somerset, *and* Suffolk; *the* Bishop *of* Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, *and others.* Gloucester *offers to put up a bill;* Winchester *snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd?
Humphrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,

Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,—
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart. [safe

WIN. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouch-
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good—

GLO. As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

WIN. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

GLO. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

WIN. And am not I a prelate of the church?

GLO. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

WIN. Unreverent Gloster!

GLO. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

WIN. Rome shall remedy this.

WAR. Roam thither then.

SOM. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.[a]

WAR. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

SOM. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

WAR. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

SOM. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

WAR. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

PLAN. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should;*
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [*Aside.*

K. HEN. Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—
[*A noise without;* "Down with the tawny [coats!"
What tumult's this?

WAR. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again;* "Stones! Stones!"

Enter the Mayor *of* London, *attended.*

MAY. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers *of* GLOUCESTER *and* WINCHESTER, *with bloody pates.*

K. HEN. We charge you, on allegiance to our-
self, [peace.
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 SERV. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 SERV. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*

GLO. You of my household, leave this peevish
broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside. [man

3 SERV. My lord, we know your grace to be a
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty:
And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,[b]
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

[a] *Som.* My lord, &c.] This distribution of the speeches was made by Theobald. In the folio 1623, the dialogue runs:—
War. Roame thither then.
My Lord, it were your dutie to forbeare.
Som. I, see the Bishop be not over-borne:
Methinks my Lord should be Religious," &c.

[b] *An* inkhorn *mate,*—] A *bookman*, a *pedant.*

1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field[a] when we are dead.
[*Skirmish again.*
Glo. Stay, stay, I say!
An if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while. [soul!—
K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. Yield, my lord protector;—yield, Winchester;—
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop,
Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?
Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

---

[a] Shall pitch a field—] To understand this allusion, it must be remembered that before beginning a battle it was customary for the archers and other foot-men to encompass themselves with sharp stakes firmly pitched in the ground, to prevent their being overpowered by the cavalry. Thus, in a previous speech, Act I. Sc. 1:—

"No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers:
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They *pitched* in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.

WAR. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.—[a]
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
WIN. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee
Love for thy love; and hand for hand I give.
GLO. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!
WIN. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend it not!
K. HEN. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
1 SERV. Content; I'll to the surgeon's.
2 SERV. And so will I.
3 SERV. And I will see what physic the tavern affords. [*Exeunt* Mayor, Servants, *&c.*
WAR. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty. [sweet prince,
GLO. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty. [force:
K. HEN. And those occasions, uncle, were of
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.
WAR. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
WIN. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.
K. HEN. If Richard will be true, not that* alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.
PLAN. Thy humble[b] servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.
K. HEN. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot,
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely duke of York. [fall!
PLAN. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!
ALL. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

SOM. [*Aside.*] Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!
GLO. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.
K. HEN. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes,
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
GLO. Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all except* EXETER.
EXE. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all,
And Henry, born at Windsor, should* lose all,
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—France. *Before* Rouen.

Enter LA PUCELLE *disguised, and* Soldiers *dressed like* Countrymen, *with sacks upon their backs.*

PUC. These are the city-gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach: (1)
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance,—as I hope we shall,—
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the dauphin may encounter them.
1 SOL. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*
GUARD. [*Within.*] *Qui est là?*
PUC. *Paysans, pauvres gens de France,*—
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

(*) First folio inserts, *all.*

[a] A kindly gird.] An *appropriate taunt; a reproach in kind.* See note (a), p. 180, Vol. I.

(*) First folio omits, *should.*

[b] *Thy* humble *servant*—] We incline to read, with Mr. Collier's annotator, "thy *honour'd* servant," &c.

GUARD. [*Opening the gates.*] Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung. [the ground.
PUC. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to
[LA PUCELLE, *&c. enter the city.*

Enter CHARLES, *the* Bastard *of* Orleans, ALENÇON, *and* Forces.

CHAR. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.
BAST. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants.
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where * is the best and safest passage in?
ALEN. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower; [is,—
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning
No way to that, for weakness, which she entered.

Enter LA PUCELLE *on a battlement, holding out a burning torch.*

PUC. Behold, this is the happy wedding-torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen;
But burning-fatal to the Talbotites! [friend;
BAST. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
CHAR. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes! [ends;
ALEN. Defer no time, delays have dangerous
Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, *and* English Soldiers *from the town.*

TAL. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride[a] of France.
[*Exeunt into the town.*

Alarum: excursions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, *brought in sick, in a chair, with* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the* English Forces. *Then, enter on the walls,* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, *the* Bastard, ALENÇON, *and others.*

PUC. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?

(*) Old text, *Here.*

[a] *That hardly we escap'd the* pride *of France.*] Warburton explains *pride* to mean *haughty power*. In "Henry V." Act I. Sc. 2, we meet the same expression:—

"——could entertain
With half their forces the *full pride of France.*"

I think the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?
  Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
  Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.
  Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
  Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a-tilt at death, within a chair?
  Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,[a]
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
  Puc. Are ye so hot, sir?—yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—
[Talbot *and the rest consult together.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
  Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?
  Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.
  Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecaté,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
  Alen. Signior, no.
  Tal. *Signior*, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

[a] *Hag of* all *despite*,—] Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes, "hag of *hell's* despite;" but see "Henry VI." Pt. 3, Act II. Sc. 6:—
"That I in *all despite* might rail at him."

PUC. Away, captains! let's get us from the walls,
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God b' wi' my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here.
[*Exeunt* LA PUCELLE, *&c. from the walls.*
TAL. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town or die. [vows.
BUR. My vows are equal partners with thy
TAL. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.
BED. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit, before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal or woe. [you.
BUR. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade
BED. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.
TAL. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so—heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.
[*Exeunt into the town* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, *and* Forces, *leaving* BEDFORD *and others.*

Alarum: excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE, *and a* Captain.

CAP. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
FAST. Whither away! to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.
CAP. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?
FAST. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.
[*Exit.*
CAP. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!
[*Exit.*

Retreat: excursions. Re-enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *&c., and exeunt, flying.*

BED. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

Alarum. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and others.*

TAL. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!
BUR. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monuments.
TAL. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep: [gleeks?
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his
What, all a-mort! Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris to the king;
For there young Henry with his nobles lie
BUR. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.
TAL. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The Plains near* Rouen.

Enter CHARLES, *the* Bastard, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and* Forces.

PUC. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered;
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.
CHAR. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
BAST. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
nd have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
mploy thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.
Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
y fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
'e will entice the duke of Burgundy
'o leave the Talbot and to follow us.
Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
rance were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.
Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.
Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drum heard afar off.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English *March heard.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

A French *March. Enter the* DUKE *of* BURGUNDY *and his* Forces.

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his;
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

CHAR. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

BUR. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

PUC. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

BUR. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

CHAR. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words. [France!

PUC. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

BUR. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

PUC. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast!
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

BUR. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent. [on thee,

PUC. Besides, all French and France exclaims
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

BUR. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;—
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

PUC. Done like a Frenchman;—turn, and turn again!

CHAR. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

BAST. And doth beget new courage in our breasts. [this,

ALEN. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

CHAR. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, *and other* Lords, VERNON, BASSET, *&c. To them* TALBOT *and some of his* Officers.

TAL. My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. HEN. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

GLO. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. HEN. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
When I was young (as yet I am not old),
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,

We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.
[*Exeunt all except* VERNON *and* BASSET.

VER. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

BAS. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

VER. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

BAS. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

VER. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that. [*Strikes him.*

BAS. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,
That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death;[a]
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

VER. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death:] Meaning, possibly, that to draw a sword within the precincts of the Court was a capital offence.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the* Governor *of* Paris, *and others.*

GLO. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.
WIN. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!
GLO. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—
[Governor *kneels.*
That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends;
And none your foes but such as shall pretend [a]
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt* Governor *and his* Train.

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

FAST. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.
TAL. Shame to the duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
[*Plucking it off.*
(Which I have done) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,*—
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.(1)
GLO. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

[a] Pretend—] *Design.*

(*) Old text, *Poictiers.*

TAL. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most[a] extremes.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. HEN. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—
[*Exit* FASTOLFE.
And now, my* lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

GLO. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
[*Viewing the superscription.*
No more but, plain and bluntly,—*To the king?*
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend[b] some alteration in good will?
What's here?—[*Reads.*] *I have, upon especial cause,*
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so,—
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. HEN. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt? [foe.

GLO. He doth, my lord; and is become your

K. HEN. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

GLO. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. HEN. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse:—
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

TAL. Content, my liege! yes; but that I am prevented,[c]
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. HEN. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

TAL. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

VER. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

BAS. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too! [prince!

YORK. This is my servant; hear him, noble

SOM. And this is mine; sweet Henry, favour him! [to speak.—

K. HEN. Be patient, lords, and give them leave
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

VER. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong. [wrong.

BAS. And I with him; for he hath done me

K. HEN. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

BAS. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

VER. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him,
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd[d] the faintness of my master's heart.

YORK. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

SOM. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. HEN. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men,
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

YORK. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

(*) First folio omits, *my*.

[a] Most *extremes*.] Mr. Collier's annotator reads "*worst* extremes."

[b] Pretend *some alteration in good will?*] *Pretend* is here equivalent to *portend*, a sense it seems sometimes to have formerly borne. Thus, in Barclay's "Ship of Fooles," fol. 129, ed. 1570, quoted by Mr. Dyce:—

"What misfortune, adversitie, or blame,
Can all the planets to man or childe *pretende*,
If God most glorious by his might us defende."

[c] Prevented,—] *Anticipated*, by the king's speech.

[d] Bewray'd—] That is, *Betrayed, betokened*.

SOM. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then. [merset.
YORK. There is my pledge; accept it, So-
VER. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
BAS. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
GLO. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.
EXE. It grieves his highness;—good my lords, be friends. [batants.
K. HEN. Come hither, you that would be com-
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—
And you, my lords,—remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father;
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York;
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:—
And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, SUFFOLK, *and* BASSET.
WAR. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
YORK. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset. [not;
WIN. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
YORK. An if I wist[a] he did!—but let it rest,
Other affairs must now be managed.
[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, *and* VERNON.
EXE. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that[b] it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands
But more, when envy[c] breeds unkind[d] division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—France. *Before* Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, *with his* Forces.

TAL. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General *of the* French Forces, *and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls* you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;(2)
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

(*) First folio, *call.*

[a] *An if I* wist *he did!*—] An if I *thought* he did, &c. The old text for *wist*, an emendation by Capell, reads *wish.*
[b] *But* that *it doth presage some ill event.*] This is very awkardly expressed. We should perhaps read—
"But *feels* it doth presage," &c.
[c] Envy—] *Enmity.*
[d] Unkind—] *Unnatural.*

GEN. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, dew[a] thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt* General, *&c. from the walls.*

TAL. He fables not, I hear the enemy;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,—
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be, then, in blood;[b]
Not rascal-like,[c] to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God and saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Plains in* Gascony.

Enter YORK *with* Forces; *to him a* Messenger.

YORK. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

MESS. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

YORK. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted[d] by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

LUCY. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour. [heart

YORK. O God! that Somerset—who in proud
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

LUCY. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord! [word:

YORK. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

LUCY. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son young John; who two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

YORK. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay! [*Exit.*

---

[a] Dew *thee withal;*] So the old text; but the modern reading *due*, in the sense of paying a deserved tribute, is, perhaps, to be preferred.

[b] Be, then, in blood;] See note (c), p. 71, Vol. I.

[c] *Not* rascal-*like*,—] *Rascal* has been before explained to be a term of the chase for a deer, lean and altogether out of condition.

[d] *And I am* lowted *by a traitor villain*,—] Malone interprets this:—"I am treated with contempt like a *lowt*, or low country fellow." It means, more probably, I am *left in the mire, land-lurch'd*, by a traitor, &c.

LUCY. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth:—whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Other Plains of* Gascony.

Enter SOMERSET, *with his* Forces; *an* Officer *of* TALBOT'S *with him.*

SOM. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

OFF. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

SOM. How now, sir William? whither were you sent?

LUCY. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold[a] lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.*
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering,[b] looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields† up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and‡ Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

SOM. York set him on, York should have sent him aid. [exclaims;

LUCY. And York as fast upon your grace
Swearing, that you withhold his levied horse,[c]
Collected for this expedition.

SOM. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

LUCY. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

SOM. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

LUCY. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en or slain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

SOM. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then, adieu!

LUCY. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The* English *Camp near* Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT *and* JOHN *his* Son.

TAL. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided[d] danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

JOHN. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say—he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

TAL. Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.

JOHN. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

TAL. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

JOHN. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.

(*) Old text, *Regions.* (†) First folio, *Yield.*
(‡) First folio omits, *and.*

[a] Bought and sold—] A proverbial phrase applied to any one entrapped or made a victim of by treachery or mismanagement; it is found again in "The Comedy of Errors," Act III. Sc. 1, in "King John," Act V. Sc. 4, and in "Richard III." Act V. Sc. 3.

[b] *And, in* advantage lingering,—] Perhaps originally,—
"And, in *disadvantage ling'ring,*" &c.

[c] *His levied* horse—] In the old text, *hoast.* The correction is Hanmer's.

[d] Unavoided—] *Unavoidable,* as in "Richard III." Act IV. Sc. 1:—
"Whose *unavoided eye* is murderous."
And as in the same play, Act IV. Sc. 4:—
"All *unavoided* is the doom of destiny."

Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow,[a] they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

TAL. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb? [womb.

JOHN. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's

TAL. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

JOHN. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

TAL. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

JOHN. No part of him but will be shame in me.

TAL. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it. [abuse it?

JOHN. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight

TAL. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

JOHN. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

TAL. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

JOHN. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

TAL. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Field of Battle.*

Alarum: excursions, wherein TALBOT's Son *is hemmed about, and* TALBOT *rescues him.*

TAL. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

JOHN. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

TAL. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,*
And misbegotten blood, I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,—
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet[b] leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly to revenge my death when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain an if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart; [heart:
These words of yours draw life-blood from my
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like[c] me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;[d]
If son to Talbot die at Talbot's foot.

---

[a] Bow,—] Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes *fly*, and Mr. Singer, *flew*; but the *bow* of the old text, in the sense of *give way*, is no doubt the genuine word.

[b] Yet—] That is, *now*.

[c] Like *me*—] *Reduce me to the level of.*

[d] *It is no* boot;] *Boot* is from the Anglo-Saxon *botan, advantage, profit*, &c. *It is no boot*, means, *it is of no avail*. So, in "The Taming of the Shrew," Act V. Sc. 2:—

"Then vail your stomachs, for *it is no boot*."

Tal. Then follow thou thy desp'rate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the same.*

Alarum: excursions. Enter Talbot *wounded, supported by a* Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee!—
When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, *bearing the body of* John Talbot.(3)

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots winged, through the lither[a] sky,
In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.—

---

[a] *The* lither *sky,*—] This is always explained to signify the *yielding* sky; it may mean, however, the *lazy, idle* sky. *Lither* is still used in this sense in many parts of England. So in Holinshed:—"Howbeit she hath not shewed hir self so bountifull a mother in pouring forth such riches as she proveth hirself an envious stepdame, in that she instilleth in the inhabitants a drousie *lythernesse* to withdraw them from the ensearching of hir hourded and hidden jewelles."

O thou whose wounds become[a] hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether[b] he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say— [day.
Had death been French, then death had died to-
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
[*Dies.*

Alarums. *Exeunt* Soldiers *and* Servant, *leaving the two bodies.* *Enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, *the* Bastard, LA PUCELLE, *and* Forces.

CHAR. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
BAST. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,[c]
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
PUC. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:
But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born*
To be the pillage of a giglot[d] *wench:*
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight. [knight:—
BUR. Doubtless he would have made a noble
See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms![e]
BAST. Hew them to pieces! hack their bones asunder!
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.
CHAR. O, no; forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, *attended; a* French Herald *preceding.*

LUCY. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
CHAR. On what submissive message art thou sent? [word;
LUCY. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
CHAR. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.[f] [field,
LUCY. But where's the great Alcides of the
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford,[g] Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the noble order of saint George,
Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great mareshal to Henry the sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
PUC. Here is a silly stately style, indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
LUCY. Is Talbot slain,—the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.
PUC. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em;* to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.
CHAR. Go, take their bodies hence.
LUCY. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd[h]
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.
CHAR. So we be rid of them, do with 'em* what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein.
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.
[*Exeunt.*

---

[a] Become *hard-favour'd death,*—] That is, *adorn, beautify,* hard-favour'd death. See note (a), p. 151.

[b] *Brave death by speaking,* whether *he will or no;*] *Whether,* in the old copies, when required to be pronounced as a monosyllable, is sometimes, but not always, contracted to *where.* In the present case it should be pronounced, if not printed, *whe'r,* or *whêr.*

[c] Raging-wood,—] That is, raging-*mad.*

[d] *A* giglot *wench:*] A *wanton* wench.

[e] *The most bloody nurser of* his *harms!*] Query "of *our* harms."

[f] But tell me whom thou seek'st.] From this imperfect line, and Lucy's abrupt inquiry, something, probably to the effect that the chief prisoners spared were present, appears to have been omitted by the transcriber or compositor.

[g] Washford,—] *Wexford* was anciently called both *Weysford* and *Washford.*

[h] But from their ashes shall be rear'd—] The deficiency in this line Pope supplied by reading,—

"But from their ashes, *Dauphin,*" &c.

Mr. Collier's annotator gives,—

"But from their *very* ashes," &c.

(*) First folio, *him.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, *and* EXETER.

K. HEN. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

GLO. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. HEN. How doth your grace affect their motion?

GLO. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.

K. HEN. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity[a] and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

GLO. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near kin[b] to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. HEN. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:

[a] Immanity—] *Cruelty, ferocity.*

[b] *Near* kin *to Charles,*—] The old text has "near *knit* to Charles." "*Kin*" is Pope's suggestion, and it is the alteration made by Mr. Collier's annotator.

I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate *and two* Ambassadors, *with* Winchester, *now* Cardinal Beaufort, *in a* Cardinal's *habit.*

Exe. [*Aside.*] What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophecy,—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which by my lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contráct,
Bear her this jewel, [*To the* Amb.] pledge of my affection.——
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt* King Henry *and* Train; Gloucester, Exeter, *and* Ambassadors.

Car. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.
[*Exit.*

Car. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—France. *Plains in* Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and* Forces, *marching.*

CHAR. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.
ALEN. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
PUC. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us.
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

SCOUT. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!
CHAR. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.
SCOUT. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts,* is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.
CHAR. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
BUR. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
PUC. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
CHAR. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before* Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

PUC. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;[a]
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents—
[*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,(1)
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions* under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where[b] I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul,—my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:—
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.
[*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter French *and* English, *fighting.* LA PUCELLE† *and* YORK *fight hand to hand.* LA PUCELLE *is taken.*(2) *The* French *fly.*

YORK. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape!
PUC. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
YORK. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
PUC. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
YORK. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!
PUC. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.
YORK. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, *leading in* LADY MARGARET.

SUF. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*Gazes on her.*

(*) Old text, *parties.*

[a] *Charming spells, and* periapts;] *Periapts* or *amulets* were charms worn on the person to avert disease or danger.

(*) Old text, *regions.* (†) Old text, *Burgundie.*

[b] Where—] That is, *whereas.*

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands:
I kiss these fingers[a] for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

MAR. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples,—whosoe'er thou art.

SUF. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her* wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*

O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.

---

[a] I kiss these fingers—] In the modern editions, a stage direction [*Kissing her hand*] is given here, which may mislead. From the ensuing line:—

"And lay them gently *on thy tender side*,"

it would seem that Suffolk is speaking of his own hand, which he kisses in attestation of homage, and then replaces gently round the lady's waist. This view of the action is strengthened by the stage direction of the old copies:—"*Enter Suffolke with Margaret in his hand*," and by what he presently says:—

"So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings,"

and obviates the necessity of any transposition in the lines

(*) First folio, *his*.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fie, De la Poole! disable[a] not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?[b]
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such, [rough.[c]
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses

MAR. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

SUF. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*

MAR. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

SUF. She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman, therefore to be won. [*Aside.*

MAR. Wilt thou accept of ransom—yea, or no?

SUF. Fond man! remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
[*Aside.*

MAR. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

SUF. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card. [*Aside.*

MAR. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

SUF. And yet a dispensation may be had.
[*Aside.*

MAR. And yet I would that you would answer me.

SUF. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush! that's a wooden[d] thing.
[*Aside.*

MAR. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

SUF. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that, too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*

MAR. Hear ye, captain,—are you not at leisure?

SUF. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—[*Aside.*
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

MAR. What though I be enthrall'd, he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*

SUF. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

MAR. Perhaps I shall be resc'u'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*

SUF. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

MAR. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*

SUF. Lady, wherefore talk you so?[e]

MAR. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.[f]

SUF. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

MAR. To be a queen in bondage is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

SUF. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free. [me?

MAR. Why, what concerns his freedom unto

SUF. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

MAR. What?

SUF. His love.

MAR. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

SUF. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are ye so content?

MAR. An if my father please, I am content.

SUF. Then call our captains and our colours forth!—
And, madam, at your father's castle-walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.
[Troops *come forward.*

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *on the walls.*

SUF. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

REIG. To whom?

SUF. To me.

REIG. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

SUF. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, (and, for thy honour, give consent,)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;

---

[a] Disable—] That is, *disparage*. See note (e), p. 168.

[b] *Is she not here* thy prisoner?] The last two words of this line are omitted in the first folio.

[c] Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.]

This is a troublesome passage. Hanmer, for *rough*, reads *crouch*. Mr. Collier's annotator, for "makes the senses rough," proposes "*mocks the sense of touch;*" and Mr. Singer's corrector, "*wakes the sense's touch.*"

[d] Wooden—] As we now say *blockish*. So in Lily's *Galathea*, 1592:—"Would I were out of these woods, for I shall have but *wooden* luck;" and in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (both quoted by Steevens):—

"Or, seeing, have so *woodden* wits as not that worth to know."

[e] Lady, wherefore talk you so?] Mr. Collier's annotator remedies the imperfection of this line by inserting "pray tell me."

[f] 'Tis but *quid* for *quo*.] Falstaff, it will be recollected, adopts the same effective course to reprove the Chief Justice for his "disease of not listening," in the "Second Part of Henry IV." Act I. Sc. 2.

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
REIG. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
SUF. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
REIG. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit from the walls.*
SUF. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. *Enter* REIGNIER, *below.*

REIG. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
SUF. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
REIG. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county* Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
SUF. That is her ransom,—I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
REIG. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,—
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
SUF. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king:—
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.— [*Aside.*
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So, farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
REIG. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.
MAR. Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*
SUF. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;—
No princely commendations to my king?
MAR. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him. [directed.
SUF. Words sweetly plac'd and modestly†
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty? [heart,
MAR. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.
SUF. And this withal. [*Kisses her*
MAR. That for thyself;—I will not so presume
To send such peevish[a] tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt* REIGNIER *and* MARGARET.
SUF. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
And[b] natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Camp of the* Duke *of* York, *in* Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and others.*

YORK. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and a* Shepherd.

SHEP. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death? [thee!
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with
PUC. Decrepit miser![c] base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.
SHEP. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first-fruit of my bachelorship.
WAR. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
YORK. This argues what her kind of life hath been;—
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
SHEP. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle![d]
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

(*) Old text, *country.* (†) First folio, *modestie.*

[a] Peevish—] *Childish, foolish.*

[b] And *natural graces*—] The first folio has "*mad* natural graces;" *and* is the emendation of Capell. Mr. Collier, on the faith of his annotator, reads "*Mid*," which he pronounces incontestable. We must take leave to differ with him, believing either *And*, or "*Her*," another substitution of the commentators, much better suited to the context.

[c] *Decrepit* miser!] *Miser* here does not imply avarice; but means a *miserable caitiff*; a sense it so commonly bore formerly that examples are needless.

[d] *So* obstacle!] An old vulgar corruption of *obstinate.*

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true; I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk [breast,
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.
[*Exit.*
York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

PUC. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not one* begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! [a] Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

YORK. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution!

WAR. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

PUC. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not, then, the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

YORK. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

WAR. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought!
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

YORK. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

WAR. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

PUC. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

YORK. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

PUC. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

WAR. A married man! that's most intolerable.

YORK. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

WAR. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

YORK. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

PUC. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse;
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves.

[*Exit, guarded.*

YORK. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *attended.*

CAR. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

YORK. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

WAR. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, *the* BASTARD, REIGNIER, *and others.*

CHAR. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

YORK. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd [b] voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

CAR. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:—
That, in regard king Henry gives consent,

(*) Old text, *me.*

[a] No, misconceived! *Joan of Arc hath been*—] Steevens interprets this,—"No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities." If this be the meaning, the author probably wrote:—

"*Know*, misconceived," &c.

But, perhaps, the punctuation adopted by Mr. Collier gives the true solution:—

"No; misconceived Joan of Arc hath been," &c.

[b] Prison'd *voice,*—] In the old text, "*poyson'd* voice." Theobald first substituted *prison'd.*

Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

ALEN. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

CHAR. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all. [means

YORK. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret
Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit[a] proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

REIG. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.
[*Aside to* CHARLES.

ALEN. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.
[*Aside to* CHARLES.

WAR. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

CHAR. It shall:
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

YORK. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England;
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[CHARLES *and the rest give tokens of fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Of* benefit *proceeding from our king,*—] "*Benefit* is here a term of law. Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our king." —JOHNSON.

SCENE V.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK; GLOUCESTER *and* EXETER *following.*

K. HEN. Your wond'rous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And, like as rigour of tempestuous gusts,
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

SUF. Tush, my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord. [sume.

K. HEN. And otherwise will Henry ne'er pre-
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

GLO. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we, then, dispense with that contract
And not deface your honour with reproach?

SUF. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

GLO. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

SUF. Yes, my good* lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

GLO. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles. [dower;

EXE. Beside, his wealth doth warrant† liberal
Where Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

(*) First folio omits, *good.* (†) First folio inserts, *a.*

SUF. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It[a] most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,[b]
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. HEN. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

GLO. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* EXETER.

SUF. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.
[*Exit.*

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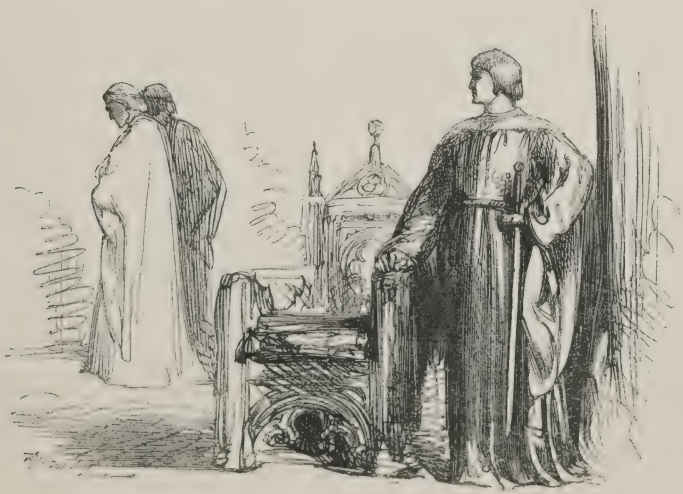
[a] It *most of all*, &c.] *It* is an addition of Rowe's; the old text exhibiting the line,

"Most of all these reasons bindeth us."

We should prefer reading, "*And* most of all," &c. conceiving Suffolk's meaning to be—since he loves her best, and we ourselves in the choice of a wife are most bound by considerations of affection, she should be preferred.

[b] *Whereas the* contrary *bringeth bliss,*—] *Contrary* must here be read as a quadrisyllable.



ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*Hung be the heavens with black.*] In our early theatres, before the introduction of movable scenery, it appears that the back and sides of the stage were usually adorned with tapestry or arras, while the internal roof, or ceiling, technically called the "Heavens," by means of blue hangings, similar perhaps to those still in use, was made to represent the actual sky. When the performance was of a tragic nature, however, the furniture of the stage partook in some degree of the sombre character of the piece, and the walls and interior covering were always hung with black. To this change in the aspect of the stage when tragedy was played, the passage in the text is one of many allusions which may be instanced from Elizabethan writers. Thus Shakespeare again, in his "Rape of Lucrece:"—

> "*Black stage* for *tragedies*, and murthers fell."

So, in the Induction to a tragedy called "A Warning for Fair Women," 1599:—

> "*Historie.* Look, Comedie, I mark'd it not till now,
> *The stage is hung with blacke*, and I perceive
> The auditors prepar'd for tragedie."

So, also, in Marston's "Insatiate Countess," Act IV.:—

> "The stage of heav'n is *hung* with solemne *black*,
> A time best fitting to act *tragedies*."

And so Sidney, in his "Arcadia," p. 125, ed. 1598:—"There arose, even with the Sunne, a vaile of darke cloudes before his face, which shortly (like inke powred into water) had *blacked over all the face of heaven;* preparing (as it were) a mournfull stage for a Tragedie to be played on." For further illustration of the practice, the reader may consult Malone's "Historical Account of the English Stage," Vol. III. p. 103 of the "Variorum" Shakespeare; and Whiter's "Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare," p. 156.

(2) SCENE I.—
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end.]

The superstition to which Rosalind refers, "I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras time that I was an Irish rat," ("As You Like It," Act III. Sc. 2,) was of the same species, though of a less tragic and malignant character, as that indicated in the passage above. The rhyming rats to death was supposed to be effected partly by force of the verses employed, and partly by the solemn, ceaseless, and monotonous chant with which they were repeated. But the "magic verses" to which the death of Henry V. is here attributed were not required to be uttered in his presence: their deadly energy existing solely in the words of the imprecation and the malevolence of the reciter, which were supposed to render them effectual at any distance. Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesie*, says, "I will not wish you to be rimed to death as is said to be done in Ireland;" and Sir William Temple, with much probability, suggests that the practice in that country was derived from the various kinds of poetical charms employed by the Gothic races in their Runes, and the stanzas which they composed in them. The Runic letters were all believed to have different and individual powers; and some were accordingly entitled Noxious, or Bitter Runes, and to verses formed of such characters the passage in the text refers. There were, also, other Runes which would secure victory, avert misfortune, excite love, and cure disease; to which class the rat-rhymes probably belonged.

Among other reasons which might be assigned for verse being chosen as the medium for these charms, are the precise adherence to the words which was insured by the limitations of rhyme and metre; and the great assistance they afforded to the memory. The mystic language of the bards who composed these formulæ would also naturally run into rhythm and verse as being the oldest and most appropriate diction for expressing them. In the ancient epigram, called *The Poem of the Furnace*, addressed to the potters of Samos, and attributed to Homer, there is a remarkable instance of verse employed both as a blessing and a malediction; the effect of the invocation being dependent on the good or ill reward the poet met with from the workmen.

King Henry V. died at Vincennes, August 31st, 1422; but though contemporaneous historians differ as to his mortal disease, none of them attributes his death to the magical influence of conjurers and sorcerers.

(3) SCENE II.—*La Pucelle.*] The Pucelle of this play is a parody on the Pucelle of history. The leading incidents in the career of this remarkable female are roughly sketched, indeed, but in the actions and speeches attributed to her we have no indication whatever of that simplicity and meekness which, in strange combination with undaunted resolution and the most reckless personal bravery, so pre-eminently distinguished the heroic Maid of Orleans. The circumstances connected with Joan's first interview with the dauphin appear to have been derived by the dramatist from Holinshed, whose narrative runs as follows:—"In time of this siege at Orleance (French stories saie) the first weeke of March 1428, unto Charles the Dolphin, at Chinon, as he was in very great care and studie how to wrestle against the English nation, by one Peter Badricourt, capteine of Vacouleur (made after marshall of France by the Dolphin's creation), was caried a young wench of an eighteene yeeres old, called Joan Are, by name of hir father (a sorie sheepheard) James of Are, and Isabell hir mother, brought up poorlie in their trade of keeping cattel, born at Domprin (therefore reported by Bale, Jone Domprin) upon Meuse in Lorraine within the diocesse of Thoule. Of favour was she counted likesome, of person stronglie made and manlie, of courage great, hardie, and stout withall, an understander of counsels though she were not at them, great semblance of chastitie both of bodie and behaviour, the name of Jesus in hir mouth about all hir businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting diverse days in the week. A person (as their bookes make hir) raised up by power divine, only for succour to the French estate, then deeplie in distresse, in whome, for planting a credit the rather, first the companie that toward the Dolphin did conduct hir, through places all dangerous, as holden by the English, where she never was afore, all the waie and by nightertale safely did she lead: then at the Dolphins sending by hir assignement, from saint Katharin's church of Fierbois in Touraine (where she never had been and knew not), in a secret place there among old iron, appointed she hir sword to be sought out and brought hir, that with five floure delices was graven on both sides, wherewith she fought and did manie slaughters by hir owne hands. In warfar rode she in armour, capapie and mustered as a man, before hir an ensigne all white, wherin was Jesus Christ painted with a floure delice in his hand.

"Unto the Dolphin into his gallerie when first she was brought, and he shadowing himselfe behind, setting other gaie lords before him to try hir cunning from all the companie, with a salutation (that indeed marred all the matter)

she pickt him out alone, who thereupon had hir to the end of the gallerie, where she held him an houre in secret and private talke, that of his privie chamber was thought verie long, and therefore would have broken it off; but he made them a signe to let hir saie on."

(4) SCENE II.—
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.]

This may have been suggested by a passage Steevens found in Plutarch's Life of Julius Cæsar, as translated by North:—"Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himselfe unto the maister of the pynnase, who at the first was amazed when he saw him; but Cæsar, then taking him by the hand, sayd unto him, good fellow, be of good cheere, forwardes hardily, and feare not, for *thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.*"

(5) SCENE II.—*Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?*] Mahomet, it is related, had a dove, "which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians, that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice."—See SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S *History of the World*, b. i. part i. ch. vi.

(6) SCENE V.—
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists.]

Referring to Hannibal's escape by the stratagem of fixing burning twigs on the horns of oxen, as told in Livy, b. xxii. c. xvi.

(7) SCENE V.—*Than Rhodope's of Memphis.*] The old text reads:—"—— Rhodope's *or* Memphis." Capell first proposed the lection usually adopted. Of the pyramids near Memphis, Pliny records that "the fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of *one Rhodope*, a verie strumpet." See also Ælian, Var. His. xiii. 33; and Strabo, xvii. p. 180.

(8) SCENE V.—*Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius.*] This alludes to the costly casket which Alexander selected from the *opima spolia* of Darius at the taking of Gaza, as a befitting shrine for the Iliad of Homer. "In what price the noble poemes of *Homer* were holden with *Alexander* the great, in so much as every night they were layd under his pillow, and by day were carried in *the rich iewell cofer of Darius*, lately before vanquished by him in battaile."—PUTTENHAM'S *Arte of English Poesie.* chap. viii.

ACT II.

(1) SCENE V.—*Mortimer.*] "This Edmond Mortimer was, I believe, confounded by the author of this play, and by the old historians, with his kinsman, who was perhaps about thirty years old at his death. Edmond Mortimer was born in December, 1392, and consequently at the time of his death was thirty-two years old.

"This family had great possessions in Ireland, in consequence of the marriage of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, with the daughter of the Earl of Ulster, about 1353, and were long connected with that country. Lionel was for some time Viceroy of Ireland, and was created by his father, Edward III., Duke of *Clarence*, in consequence of possessing the honour of *Clare*, in the county of Thomond. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who married Philippa, the duke's only daughter, succeeded him in the government of Ireland, and died in his office, at St. Dominick's Abbey, near Cork, in December, 1381. His son, Roger Mortimer, was twice Vicegerent of Ireland, and was slain at a place called Kenles, in Ossory, in 1398. Edmund, his son, the Mortimer of this play, was, as has been already mentioned, also Chief Governor of Ireland, in the years 1423 and 1424, and died there in 1425. His nephew and heir, Richard, Duke of York (the Plantagenet of this play), was in 1449 constituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for ten years, with extraordinary powers; and his son George Duke of Clarence (who was afterwards murdered in the Tower) was born in the Castle of Dublin, in 1450. This prince filled the same office which so many of his ancestors had possessed, being constituted Chief Governor of Ireland for *life*, by his brother Edward IV. in the third year of his reign.

"Perhaps I have been mistaken in one assertion which I have made in the former part of this note; Mortimer probably did not take his title of *Clarence* from his great Irish possessions (as I have suggested), but rather from his wife's mother, Elizabeth le Clare, third daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloster, and sister to Gilbert de Clare, the last (of that name) Earl of Gloster, who founded Clare Hall in Cambridge.

"The error concerning Edmund Mortimer, brother-in-law to Richard, Earl of Cambridge, having been 'kept in captivity untill he died,' seems to have arisen from the legend of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, in the 'Mirrour for Magistrates,' 1575, where the following lines are found:—

'His cursed son ensued his cruell path,
'And kept my giltlesse *cosin* strayt in *duraunce*,
'For whome my father hard entreated hath,
'But living hopelesse of his life's assuraunce,
'Hee thought it best by pollitike procuraunce
'To slay the king, and so restore his frend;
'Which brought himself to an infamous end:
'So whan King *Henry*, of that name the fifte,
'Had tane my father in his conspiracie,
'Hee, from Sir *Edmund* all the blame to shifte,
'Was fayne to say, the *French* king Charles, his alley,
'Had hyred him this trayterous act to trye;
'For which condemned shortly hee was slain,
'In helping right this was my father's gaine.'"

MALONE.

ACT III.

(1) SCENE II.—
These are the city-gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach.]

Both Hall and Holinshed relate, in nearly the same words, a stratagem employed at the siege of Evreux in 1442, which furnished the poet with materials for this scene:—"The Frenchmen, a little before this season, had taken the town of Evreux by treason of a fisher. Sir Francis the Arragonois hearing of that chance apparelled six strong fellowes, like men of the countrie, with sacks and baskets, as cariers of corne and vittels, and sent them to the castell of Cornill, in the which diverse Englishmen were kept as prisoners, and he with an ambush of Englishmen laie in a vallie nigh to the fortresse. The six counterfet husbandmen entered the castell unsuspected, and streight came to the chamber of the capteine, and laieng hands on him, gave knowledge to them that laie in ambush to come to their aid. The which suddenlie made foorth, and entered the castell, slue and tooke all the Frenchmen, and set the Englishmen at libertie: which thing doone, they set fire in the castell, and departed to Rone with their bootie and prisoners."—HOLINSHED.

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.]

The imputation of cowardice which for a short time dimmed the fame of Sir John Fastolfe, arose at the battle of Patay, where the English forces under Lord Talbot, consisting of about six thousand men, were suddenly assailed by the French, in numbers of nearly four to one. "The Englishmen had not leysure to put themselves in aray, after they had pight up their stakes before their Archers, so that there was no remedie but to fight at adventure. This battaile continued by the space of three long houres: for the Englishmen, though they were oppressed with multitude of their enimies, yet they never fled backe one foote, tyl theyr Captayne the Lord Talbot was sore wounded at the backe, and so taken. Then theyr heartes began to faint, and they fledde, in which flight were slaine above twelve hundred, and fortie taken, of whome the Lorde Talbot, the Lorde Scales, the Lord Hungerforde, and Sir Thomas Rampston, were chiefe. * * * From this battail departed, without any stroke striken, sir John Fastolfe, the same yeare for his valiantnesse elected into the order of the Garter, for which cause the Duke of Bedforde tooke from him the Image of saint George, and his Garter, though afterward, by meane of friends and apparaunt causes of good excuse, the same were to him againe delivered agaynst the mynde of the Lorde Talbot." —HOLINSHED.

(2) SCENE II.—*Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire.*] So in Hall:—"The Goddesse of warre, called Bellona—hath these three *hand maides* ever of necessitie attendyng on her; *Bloud, Fire, and Famine;* whiche thre damosels be of that force and strength that every one of them alone is able and sufficient to torment and afflict a proud prince; and they all joyned together are of puissance to destroy the most populous countrey and most richest region of the world."

(3) SCENE VII.—*Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot.*] This John Talbot was the earl's eldest son by a second wife; he was created Viscount Lisle in 1551, only two years before the engagement in which his father and he were killed. The circumstances attending the death of the "renowned Talbot" and his gallant son are graphically told by Hall:—"When the Englishmen were come to the place where the Frenchmen were encamped, in the which were iii. C peces of brasse, beside divers other small peces, and subtill Engynes to the Englishmen unknowen, and nothing suspected, they lyghted al on fote, the erle of Shrewesbury only except, which because of his age, rode on a litle hakeney, and fought fiercely with the Frenchmen, and gat thentre of their campe, and by fyne force entered into the same. This conflict continued in doubtfull judgement of victory two longe houres: durynge which fight the lordes of Montamban and Humadayre, with a great companye of Frenchemen entered the battayle, and began a new felde, and sodaynly the gonners perceivynge the Englishmen to approche nere, discharged their ordinance, and slew iii. C persons, nere to the erle, who perceivynge the imminent ieopardy, and subtile labirynth, in the which he and hys people were enclosed and illaqueate, despisynge his owne savegarde, and desirynge the life of his entierly and welbeloved sonne the lord Lisle, willed, advertised, and counsailled hym to departe out of the felde, and to save hym selfe. But when the sonne had aunswered that it was neither honest nor natural for him, to leve his father in the extreme ieopardye of hys life, and that he would taste of that draught, which his father and parent should assay and begyn: the noble erle and comfortable caiptayn sayd to him: Oh sonne, sonne, I thy father which onely hath bene the terror and scourge of the French people so many yeres, which hath subverted so many townes, and profligate and discomfited so many of them in open battayle, and marcial conflict, neither can here dye, for the honor of my countrey, without great laude and perpetuall fame, nor flye or depart without perpetuall shame and continualle infamy. But because this is thy first iourney and enterprise, neither thy flyeng shall redounde to thy shame, nor thy death to thy glory: for as hardy a man wisely flieth, as a temerarious person folishely abidethe, therefore the fleyng of me shal be the dishonor, not only of me and my progenie, but also a discomfiture of all my company: thy departure shall save thy lyfe and make thee able another tyme, if I be slayn to revenge my death and to do honor to thy Prince and profyt to his Realme. But nature so wrought in the sonne, that neither desire of lyfe, nor thought of securitie, could withdraw or pluck him from his natural father: Who consideryng the constancy of his chyld, and the great daunger that they stode in, comforted his soldiours, cheared his capitayns, and valeantly set on his enemies, and slew of them more in number than he had in his company. But his enemies havyng a greater company of men, and more abundance of ordinaunce then before had bene sene in a battayle, fyrst shot him through the thyghe with a handgonne, and slew his horse, and cowardly killed him, lyenge on the ground, whome they never durst loke in the face, whyle he stode on his fete, and with him, there dyed manfully hys sonne the lord Lisle."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE III.—

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear.]

"The *monarch of the North* was Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The others were, Amaimon king of the East, Gorson king of the South, and Goap king of the West. Under these devil kings were devil marquesses, dukes, prelates, knights, presidents, and earls. They are all enumerated, from Wier *De præstigiis dæmonum,* in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft,* book xv. c. 2 and 3."—DOUCE.

(2) SCENE III.—*La Pucelle is taken.*] In illustration of the capture and martyrdom of this heroic female, the accompanying extracts from a brief memoir of her by Lord Mahon, (Quarterly Review, No. 138,) are well deserving perpetuation:—

"On leaving Picardy in the preceding year, Charles had confided his newly-acquired fortress of Compiègne to the charge of Guillaume de Flavy, a captain of tried bravery, but, even beyond his compeers in that age, harsh and pitiless. He was now besieged by the Duke of Burgundy, at the head of a powerful army. Joan, hearing of his danger, courageously resolved to

share his fortunes, and threw herself into the place on the 24th of May, accompanied by Xaintrailles, Chabannes, Valperga, and other knights of renown. The very evening of her arrival, she headed the garrison in a sally on the side of the bridge across the Oise. She found the Burgundians scattered and unprepared; twice she drove them from their entrenchments, but, seeing their numbers increase every moment, she gave the signal to retreat, herself maintaining the post of honour, the last of the rear-guard. Never had she shown greater intrepidity; but as she approached the town-gate, she found it partly closed, so that but few could press in together; confusion spread amongst her friends, less eager to succour her than to save themselves, and she found herself surrounded by her enemies. Still she made those before her recoil, and might have effected her retreat, when an archer from Picardy, coming up from behind, seized her by her coat of crimson velvet, and drew her from her horse to the ground. She struggled to rise again, and reached the outer fosse: there, however, she was overpowered, and compelled to surrender to Lionel, a bastard of Vendone,* and a soldier in the company of John of Luxemburg. The battlements of Compiègne have long since mouldered away; choked by the fallen fragments, the fosse is once more level with the plain; even the old bridge has been replaced by another higher up the stream—yet, amidst all these manifold changes, the precise spot of the catastrophe is still pointed out by popular tradition to the passing stranger. * * * *

"The captive heroine was first conducted to the quarters of John of Luxemburg, and transferred in succession to the prisons of Beaurevoir, Arras, and Le Crotoy, at the mouth of the Somme. She made two intrepid attempts to escape. Once she had broken a passage through the wall, but was arrested on her way, and still more closely confined. Another time she threw herself headlong from the summit of her prison tower, but was taken up senseless on the ground.

* * * * * *

"The English were, however, impatient to hold the prisoner in their own hands; and, in the month of November, 1430, she was purchased from John of Luxemburg for a sum of ten thousand livres. Her cruel treatment in her new captivity is well described by M. de Barante:—'Joan was taken to Rouen, where were then the young King Henry and all the chiefs of the English. She was led into the great tower of the castle, an iron cage was made for her, and her feet were secured by a chain. The English archers who guarded her treated her with gross contumely, and more than once attempted violence towards her. Nor were they merely common soldiers who showed themselves cruel and violent towards her. The Sire de Luxembourg, whose prisoner she had been, happening to pass through Rouen, went to see her in her prison, accompanied by the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Stafford.† "Joan," said he in jest, "I am come to put you to ransom, but you will have to promise never again to bear arms against us." "*Ah! mon Dieu,* you are laughing at me," said she, "you have neither the will nor the power to ransom me. I know well that the English will cause me to die, thinking that after my death they will win back the kingdom of France; but even were they a hundred thousand *Goddams* more than they are, they shall never have this kingdom." Incensed at these words, the Earl of Stafford drew his dagger to strike her, but was prevented by the Earl of Warwick.'

"The forebodings of the unhappy woman were but too true; her doom was indeed already sealed. * * * * On the 21st of February, 1431, Joan was brought for the first time before her judges. She underwent, nearly on successive days, fifteen examinations. The scene was the castle-chapel at Rouen; and she appeared clad, as of yore, in military attire, but loaded with chains. Undepressed either by her fallen fortunes, or by her long and cruel captivity, she displayed in her answers the same courageous spirit with which she had defended Orleans and stormed Jargeau. Nor was it courage only; her plain and clear good sense often seemed to retrieve her want of education, and to pierce through the subtle wiles and artifices elaborately prepared to ensnare her. Thus, for example, she was asked whether she knew herself to be in the grace of God? Had she answered in the affirmative, then arrogance and presumption would forthwith have been charged upon her; if in the negative, she would have been treated as guilty by her own confession. 'It is a great matter,' she said, 'to reply to such a question.' 'So great a matter,' interposed one of the assessors, touched with pity,—his name deserves to be recorded: it was Jean Fabry,—'that the prisoner is not bound in law to answer it.' 'You had better be silent,' said the Bishop of Beauvais fiercely to Fabry; and he repeated the question to Joan. 'If I am not in the grace of God,' she said, 'I pray God that it may be vouchsafed to me; if I am, I pray God that I may be preserved in it.' * * *

"The two points on which Joan's enemies and judges (the terms are here synonymous) mainly relied were—first, the 'Tree of the Fairies,' near Domremy; and secondly, the banner borne by herself in battle. Both of these it was attempted to connect with evil spirits or magical spells. As to the first, Joan replied, clearly and simply, that she had often been round the tree in procession with the other maidens of the village, but had never beheld any of her visions at that spot. With regard to the banner, she declared that she had assumed it in battle on purpose to spare the lance and the sword; that she wished not to kill any one with her own hand, and that she never had.

* * * * * *

"So plain and candid had been the general tenor of her answers, that it being referred to the assessors whether or not she should be put to the rack, in hopes of extorting further revelations, only two were found to vote in favour of this atrocious proposal. It is said that one of our countrymen present at the trial was so much struck with the evident good faith of her replies, that he could not forbear exclaiming, 'A worthy woman—if she were only English!'*

"Her judges, however, heedless of her innocence, or perhaps only the more inflamed by it, drew up twelve articles of accusation, upon the grounds of sorcery and heresy, which articles were eagerly confirmed by the University of Paris. On the 24th of May, 1431,—the very day on which Joan had been taken prisoner the year before—she was led to the churchyard before Saint Ouen, where two scaffolds had been raised; on the one stood the Cardinal of Winchester, the Bishop of Beauvais, and several prelates; the other was designed for the Maid, and for a preacher named Erard. The preacher then began his sermon, which was filled with the most vehement invectives against herself; these she bore with perfect patience; but when he came to the words: 'Your King, that heretic and that schismatic,' she could not forbear exclaiming aloud, 'Speak of me, but do not speak of the King—he is a good Christian. . . . . By my faith, sir, I can swear to you, as my life shall answer for it, that he is the noblest of all Christians, and not such as you say.' The Bishop of Beauvais, much incensed, directed the guards to stop her voice, and the preacher proceeded. At his conclusion, a formula of abjuration was presented to Joan for her signature. It was necessary, in the first place, to explain to her what was the meaning of the word abjuration; she then exclaimed that she had nothing to abjure, for that whatever she had done was at the command of God; but she was eagerly pressed with arguments and with entreaties to sign. At the same time, the prelates pointed to the public hangman, who stood close by in his car, ready to bear her away to instant death if she refused. Thus urged, Joan said at length: 'I would sign rather than burn,' and put her mark to the paper.† The object,

* Not Vendome, as most writers have supposed. The place meant is now called Wandomme, in the Département du Pas de Calais.—Quicherat, 'Procès de Jeanne d'Arc,' vol. i. p. 13.

† Not Strafford, as written by M. de Barante.

* 'C'est une bonne femme—si elle était Anglaise!' *Supplément aux Mémoires*, Collection, vol. viii. p. 294.

† Deposition, at the Trial of Revision, of Massieu, a priest and rural dean, who had stood by her side on the scaffold.—Quicherat, *Procès*, vol. i. p. 8.

however, was to sink her in public estimation; and with that view, by another most unworthy artifice, a much fuller and more explicit confession of her errors was afterwards made public, instead of the one which had been read to her, and which she had really signed.

"The submission of Joan having been thus extorted, the Bishop of Beauvais proceeded to pass sentence in the name of the tribunal. He announced to her, that out of 'grace and moderation' her life should be spared, but that the remainder of it must be passed in prison, 'with the bread of grief and the water of anguish for her food.'* Joan heard the sentence unmoved, saying only: 'Well, then, ye men of the church, lead me to your own prisons, and let me no longer remain in the hands of these English.' But she was taken back to the same dungeon as before.

"Nor was it designed that her life should indeed be spared. Her enemies only hoped, by a short delay and a pretended lenity, to palliate the guilt of her murder, or to heap a heavier load upon her memory. She had promised to resume a female dress; and it is related that a suit of men's apparel was placed in her cell, and her own removed during the night; so that she had no other choice next morning but to clothe herself again in the forbidden garments. Such is the common version of the story. But we greatly fear that a darker and a sadder tale remains behind. A priest, named Martin l'Advenu, who was allowed to receive her confession at this period, and to shrive her in her dying moments, was afterwards examined at the trial of revision, and declared that an English lord (*un millourt d'Angleterre*) had entered her prison and attempted violence; that, on his departure, she was found with her face disfigured and in tears; and that she had resumed men's apparel as a more effectual safeguard to her honour.†

"But whether the means employed in this infamous transaction were of fraud or of force, the object was clearly the same—to find a pretext for further rigour. For, according to the rules of the Inquisition, it was not heresy in the first instance, but only a relapse into heresy, that could be punished with death. No sooner, then, was the Bishop of Beauvais apprised of Joan's change of dress than he hastened to the prison to convict her of the fact. He asked her whether she had heard 'her Voices' again? 'I have,' answered Joan; 'St. Catherine and St. Margaret have reproved me for my weakness in signing the abjuration, and commanded me to resume the dress which I wore by the appointment of God.' This was enough; the Bishop and his compeers straightway pronounced her a heretic relapsed: no pardon could now be granted—scarce any delay allowed.

"At daybreak, on the 30th of May, her confessor, Martin l'Advenu, was directed to enter her cell and prepare her for her coming doom—to be burned alive that very day in the market-place of Rouen. At first hearing this barbarous sentence the Maid's firmness forsook her for some moments; she burst into piteous cries, and tore her hair in agony, loudly appealing to God, 'the great Judge,' against the wrongs and cruelties done her. But ere long regaining her serene demeanour, she made her last confession to the priest, and received the Holy Sacrament from his hands. At nine o'clock, having been ordered to array herself for the last time in female attire, she was placed in the hangman's car, with her confessor and some other persons, and was escorted to the place of execution by a party of English soldiers. * * * * At the market-place (it is now adorned by a statue to her memory) she found the wood ready piled, and the Bishop of Beauvais, with the Cardinal of Winchester and other prelates, awaiting their victim. First a sermon was read, and then her sentence; at this her tears flowed afresh, but she knelt down to pray with her confessor, and asked for a cross. There was none at hand, and one was sent for to a neighbouring church; meanwhile, an English soldier made another by breaking his staff asunder, and this cross she devoutly clasped to her breast. But the other soldiers were already murmuring at these long delays. 'How now, priest?' said they to l'Advenu; 'do you mean to make us dine here?' At length their fierce impatience was indulged; the ill-fated woman was bound to the stake, and upon her head was placed a mitre with the following words inscribed:—

'HERETIQUE RELAPSE, APOSTATE, IDOLATRE.'

The Bishop of Beauvais drew nigh just after the pile was kindled; 'It is you,' said she to him, 'who have brought me to this death.' To the very last, as l'Advenu states in his deposition, she continued to protest and maintain that her Voices were true and unfeigned, and that in obeying them she had obeyed the will of God. As the flames increased, she bid l'Advenu stand further from her side, but still hold the cross aloft, that her latest look on earth might fall on the Redeemer's blessed sign. And the last word which she was heard to speak ere she expired was—JESUS. Several of the prelates and assessors had already withdrawn in horror from the sight, and others were melted to tears. But the Cardinal of Winchester, still unmoved, gave orders that the ashes and bones of 'the heretic' should be collected and cast into the Seine. Such was the end of Joan of Arc—in her death the martyr, as in her life the champion, of her country."

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* 'Au pain de douleurs et à l'eau d'angoisse.'—*Collection des Mémoires*, vol. viii. p. 304.

† Compare Sismondi, vol. xiii. p. 190, with the *Supplément aux Mémoires* (Collection, vol. viii. p. 304).

KING HENRY VI. PART SECOND.

THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

"The Second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke Hvmfrey," was first printed in its complete form, in the folio of 1623. In the brief notice prefixed to the foregoing drama, we have ventured an opinion that the two plays, or one play divided into two parts, called "The First Part of the Contention," &c.* and "The True Tragedie," &c.,† afterwards published by Pavier, under the title of "The Whole Contention," &c.,‡ were not, as Malone has laboured to prove, the production of a preceding writer, but were Shakespeare's first sketches (surreptitiously and inaccurately printed) of what he subsequently re-wrote, and entitled "The Second and Third Parts of Henry VI."

In expressing this opinion, we must not be understood to go the extreme length of ascribing the whole of these two pieces to Shakespeare. Much in them unquestionably belongs to another and a very different hand; but the greater portion, especially in "The First Part of the Contention," appears to our judgment far beyond the reach of any other writer of the age. Such, too, we are pleased to find, is the view entertained by Mr. Halliwell. In his Introduction to the excellent reprint of these two dramas for the Shakespeare Society, in 1843, after a careful revision of the evidence in opposition to the claims of Shakespeare to their authorship, this judicious authority well observes:—"There are so many passages in the two plays now reprinted, that seem almost beyond the power of any of Shakespeare's predecessors or contemporaries, perhaps even not excepting Marlowe, that, as one method of explaining away the difficulties which attend a belief in Malone's theory, my conjecture that when these plays were printed in 1594 and 1595, *they included the first additions which Shakespeare made to the originals*, does not seem improbable, borne out, as it is, by an examination of the early editions. If I am so far correct, we have yet to discover the originals of the two parts of the 'Contention,' as well as that of 1 Henry VI."

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* "The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of *Suffolke*, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of *Winchester*, with the notable Rebellion of *Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke's first claime vnto the Crowne*. London, Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594."

† "The True Tragedie of Richard *Duke of Yorke, and the death of* good King Henrie the Sixt, *with the whole contention betweene* the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants. Printed at London by P. S., for Thomas Millington, *and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwal.* 1595."

‡ "The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt. Diuided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London, for T. P."

Persons Represented

King Henry the Sixth.
Humphrey, *Duke of* Gloucester, *his Uncle.*
Cardinal Beaufort, *Bishop of* Winchester, *Great Uncle to the* King.
Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of* York.
Edward *and* Richard, *his* Sons.

Duke *of* Somerset,
Duke *of* Suffolk,
Duke *of* Buckingham,
Lord Clifford,
Young Clifford, *his* Son,
} *of the* King's *party.*

Earl *of* Salisbury,
Earl *of* Warwick,
} *of the* Yorkist *party.*

Lord Scales, *Governor of the* Tower.
Lord Say.
Sir Humphrey Stafford, *and his* Brother.
Sir John Stanley.
A Sea-Captain, Master, *and* Master's Mate, *and* Walter Whitmore.
Two Gentlemen, *Prisoners with* Suffolk.
Vaux.
Hume *and* Southwell, *two Priests.*
Bolingbroke, *a Conjurer.*
A Spirit *raised by him.*
Thomas Horner, *an Armourer.*
Peter, *his man.*
Clerk *of* Chatham.
Mayor *of* St. Alban's.
Simpcox, *an Impostor.*
Two Murderers.
Jack Cade, *a Rebel.*
George, John, Dick, Smith *the* Weaver, Michael, *&c. his followers.*
Alexander Iden, *a* Kentish *Gentleman.*

Margaret, *Queen to* King Henry.
Eleanor, *Duchess of* Gloucester.
Margery Jourdain, *a Witch.*
Wife *to* Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriffs, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE,—*Dispersedly in various parts of* England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of Trumpets: then Hautboys. Enter, on one side, KING HENRY, DUKE *of* GLOUCESTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and* CARDINAL BEAUFORT; *on the other,* QUEEN MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and others following.*

SUF. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigns, and
Alençon, [bishops,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd;
And humbly now upon my bended knee,

In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. HEN. Suffolk, arise. — Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. MAR. Great king of England, and my gracious lord;—
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,—[a]
With you mine alder-liefest[b] sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
And over-joy of heart doth minister. [speech,

K. HEN. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping, joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

ALL. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. MAR. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

SUF. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months, concluded by consent.

GLO. [*Reads.*] *Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,— that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father*——

K. HEN. Uncle, how now!

GLO. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. HEN. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

CAR. [*Reads.*] *Item,—It is further agreed between them,— that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.*

K. HEN. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down;
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and* SUFFOLK.

GLO. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,—
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been[c] crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
O, peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

CAR. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

GLO. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,

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a Or at my beads,—] See note (c), p. 3, Vol. I.

b Alder-liefest—] *All-dearest; dearest of all;* a Saxon compound found in many of our early writers, from Chaucer to Shakespeare.

c Been *crown'd in Paris,*—] The old text reads "Crowned in Paris," &c. Capell added "*Been,*" as did also Mr. Collier's annotator.

Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

SAL. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy!—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

WAR. For grief that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

YORK. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries with their wives;
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

GLO. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
Before——

CAR. My lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

GLO. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

CAR. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir-apparent to the English crown;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him, [*ter;*
Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Glos-*
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
Jesu maintain your royal excellence!
With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector. [reign,

BUCK. Why should he, then, protect our sove-
He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

CAR. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

SOM. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

BUCK. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,*
Despite duke Humphrey or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.

SAL. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.—
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey:—
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign;
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:—
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land. [land,

WAR. So God help Warwick, as he loves the
And common profit of his country! [cause.

YORK. And so says York, for he hath greatest

SAL. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

WAR. *Unto the main!* O, father, Maine is lost,—
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last!
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,—
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

YORK. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy

(*) First folio, *protectors.*

Stands on a tickle[a] point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all; what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
Whileas the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.[b]
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts, [phrey,
And make a show of love to proud duke Hum-
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit* not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love, [queen,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster; [crown,
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the* Duke *of* Gloucester's *House.*

Enter GLOUCESTER *and the* DUCHESS.

DUCH. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? king Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

GLO. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts!
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream* this night doth make me sad.

DUCH. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

GLO. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

DUCH. Tut, this was nothing but an argument
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are[c] crown'd;
Where[d] Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

GLO. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,

(*) Old text, *fits.*

[a] *On a* tickle *point,*—] *Tickle* was commonly used by the old writers for *ticklish.*

[b] Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.] This fable is alluded to also in the "Second Part of Henry IV." Act II. Sc. 2. See note [b], p. 586, Vol. I.

(*) Old text, *dreames.*

[c] *Where kings and queens* are *crown'd;*] The old text has "*wer;*" an obvious misprint for *are;* witness "The Contention," which reads—

"Where Kings and Queenes *are* crownde."

[d] Where—] Another probable misprint for *There.*

To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

DUCH. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

GLO. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas[a] the king and queen do mean to hawk.

GLO. I go.—Come, Nell,—thou wilt ride with us?

DUCH. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* Messenger.
Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
Where are you there, sir John?[b] nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME.

HUME. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

DUCH. What say'st thou? *majesty!* I am but grace.

HUME. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

DUCH. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch; (1)
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

HUME. This they have promised to show your highness,
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

DUCH. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.
[*Exit.*

HUME. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold?
Marry, and shall. But, how now, sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum;
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast;
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say,—a crafty knave does need no broker;[c]
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PETER, *and others, with petitions.*

1 PET. My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.[d]

2 PET. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

1 PET. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

Enter SUFFOLK *and* QUEEN MARGARET.

2 PET. Come back, fool! this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

SUF. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me?

1 PET. I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. MAR. [*Reading the superscription.*] *To my lord protector!* Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them:—what is thine?

---

[a] Whereas—] *Where* and *whereas*, like *when* and *whenas*, *while* and *whileas*, were convertible.

[b] Sir *John?*] The title *Sir*, a translation of *Dominus*, it has already been explained, was one commonly applied to certain churchmen.

[c] A crafty knave does need no broker;] This was proverbial.

[d] *In the* quill.] Mr. Dyce and Mr. Singer would read in the *coil*, or *quoil*, that is, *the stir*; while Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes "*in sequel.*" Of the two, we prefer the former, but have not sufficient confidence in either to advance it to the text.

1 Pet. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife, too! that's some wrong, indeed.—What's yours?—What's here! [*Reads.*] *Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.*—How now, sir knave?

2 Pet. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? did the duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master* was? no, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter* Servants.]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently:—we'll hear more of your matter before the king. [*Exeunt* Servants *with* Peter.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.
[*Tears the petition.*
Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt* Petitioners.

(*) Old text, *Mistresse.*

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion* in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
I thought king Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
His champions are, the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;—
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haught† protector, have we Beaufort,

(*) Old text. *Fashions.* (†) First folio, *haughtie.*

The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

SUF. And he of these, that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. MAR. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

SUF. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York,—this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter KING HENRY, YORK *and* SOMERSET; DUKE *and* DUCHESS *of* GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. HEN. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

YORK. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd[a] the regentship.

SOM. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

WAR. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that York is the worthier.

CAR. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

WAR. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

BUCK. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

WAR. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

SAL. Peace, son!——and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. MAR. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

GLO. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure: these are no women's matters.

Q. MAR. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

GLO. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

SUF. Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

CAR. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

SOM. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

BUCK. Thy cruelty, in execution
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. MAR. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,—
If they were known, as the suspect is great,—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* GLOUCESTER. *The* QUEEN *drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not?
[*Gives the* DUCHESS *a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

DUCH. Was't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails
I'd * set my ten commandments in your face.

K. HEN. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

DUCH. *Against her will!* good king, look to't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
[*Exit.*

BUCK. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:

[a] Denay'd—] Denay was the old form of *deny*. So in "Twelfth Night," Act II. Sc. 4:—

(*) Old text, *I could*.

"My love can give no place, bide no *denay*."

She's tickled now; her fume can need* no spurs,
She'll gallop fast[a] enough to her destruction.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

GLO. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

SUF. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

YORK. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

WAR. That I can witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

SUF. Peace, head-strong Warwick!

WAR. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants *of* SUFFOLK, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.

SUF. Because here is a man accus'd of treason;
Pray God the duke of York excuse himself!

YORK. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. HEN. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

SUF. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. HEN. Say, man, were these thy words?

HOR. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

PET. By these ten bones,[b] my lords [*holding up his hands*], he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

YORK. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

HOR. Alas, my lord, hang me if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. HEN. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

GLO. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

K. HEN. Then be it so.—My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace regent over the French.[c]

SOM. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

HOR. And I accept the combat willingly.

PET. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight! for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!

GLO. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd. [day

K. HEN. Away with them to prison; and the
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. The* Duke *of* Gloucester's *Garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE.

HUME. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

BOLING. Master Hume, we are therefore pro-

(*) First folio, *fume needs.*

[a] *She'll gallop* fast *enough*—] In the old text, we have "*farre* enough." Corrected by Pope; and by Mr. Collier's annotator.

[b] By these ten bones,—] An old and a very common adjuration: thus, in the Mystery of "Candlemas-Day," 1512, quoted by Steevens:—

"But by their *bonys ten*, thei be to you untrue."

Again in Fletcher's "Monsieur Thomas," Act IV. Sc. 2:—

"By these *ten bones*, sir, if these eyes and ears
Can hear and see ——"

[c] Then be it so.—My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace regent over the French.]

These lines,—which are essential, since without them Somerset returns thanks for the regency before he is appointed,—were restored by Theobald from "The First Part of the Contention."

vided: will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?[a]

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* Hume.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John Southwell, read you;—and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess, *above*.

Duch. Well said,[b] my masters; and welcome all. To this gear, the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent[c] of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl, [graves,—
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.
[*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle;* Bolingbroke *or* Southwell *reads*, Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the* Spirit *riseth.*

Spir. *Adsum.*

M. Jourd. Asmath!
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt:—that I had said and done![d]

Boling. *First, of the king: what shall of him become?* [*Reading out of a paper.*

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
[*As the* Spirit *speaks*, Southwell *writes the answer.*

Boling. *What fates await the duke of Suffolk?*

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

---

[a] Exorcisms?] Mason was mistaken in asserting that Shakespeare's acceptation of *exorcise*, to raise spirits, not to lay them, was peculiar to him; it was the ordinary meaning of the word. See Minsheu, Dict. 1617, in voce "*Conjuration*," and Florio's "World of Words," 1611, under "*Esorcisma*."

[b] Well said,—] That is, *well done*. See note (b), p. 601, Vol. I.

[c] *The* silent *of the night*,—] So reads the folio 1623; but Steevens and Mason, as well as Mr. Collier's annotator, prefer the lection of the earlier version of the play,—

"—— the *silence* of the night."

[d] That I had said and done!] This impatience of *Asmath* is conformable to the ancient belief that spirits called to earth by spells and incantations were intolerant of question and eager to be dismissed.

BOLING. *What shall befal the duke of Somerset?*

SPIR. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.—
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

BOLING. Descend to darkness and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning.* Spirit *descends.*

Enter YORK *and* BUCKINGHAM *hastily, with their* Guards, *and others.*

YORK. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.—
Beldame, I think we watch'd you at an inch.—
What, madam, are you there? The king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.
DUCH. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.
BUCK. True, madam, none at all: what call you this? [*Showing her the papers.*
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us:—
Stafford, take her to thee.——
We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming;—
All, away! (2)
[*Exit* DUCHESS, *from above. Exeunt* Guards, *with* HUME, SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE, *&c.*
YORK. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
Why, this is just
Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.—
What shall betide the duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my lords:
These oracles are hardily [a] attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither goes these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.
BUCK. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.
YORK. At your pleasure, my good lord.—
Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!
[*Exeunt*

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[a] *Are* hardily *attain'd,*—] *Hardily* is an emendation of Theobald; the old text has *hardly* both in this and the next line.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Saint Alban's.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL, *and* SUFFOLK, *with* Falconers *hollaing*.

Q. MAR. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,(1)
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.
K. HEN. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
SUF. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
GLO. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
CAR. I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds. [that
GLO. Ay, my lord cardinal,—how think you by
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
K. HEN. The treasury of everlasting joy!
CAR. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on[a] a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
GLO. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot! good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you dote?[b]
SUF. No malice, sir; no more than well beco comes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

---

[a] Beat on *a crown*,—] Thus in "The Tempest," Act V. Sc. 1:—

"Do not infest your mind with *beating on*
The strangeness of this business."

And in "Hamlet," Act III. Sc. 1:—

"Whereon his brains still *beating*."

[b] *With such holiness can you* dote?] "Can you *do it*," is t lection of the old copies of the amended play, from which seems impossible to extract any sense. Our reading, *dote*, is th of "The Contention," &c. 4to, 1594; and this word, in its ancie meaning *to rave, to speak madly*, is peculiarly appropriate to t context.

GLO. As who, my lord?
SUF. Why, as you, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
GLO. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Q. MAR. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. HEN. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen, and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.
CAR. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!
GLO. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that! [*Aside to the* CARDINAL.
CAR. Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside to* GLO.
GLO. Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.
[*Aside to* CAR.
CAR. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove.
[*Aside to* GLO.
K. HEN. How now, my lords!
CAR. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword. [*Aside to* GLO.
GLO. True, uncle.
CAR. Are ye advis'd?—the east side of the grove?[a] [*Aside to* GLO.
GLO. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside to* CAR.
K. HEN. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!
GLO. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside to* CAR.
CAR. *Medice teipsum;*
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.
[*Aside to* GLO.
K. HEN. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter an Inhabitant *of* Saint Alban's, *crying,* "A Miracle!"

GLO. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
INHAB. A miracle! a miracle!
SUF. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle. [shrine,
INHAB. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's
Within this half-hour hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
K. HEN. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor *of* St. Alban's *and his* Brethren; *and* SIMPCOX, *borne between two persons in a chair; his* Wife *and a great multitude following.*

CAR. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.
K. HEN. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.
GLO. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
K. HEN. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?
SIMP. Born blind, an't please your grace.
WIFE. Ay, indeed, was he.
SUF. What woman is this?
WIFE. His wife, an't like your worship.
GLO. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.
K. HEN. Where wert thou born?
SIMP. At Berwick, in the north, an't like your grace.
K. HEN. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Q. MAR. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion to this holy shrine?
SIMP. God knows, of pure devotion: being call'd
A hundred times and oft'ner, in my sleep
By good Saint Alban; who said,—*Simpcox,* come;*
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.
WIFE. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
CAR. What, art thou lame?
SIMP. Ay, God Almighty help me!
SUF. How cam'st thou so?
SIMP. A fall off of a tree.
WIFE. A plum-tree, master.
GLO. How long hast thou been blind?
SIMP. O, born so, master.
GLO. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

[a] Are ye advis'd?—the east side of the grove?] In the old copies, this is made to form part of Gloucester's speech. Theobald properly assigned it to the Cardinal.

(*) Old text, *Symon.*

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth. [dear.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very
Glo. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so. [damsons,
Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.— [them:—
Let me see thine eyes:—wink now; now open
In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and Saint Alban. [cloak of?
Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.
K. Hen. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you master. [knav
Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there,[a] the lyinges
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all, it is impossible.—
My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think his* cunning to be great
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?
Simp. O, master, that you could!
Glo. My masters of St. Alban's, have you no beadles in your town, and things called whips?

[a] Sit there,—] Capell reads—"sit *thou* there," and Mr. Collier's annotator restores the measure in the same way.

(*) Old text, *it*.

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
Glo. Then send for one presently.[a]
May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.[b]
[*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.
Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone;
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.
Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah: off with your doublet quickly.
Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.
[*After the* Beadle *hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and the people follow, and cry,* "A Miracle!"
K. Hen. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long? [run.
Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain
Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

[a] Presently.] *Immediately.*
[b] By and by.] *Directly, instantly.*

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.
Glo. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.(2) [*Exeunt* Mayor, Beadle, Wife, *&c.*
Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle today.
Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.
Glo. But you have done more miracles than I:
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham? [fold:
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unA sort[c] of naughty persons, lewdly[d] bent,—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,—
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurors,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.
Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet[e] at London.

[c] A sort—] A *company.* [d] Lewdly—] *Wickedly.*
[e] Yet—] That is, *now.*

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
[*Aside to* GLOUCESTER.

GLO. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. HEN. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Q. MAR. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

GLO. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king and commonweal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. HEN. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *The* Duke *of* York's *Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

YORK. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

SAL. My lord, I long to hear't at full.

WAR. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

YORK. Then thus—
Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:
The fifth was Edmund Langley, duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the third's death, reign'd as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

WAR. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

YORK. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

SAL. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

YORK. The third son, duke of Clarence (from [whose line
I claim the crown), had issue—Philippe, a daughter:
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March:
Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

SAL. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But, to the rest.

YORK. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.[a]
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

WAR. What plain proceeding* is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot, be we the first

(*) First folio, *proceedings.*

[a] Edward the third's fifth son.] In the old copies:—
"Marryed Richard, Earle of Cambridge
Who was to Edmond Langley,
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne."

That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

BOTH. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king! [your king

YORK. We thank you, lords. But I am not
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

SAL. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full. [Warwick

WAR. My heart assures me that the earl of
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

YORK. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Hall of Justice.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOUCESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the* DUCHESS *of* GLOUCESTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

K. HEN. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins*
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
You four, from hence to prison back again;
[*To* JOURDAIN, *&c.*
From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

DUCH. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

GLO. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—
[*Exeunt the* DUCHESS, *and the other prisoners, guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—
I beseech your majesty give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.[a]

K. HEN. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
And go in peace, Humphrey;—no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. MAR. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and king Henry govern England's helm![b]
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

GLO. My staff!—here, noble Henry, is my staff:[c]
As willingly do I the same resign,
As ere thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king; when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

Q. MAR. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey duke of Gloster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour raught,[d] there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be,—in Henry's hand.

SUF. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest[e] days.

YORK. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. MAR. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

(*) Old text, *sinne.*

[a] Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.] That is, "Sorrow would *have* solace, and age would *have* ease."

[b] *God and king Henry govern England's* helm!] In the old text,—"England's *realme*." The correction is Johnson's.

[c] My staff!—here, noble Henry, is my staff:] At this point Mr. Collier's annotator interpolates a line of such sheer absurdity,—

"*To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh!*"

that it is hard to believe he was not attempting a joke. This miserable puerility, we are grieved to find, Mr. Collier not only approves, but actually inserts as Shakespeare's, in his edition of the poet's works just published.

[d] Raught,—] That is, *reft, riven.*

[e] *Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her* youngest *days.*] For *youngest* Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes *proudest;* and a marginal note in Mr. Singer's copy of the second folio proposes *strongest.* The genuine word, there can be little doubt, was *haughtiest* or *proudest.*

K. HEN. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

YORK. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, *and his neighbours, the former bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it;*(3) *a drum before him; during the scene he drinks with so many that he becomes drunk: at the other side,* PETER *enters, with a similar staff, and a drummer before him; accompanied by* Prentices *drinking to him.*

1 NEIGH. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 NEIGH. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.[a]

3 NEIGH. And here's a pot of good double-beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

HOR. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 PREN. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 PREN. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

PETER. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

SAL. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

PETER. Peter, forsooth.

SAL. Peter! what more?

PETER. Thump.

SAL. *Thump!* then see thou thump thy master well.

HOR. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow. [to double.

YORK. Dispatch;—this knave's tongue begins
Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

[*Alarum. They fight, and* PETER *strikes down his master.*(4)

HOR. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

YORK. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

PETER. O God! have I overcome mine enemy* in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right! [sight;

K. HEN. Go, take hence that traitor from our
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter GLOUCESTER *and* Servants, *in mourning cloaks.*

GLO. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what's o'clock?

SERV. Ten, my lord.

GLO. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess;
Uneath[b] may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,[c]
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the DUCHESS *of* GLOUCESTER *in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir* JOHN STANLEY, *the* Sheriff, *and* Officers.

SERV. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff. [by.

GLO. No, stir not, for your lives! let her pass

DUCH. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame? [gaze!
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they
See how the giddy multitude do point,

---

[a] Charneco.] This is a wine often mentioned by the writers of Shakespeare's time, and so named from a village near Lisbon, where it was made.

[b] Uneath—] *Hardly, painfully, scarcely.*

[c] With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,—] So, both in the folio 1623, and in the "Contention;" but the second folio has,—"With envious looks, *still* laughing at thy shame."

(*) First folio, *Enemies.*

And nod their heads and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

GLO. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

DUCH. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up[a] in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that ere I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

GLO. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;
I must offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

[a] Mail'd up—] *Wrapped up, inclosed.* "*Mail a hawk* is to wrap her up in a handkerchief or other cloath, that she may not be able to stir her wings or struggle."—R. HOLME'S *Acad. of Armory*, 1688, b. ii. p. 239, quoted by Mr. Dyce.

Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

HER. I summon your grace to his majesty's Parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

GLO. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.
[*Exit* Herald.
My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

SHER. An't please your grace, here my commission stays:
And sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the isle of Man.

GLO. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?

STAN. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

GLO. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again:[a]
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.

DUCH. What! gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell!

GLO. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* Servants.

DUCH. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death,—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

STAN. Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.

DUCH. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach,—
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

STAN. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,
According to that state you shall be us'd.

DUCH. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,—
Although thou hast been conduct[b] of my shame!

SHER. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

DUCH. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

STAN. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

DUCH. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.
[*Exeunt.*

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[a] The world may laugh again:] Equivalent to, *Fortune may smile again.*

[b] Conduct—] *Conductor.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Abbey at* Bury St. Edmund's.

Sennet. Enter to the Parliament, King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, *and others.*

K. Hen. I muse my lord of Gloster is not come;
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable;
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission;
But meet him now, an be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent;
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,—
That he should come about your royal person,

Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts:
And, when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the duke.
My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

SUF. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices;
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing[a] of his high descent
As, next the king, he was successive heir,—
And such high vaunts of his nobility,—
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason:
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

CAR. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

YORK. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

BUCK. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

K. HEN. My lords, at once:—the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. MAR. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.*
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

SOM. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. HEN. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?

SOM. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. HEN. Cold news, lord Somerset: but God's will be done!

YORK. [*Aside.*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

GLO. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

SUF. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

GLO. Well, Suffolk, yet[b] thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

YORK. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

GLO. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,

---

[a] Reputing—] Not, as it is invariably explained, *valuing himself*, but *presuming, boasting*. See Florio's "World of Words," 1611, in voce, *Riputatione*.

[b] Yet *thou shalt not see me blush*,—] *Yet* was added in the second folio. The parallel line in the "Contention" reads,—"Why, *Suffolke's Duke*," &c.

(*) Old text, *Wolves*.

Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

CAR. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

GLO. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

YORK. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

GLO. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

SUF. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. HEN. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspect;[a]
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

GLO. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:—
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest[b] liege to be mine enemy:—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together
(Myself had notice of your conventicles)
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

CAR. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

SUF. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. MAR. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

GLO. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;—
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

BUCK. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

CAR. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

GLO. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body!
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exit guarded.*

K. HEN. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. MAR. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. HEN. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery,—
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty!
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowering star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf,

[a] From all suspect;] So Capell and Mr. Collier's annotator. The old copies have *suspense*.

[b] Liefest—] *Dearest*.

And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence,
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,—
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say—*Who's a traitor,*[a] *Gloster he is none.* [*Exit.*

Q. MAR. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams:
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I
(And yet herein I judge mine own wit good),
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

CAR. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

SUF. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And we have yet but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

YORK. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

SUF. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

YORK. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. MAR. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

SUF. Madam, 'tis true: and wer't not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates[b] him first that first intends deceit.

Q. MAR. Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

SUF. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

CAR. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,—
I tender so the safety of my liege.

SUF. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. MAR. And so say I.

YORK. And I: and now we three have spoke it
It skills[c] not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain.
To signify—that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

CAR. A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

YORK. That Somerset be sent as regent thither;
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

SOM. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

YORK. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

Q. MAR. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—

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[a] Who's *a traitor,*—] That is, *Whoe'er's* a traitor.

[b] Mates—] This appears to be an allusion to the check-*mate*, or stale-*mate*, in the game of chess; but it may mean merely, *confounds* or *destroys*.

[c] *It* skills *not*—] *It matters not, It is not important.* We often find to *force* bearing the same signification:—"Our enemies beare the poore people in hand that theirs is the old religion, and oures is an yesterdaies bird: but sooner or later called, *it skilleth not*, old or new, if true, *it forceth not.*"—PRIME, *On Galathians*, p. 44.

No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still;—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have been far worse than his.

YORK. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all!

SOM. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame!

CAR. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

YORK. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

SUF. Why, our authority is his consent;
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

YORK. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take orders for mine own affairs.

SUF. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

CAR. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

YORK. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

SUF. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[*Exeunt all except* YORK.

YORK. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
Resign to death—it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell:
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.[a]
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
Caper upright like a wild Mórisco,(1)
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy;
And, undiscover'd, come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive (as 'tis great like he will),
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, *hastily.*(2)

1 MUR. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 MUR. O, that it were to do!—What have we done!
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

1 MUR. Here comes my lord.

Enter SUFFOLK.

SUF. Now, sirs, have you despatch'd this thing?

1 MUR. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

SUF. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

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[a] *Mad-bred* flaw.] *Flaw* here means a violent *gust* of wind, as in "Hamlet," Act V. Sc. 1:—

"Should patch a wall to expel the winter's *flaw!*"

1 Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.
Suf. Away! be gone. [*Exeunt* Murderers.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, Lords, *and others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. Lords, take your places;—and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!
K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret;* these words content me much.—

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

(*) Old text, *Nell.*

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord! Gloster is dead!
Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!
Car. God's secret judgment!—I did dream to-night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word. [*The* King *swoons.*
Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.
Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.
Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes! [patient.
Suf. He doth revive again;—madam, be
K. Hen. O heavenly God!
Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort! [fort me?
K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk com-
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:

For in the shade of death I shall find joy,—
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. MAR. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself,—foe as he was to me,—
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs, recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd I made the duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach,
This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. HEN. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. MAR. Be woe for me more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper,—look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret* was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statua† and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward[a] wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore!
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle[b] gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.*
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land;—the sea receiv'd it;
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy),
To sit and witch* me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!†
For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

Noise without. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY *The* Commons *press to the door.*

WAR. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. HEN. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

WAR. That shall I do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return.

[WARWICK *goes into an inner room, and* SALISBURY *retires.*

K. HEN. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain[c]
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,

(*) Old text, *Eltanor.* (†) Old text, *statue.*

[a] Awkward *wind*—] That is, *contrary* wind. So in Marlowe's "King Edward II." Act IV. Sc. 6:—

"With *awkward* winds, and with sore tempests driven
To fall on shore."

[b] *The* gentle *gusts*,—] The gusts that kindly would have kept her from the English shore. Mr. Collier's annotator, and the old corrector of Mr. Singer's folio, however, both read *ungentle*, and they may be right.

[c] *To* drain—] Steevens and Mr. Collier's annotator substitute *rain*, which is certainly a more becoming word.

(*) Old text, *watch.* (†) Old text, *Elinor.*

And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling.
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The folding-doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOUCESTER *is discovered dead in his bed:* WARWICK *and others standing by it.*[a]

WAR. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. HEN. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

WAR. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke!

[a] Warwick and others standing by it.] The whole of this direction is modern. In the old copies we find only "*Bed put forth.*"

SUF. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?
WAR. See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,[a]
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.(3)
SUF. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
WAR. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes;
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.
Q. MAR. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.
WAR. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 't was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
Q. MAR. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?
SUF. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exeunt* CARDINAL, SOM. *and others.*

WAR. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
Q. MAR. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
WAR. Madam, be still,—with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.
SUF. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.
WAR. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames;
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!
SUF. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.
WAR. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence!
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.
[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.
K. HEN. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
[*A noise without.*
Q. MAR. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

K. HEN. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
SUF. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign..
[*Noise of a crowd without.*

[a] A timely-parted ghost,—] Though *timely* is commonly used by our ancient writers to signify *early*, it appears here to import *timely, in proper time*, as opposed to *timeless*. *Ghost* means *corse*, a sense in which, of old, it is found repeatedly: thus, in "The Contention:"—

"O! dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
Sweete father, to thy *murthred ghoast* I sweare."

Re-enter SALISBURY.

SAL. [*To those without.*] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false[a] Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whêr you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

COMMONS. [*Without.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury! [hinds,

SUF. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

COMMONS. [*Without.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in! [me,

K. HEN. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore—by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
He shall not breathe infection in this air,
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Q. MAR. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. HEN. Ungentle queen, to call him *gentle Suffolk!*
No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick,—come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt* K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, *&c.*

Q. MAR. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

SUF. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. MAR. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?*

SUF. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,[b]
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress-trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizard's stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell— [thyself.

Q. MAR. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st
And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun,—recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself. [leave?

SUF. You bade me ban, and will you bid me
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

[a] False *Suffolk*—] So "The Contention." The folio 1623, owing, probably, to the compositor having caught the word, *Lord*, from the preceding line, has "*Lord* Suffolke," &c.

(*) Old text, *enemy*.

[b] The mandrake's groan,—] See note (5), p. 220, Vo.. I.

Q. MAR. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
[*Kisses his hand.*
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'T is but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me:—even now be gone.—
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Lother a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

SUF. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'T is not the land I care for, wert thou hence;*
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more:—live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no[a] joy in nought but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. MAR. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?

VAUX. To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. MAR. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.
[*Exit* VAUX.
Ay me! what is this world! what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,—
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now, get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;—
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

SUF. If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where,[b] from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

Q. MAR. Away! Though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

SUF. I go.

Q. MAR. And take my heart with thee.

SUF. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. MAR. This way for me.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—London. CARDINAL BEAUFORT's *Bed-chamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and others. The* CARDINAL *in bed;* Attendants *with him.*

K. HEN. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

CAR. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. HEN. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

WAR. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

CAR. Bring me unto my trial, when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whêr they will or no?—
O, torture me no more! I will confess.—
Alive again! then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

(*) First folio, *thence*

[a] *Myself* no *joy in nought*—] Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—"Myself *to* joy," &c.

[b] Where,—] For *whereas.*

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O, thou eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation.(4) [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. *The Sea-shore near* Dover.

Firing heard at Sea. Then enter, from a boat, a Captain,[a] *a* Master, *a* Master's Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and others; with them* SUFFOLK, *disguised, and other* Gentlemen, *prisoners.*

CAP. The gaudy, blabbing,[b] and remorseful[c] day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other [*Pointing to* SUFFOLK.], Walter Whitmore, is thy share. [know.

1 GENT. What is my ransom, master? let me

MAST. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head. [yours.

MATE. And so much shall you give, or off goes

CAP. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall;—

[a] Captain,—] So in "The Contention." The folios have *Lieutenant*, and prefix *Lieu.* to all his speeches.

[b] Blabbing,—] "The epithet *blabbing*, applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*."—JOHNSON.

[c] Remorseful—] *Pitiful.*

The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum? [a]

1 GENT. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life. [straight.

2 GENT. And so will I, and write home for it

WHIT. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die; [*To* SUF.
And so should these, if I might have my will.

CAP. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

SUF. Look on my George, I am a gentleman:
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

WHIT. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore. [affright?
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death

SUF. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me—that by *water* I should die.
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

WHIT. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[*Lays hold on* SUFFOLK.

SUF. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

WHIT. The duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

SUF. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I? [b]

CAP. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

SUF. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,[c]
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed, plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
How in our voiding-lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

WHIT. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

CAP. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

SUF. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou. [side

CAP. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's
Strike off his head.

SUF. Thou dar'st not for thy own!

CAP. Yes, Poole.

SUF. Poole? [d]

CAP. Poole! Sir Poole! Lord!
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding* heart.
By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France;
The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
As hating thee, are† rising up in arms:
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun,[e] striving to shine,
Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*
The commons here in Kent are up in arms;
And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away! convey him hence.

(*) Old text, *Mother-bleeding.* (†) Old text, *and.*

[a] The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?]
Something is evidently wrong here. Rowe reads:—
"*Nor can* those lives," &c.
Capell—
"*Cannot be pois'd*," &c.
Mr. Collier's annotator:—
"*Can* lives of those," &c.

[b] Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?] A line found only in the earlier draft of this play—the "First Part of the Contention," but which the context renders indispensable.

[c] Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,—] In the old text this line is inadvertently given to the Captain, and *lowly* is misprinted *lowsie*.

[d] CAP. Yes, Poole.
SUF. Poole?]
These two speeches are only found in the "First Part of the Contention." They are obviously necessary to the dialogue.

[e] ——— whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun,—]
"Edward III. bare for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud."—CAMDEN'S *Remaines.*

SUF. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus, the strong Illyrian pirate.[a]
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me;
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely 'cross the channel.
CAP. Walter,— [death.
WHIT. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy
SUF. *Gelidus timor occupat artus:*[b]—
It is thee I fear.
WHIT. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
1 GENT. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.
SUF. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:—
More can I bear than you dare execute.
CAP. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
SUF. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,[c]
That this my death may never be forgot!—
Great men oft die by vile Bezonians:[d]
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
Pompey the great: and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exit* SUF. *with* WHITMORE *and others.*
CAP. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the first* Gentleman.

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* SUFFOLK'S *body.*

WHIT. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*

1 GENT. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.(1)
[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE II.—Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

GEO. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.
JOHN. They have the more need to sleep now, then.
GEO. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.
JOHN. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.
GEO. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handy-crafts-men.
JOHN. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.
GEO. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.
JOHN. True; and yet it is said,—*labour in thy vocation:* which is as much to say as,[e]—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.
GEO. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.
JOHN. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham;—
GEO. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.
JOHN. And Dick the butcher,—
GEO. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.
JOHN. And Smith the weaver.
GEO. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.
JOHN. Come, come, let's fall in with them

Drum. Enter JACK CADE, DICK *the butcher,* SMITH *the weaver, and others in great number.*

CADE. We, John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

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[a] *Than* Bargulus, *the strong Illyrian pirate.*] This noted robber, rightly *Bardylis*, is mentioned in Cicero, *De Off. Lib. ii. cap. xi.* "*Bargulus* Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum," &c. See note on the passage in the "Variorum." The corresponding passage in "The Contention" has:—

"—— then mightie *Abradas*,
The great Masadonian pyrate."

[b] *Gelidus timor occupat artus:*—] In the first folio we have, "*Fine* gelidus," &c., which led Malone to read, "*Pene* gelidus.' The editor of the second folio struck out the first word, and his example has been generally followed.

[c] Come, soldiers, &c.] A line wrongly assigned to the previous speaker in the old text.

[d] Bezonians:] See note (e), p. 621, Vol. I.

[e] *Which is* as much to say as,—] Mr. Collier adopts the modern form of the phrase, upon the authority of his annotator, "*as*," he observes, "having been misplaced in the old editions;" but, as we have before said (see note (b), p. 241), the construction found in the early copies was not unusual.

DICK. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings. [*Aside.*

CADE. For our enemies shall fall before us[a]—inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

DICK. Silence!

CADE. My father was a Mortimer,—

DICK. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer. [*Aside.*

CADE. My mother a Plantagenet,—

DICK. I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

CADE. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

DICK. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

SMITH. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

CADE. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

DICK. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge,—for his father had never a house but the cage. [*Aside.*

CADE. Valiant I am.

SMITH. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

CADE. I am able to endure much.

SMITH. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together. [*Aside.*

CADE. I fear neither sword nor fire.

SMITH. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*

DICK. But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*

CADE. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pots shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am king,—as king I will be—

ALL. God save your majesty!

CADE. I thank you, good people—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

DICK. The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers.

CADE. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk *of* Chatham.

SMITH. The Clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast account.

CADE. O monstrous!

SMITH. We took him setting of boys' copies.

CADE. Here's a villain!

SMITH. H'as a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

CADE. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

DICK. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

CADE. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

CLERK. Emanuel.

DICK. They use to write it on the top of letters;(2)—'twill go hard with you.

CADE. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

CLERK. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

ALL. He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

CADE. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen-and-inkhorn about his neck.(3)

[*Exeunt some with the* Clerk.

Enter MICHAEL.

MICH. Where's our general?

CADE. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

MICH. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

CADE. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

MICH. No.

CADE. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently; [*Kneels.*] rise up sir John Mortimer. [*Rises.*] Now have at him!

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and* WILLIAM *his brother, with drum and* Forces.

STAF. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down,

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[a] *Our enemies shall* fall *before us*—] Alluding, though not consistently—for the truculent rebel was no scholar—to the supposed etymology of his name, *Cade*, from *cado, to fall.* The old copies have, "*faile* before us."

Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;—
The king is merciful, if you revolt.
W. STAF. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore, yield or die. [not;[a]
CADE. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.
STAF. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman,—art thou not?
CADE. And Adam was a gardener.
W. STAF. And what of that?
CADE. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, [not?
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter—did he
STAF. Ay, sir.
CADE. By her he had two children at one birth.
W. STAF. That's false. [true:
CADE. Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it if you can.
DICK. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.
SMITH. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not. [words,
STAF. And will you credit this base drudge's That speaks he knows not what?
ALL. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.
W. STAF. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.
CADE. He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*
—Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that—for is father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time oys went to span-counter for French crowns,—am content he shall reign; but I 'll be protector ver him.
DICK. And furthermore, we'll have the lord ay's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.
CADE. And good reason, for thereby is England aimed,* and fain to go with a staff, but that my uissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you at lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and ade it an eunuch; and, more than that, he can eak French, and therefore he is a traitor.
STAF. O gross and miserable ignorance!
CADE. Nay, answer, if you can:—the French-en are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this, —can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor or no?
ALL. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.
W. STAF. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.
STAF. Herald, away: and throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those, which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.
[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS, *and* Forces.
CADE. And you, that love the commons, follow me.—
Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.
DICK. They are all in order, and march toward us.
CADE. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of* Blackheath.

Alarum. The two parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS *are slain.*

CADE. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?
DICK. Here, sir.
CADE. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one a week.[b]
DICK. I desire no more.
CADE. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; [*Putting on part of Sir* H. STAFFORD's *armour.*] and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.
DICK. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.
CADE. Fear not that, I warrant thee.—Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *main'd.*

[a] *I pass not;*] I *care* not, or, I *regard* not.

[b] *Thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one* a week.] The last two words are restored from "The Contention." the reign of Elizabeth, butchers were prohibited from selling sh-meat in Lent; "not," so the statute 5 Eliz. c. 5, expresses it, for any superstition to be maintained in the choyce of meates," but for the double purpose of diminishing the consumption of flesh-meat (already restricted to four days in the week throughout the year), and of encouraging the fisheries, and augmenting the number of seamen. Sick and infirm people, however, unable to abstain from animal food, were dispensed by a licence from their bishop or curate, and certain butchers were specially privileged to supply a limited number each week.

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, *reading a supplication; the* DUKE *of* BUCKINGHAM *and* LORD SAY, *with him: at a distance* QUEEN MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK'S *head.*

Q. MAR. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast,
But where's the body that I should embrace?

BUCK. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. HEN. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. MAR. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me:
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. HEN. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

SAY. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

K. HEN. How now, madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?[a]
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. MAR. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. HEN. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

MESS. The rebels are in Southwark: fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed;
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. HEN. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

BUCK. My gracious lord, retire to Kenilworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. MAR. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. HEN. Lord Say, the traitor* hateth thee;
Therefore, away with us to Kenilworth.

SAY. So might your grace's person be in danger;
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 MESS. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses;
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

BUCK. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. HEN. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. MAR. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. HEN. Farewell, my lord; [*To* LORD SAY.] trust not the Kentish rebels.

BUCK. Trust nobody, for fear you be† betray'd

SAY. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—*The same.* *The* Tower.

Enter LORD SCALES, *and others, on the walls. Then enter certain* Citizens, *below.*

SCALES. How, now! is Jack Cade slain?

1 CIT. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; fo they have won the bridge, killing all those tha withstand them. The lord mayor craves aid your honour from the Tower, to defend the cit from the rebels.

SCALES. Such aid as I can spare, you sha command;
But I am troubled here with them myself;
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives
And so, farewell, for I must hence again.
[*Exeun*

[a] Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?] Might we not read,
"Still mourning and lamenting Suffolk's death!"

(*) Old text, *traitors.*
(†) First folio omits, *be.*

SCENE VI.—*The same.* Cannon-street.

Enter JACK CADE, *and his* Followers. *He strikes his staff on London-stone.*

CADE. Now is Mortimer lord of this city! And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, *running.*

SOLD. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

CADE. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

SMITH. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think he hath a very fair warning.

DICK. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

CADE. Come then, let's go fight with them: but first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same.* Smithfield.

Alarums. Enter, on one side, CADE *and his Company; on the other,* Citizens, *and the* KING'S Forces, *headed by* MATTHEW GOUGH. *They fight; the* Citizens *are routed, and* MATTHEW GOUGH *is slain.*

CADE. So, sirs.—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

DICK. I have a suit unto your lordship.

CADE. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

DICK. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

JOHN. Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [*Aside.*

SMITH. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*

CADE. I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

JOHN. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [*Aside.*

CADE. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens,[a] and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, *with the* LORD SAY.

CADE. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb; and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

SAY. What of that?

CADE. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

DICK. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

SAY. You men of Kent—

DICK. What say you of Kent?

SAY. Nothing but this: 'tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

CADE. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin. [will.

SAY. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you
Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:[b]
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But[c] to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

CADE. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field? [I struck

SAY. Great men have reaching hands: oft have
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

GEO. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks? [your good.

SAY. These cheeks are pale for watching for

CADE. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

SAY. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

CADE. Ye shall have a hempen caudle* then, and the help[d] of a hatchet.

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[a] *One-and-twenty* fifteens,—] The impost called a *fifteen*, was the fifteenth part of all the personal property of each subject.

[b] The civil'st place of all this isle:] "*Ex his omnibus longe sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt.*"—Cæsar, "De Bello Gallico," Lib. v. This passage is translated by Arthur Golding, 1565, as follows:—"Of all the inhabitantes of this isle, the *civilest* are the *Kentish folke.*"

[c] But *to maintain*—] In the folios,—"*Kent* to maintain," &c. The word "*But*" was substituted by Johnson.

[d] *The* help *of a hatchet.*] Farmer suggests that we ought to read "*pap with* a hatchet." This was a cant phrase of Shakespeare's day, and Lily has adopted it in the title of his celebrated pamphlet, "*Pap with an hatchet;* alias, a fig for my godson; or crack me this nut; or a country cuff: that is, a sound box of the ear, et cætera;" he has again introduced it, too, in his "Mother Bombie," 1594:—"They give us pap with a spoone before we can speake, and when wee speake for that we love, *pap with a hatchet.*" So also in Dent's "Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," under "Lying:"—"their purpose was to entangle him in his words, and to entrap him, that they might catch advantage against him, and so cut his throat, and give him *pap with a hatchet.*" The *pap of a hatchet* meant, the stroke of the headsman's axe; as a *hempen caudle*, which Cade promises with it, signified, death by the rope. The latter slang occurs, also, in the old play called, "The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon," Act V. Sc. 1:—

"Here, Warman, put this *hempen caudle* o'er thy he ad."

(*) Old copies, *candle.*

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour?—speak.
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. [*Aside.*] I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some with* Lord Say.] The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold of me *in capite;* and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, *with the heads of* Lord Say *and his* Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were

alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Alarum. Enter Cade *and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish-street! Down Saint Magnus' corner![a](4) Kill and knock down! Throw them into Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham *and old* Clifford, *with* Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offer'd you;
Or let a rebel[b] lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—*God save his majesty!*
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out[c] these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces; for me,—I will make shift for one; and so—God's curse light upon you all!

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[a] Up Fish-street! Down Saint Magnus' corner!] As these places are on the opposite side of the river to that on which Cade now is, we must suppose him issuing orders to different parties of his rebels as to the direction they should take.

[b] *Or let a* rebel *lead you to your deaths?*] So, and rightly, read Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's annotator. The folios have, "Or let a *rabble*," &c.

[c] *Have* given out, &c.] Have *given up*, have *relinquished*. To *give out*, in the sense of *resign* or *surrender*, is yet current among the vulgar.

ALL. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

CLIF. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—*Viliaco!*[a] unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

ALL. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

CADE. [*Aside.*] Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying. —In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very middest of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

BUCK. What, is he fled? Go, some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Kenilworth Castle.

Trumpets sounded. *Enter* KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the terrace of the Castle.*

K. HEN. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old.
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD.

BUCK. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

K. HEN. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a great number of CADE's Followers, *with halters about their necks.*

CLIF. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K. HEN. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind;
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

ALL. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of gallowglasses, and stout kerns,(5)
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. HEN. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York, distress'd;
Like to a ship, that having 'scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd,[b] and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;[c]

---

[a] Viliaco!] The old copies have, *Villiago*, which Theobald transformed into *Villageois*. *Villiago*, or *Viliaco*, signifying *rascal*, *scoundrel*, and the like, is an epithet from the Italian, which occurs in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," act V. Sc. 3, and in other of our early writers.

[b] *Is straightway* calm'd,—] This reading is derived from the fourth folio; the first has, "*calme;*" the second, "*claimd;*" the third, "*claim'd.*" Mr. Collier adopts *calm.*

[c] I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;] In the Variorum this was altered to,—

"—— go *forth* and meet him,"

and,—

"—— go and meet *with* him."

Mr. Dyce proposes,—

"—— go *thou* and meet him;"

and Mr. Collier's annotator,—

"—— go *then* and meet him."

But the rhythm may be restored by the transposition of a word:—

"*Go*, I pray thee, Buckingham, and meet him."

And ask him what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

SOM. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. HEN. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

BUCK. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. HEN. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—Kent. Iden's *Garden.*

Enter CADE.

CADE. Fie on ambition! * fie on myself; that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet,[a] my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN.

IDEN. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these!
This small inheritance my father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning; *

(*) First folio, *ambitions.*

[a] Sallet,—] This feeble quibble on *sallet*, a helmet, and *salad* must have been sufficiently hackneyed. It occurs as early as 1537 in "A new Enterlude called Thersytes:"—

"THERSITES. I say abyde good Mulciber, I pray ye make me a sallet.
MULCIBER. Why Thersites hast thou anye wytte in thy head,
Woldest thou have a sallet nowe all the herbes are dead?
* * * * * *

(*) Old text, *warning*

THERSITES. Goddes passion, Mulciber, where is thy wit and memory?
I wolde have a sallet made of stele.
MULCIBER. Whye Syr, in youre stomacke longe you shall it fele,
For stele is harde for to digest.
THERSITES. Mans bones and sydes, hee is worse then a beast!
I wolde have a sallet to were on my hed."
&c. &c. &c.

Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

CADE. [*Aside.*] Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him! but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

IDEN. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why, then, should I betray thee?
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

CADE. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

IDEN. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

CADE. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God[a] on my knees, thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight.* CADE *falls.*] O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

IDEN. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

CADE. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards,—for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

IDEN. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit* IDEN, *dragging out the body.*

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[a] *I beseech* God—] So "The Contention;" but in the folios, Cade is made to swear by *Jove*.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. Fields between* Dartford *and* Blackheath.

The King's *Camp on one side. On the other, enter* York *attended, with drum and colours: his* Forces *at some distance.*

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head;
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright;
To entertain great England's lawful king!
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it.
A sceptre shall it have,—have I a soul,—
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

[*Aside.*] Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
BUCK. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
YORK. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
BUCK. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.
YORK. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms!
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury! *Aside.*
I am far better born than is the king;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
O* Buckingham, I pr'ythee pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while,
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.
BUCK. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
YORK. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
BUCK. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
YORK. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's Field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
BUCK. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING HENRY, *attended.*

K. HEN. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
YORK. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.
K. HEN. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?
YORK. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE's *head.*

IDEN. If one so rude and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
K. HEN. The head of Cade!—Great God, how just art thou!
O, let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.—
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
IDEN. I was, an't like your majesty.
K. HEN. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
IDEN. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
BUCK. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.
K. HEN. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.
IDEN. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises.*
K. HEN. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

Q. MAR. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
YORK. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee?—no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not,—no, nor canst not rule a traitor
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

(*) First folio omits, *O.*

And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heaven thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

SOM. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

YORK. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,[a]
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
Sirrah, call in my sons* to be my bail;
[*Exit an* Attendant.
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for† my enfranchisement.

Q. MAR. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain, [*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.[b]
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

YORK. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys!
See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. MAR. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with* Forces, *at one side; at the other, with* Forces *also, old* CLIFFORD *and his* Son.

CLIF. Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*

YORK. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford,—kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

CLIF. This is my king, York,—I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do:—
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. HEN. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

CLIF. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. MAR. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

YORK. Will you not, sons?

EDW. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

RICH. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

CLIF. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

YORK. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs;
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. *Enter* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with* Forces.

CLIF. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

RICH. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd[c] with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

CLIF. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

YORK. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

CLIF. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. HEN. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
O, where is faith! O, where is loyalty!
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

(*) First folio, *sonne.* (†) First folio, *of.*

a *First let me ask* of these, &c.] The old text reads, "—— of *thee.*" By *these* York is supposed to mean his sons, or his forces.

b *Exit* BUCKINGHAM.] The old copies have no stage direction here; but it is evident from what the King says presently—

"*Call Buckingham*, and bid him arm himself"—

that he must have left the stage at some period of the scene. The modern editors have been equally unmindful of his *exit.*

c *Who*, being suffer'd—] That is, who being *unrestrained, unchecked.* So in Act III. Sc. 2:—

"Lest, *being suffer'd* in that harmful slumber," &c.

And in "Henry VI." Part III. Act IV. Sc. 8:—

"A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which *being suffer'd*, rivers cannot quench."

Mr. Collier's annotator, from ignorance of the idiom, substitutes *having* for *being*; "and," Mr. C. remarks, "we may be confident gives us the poet's language."

For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
SAL. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
K. HEN. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
SAL. I have.
K. HEN. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
SAL. It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
Q. MAR. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
K. HEN. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
YORK. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death or* dignity.
CLIF. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
WAR. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
CLIF. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household[a] badge.
WAR. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain-top the cedar shows
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
Even to† affright thee with the view thereof.
CLIF. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.
Y. CLIF. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their 'complices.
RICH. Fie! charity! for shame, speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.
Y. CLIF. Foul stigmatic,[b] that's more than thou canst tell.
RICH. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [*Exeunt severally.*

(*) Old text, *and.* (†) Old text, *so.*

[a] Household *badge.*] So "The Contention." The first folio mis-prints *household, housed.*

[b] *Foul* stigmatic,—] A *stigmatic* originally signified any one marked, as a criminal punishment, with a hot iron. To appreciate the application of this term to Richard, we must call to mind the cruel belief once prevalent, that personal deformity was a brand or *stigma* set by Nature on a being, to indicate a vicious and malignant disposition.

SCENE II.—Saint Alban's.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

WAR. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what all a-foot?
YORK. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

WAR. Of one or both of us the time is come.
YORK. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
WAR. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.
[*Exit.*
CLIF. What seest thou in me, York? Why dost thou pause? [love,
YORK. With thy brave bearing should I be in
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
CLIF. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.
YORK. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!
CLIF. My soul and body on the action both!—
YORK. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.
[*They fight, and* CLIFFORD *falls.*
CLIF. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [*Dies.*
YORK. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!
[*Exit.*

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. CLIF. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his dead father.*
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit heaven and earth together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.—
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[*Taking up the body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting, and* SOMERSET *is killed.*

RICH. So, lie thou there;—
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—
Sword, hold thy temper: heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *and others, retreating.*

Q. MAR. Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away!
K. HEN. Can we outrun the heavens? Good Margaret, stay.
Q. MAR. What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape
(As well we may, if not through your neglect),
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd,
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. CLIF. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! And we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

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[a] Of *Salisbury,*—] Mr. Collier's annotator, following the earlier version of the play, which reads,—

"But did you see *old* Salisbury?"—

substitutes *old* for *af.*

SCENE III.—*Fields near* Saint Alban's.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*

YORK. Of[a] Salisbury, who can report of him,—
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.
RICH. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And, like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

SAL. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.
YORK. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth:—
What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?
WAR. After them! Nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound drum and trumpets:—and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befal! (1)
[*Exeunt.*

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE II.—*With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch.*] From Ryder's *Fœdera* we find that on the ninth of May, 1432 (the 10th of Henry VI.), *Margery Jourdemayn, John Virley,* clerk, and friar *John Ashwell,* who had been confined on a charge of sorcery in the castle of Windsor, were conveyed by the Constable of the castle, Walter Hungerford, to the Council at Westminster, and were there delivered into the custody of the Lord Chancellor. The same day, upon finding securities for their good behaviour, they were discharged.

(2) SCENE IV.—*All, away!*] Hall's account of the arrest and trial of the Duchess and her confederates, is as follows:—"Thys yere (1442-3), dame Elyanour Cobham, wyfe to the sayd duke, was accused of treason, for that she, by sorcery and enchauntment, entended to destroy the kyng, to thentent to advaunce and promote her husbande to the croune: upon thys she was examined in sainct Stephens chapell, before the bishop of Canterbury, and there by examinacion convict and judged to do open penaunce. in iii open places within the cytie of London, and after that adiudged to perpetuall prisone in the Isle of Man, under the kepyng of Sir Ihon Stanley, knyght. At the same season wer arrested as ayders and counsailers to the sayde duchesse, Thomas Southwel, prieste and chanon of saincte Stephens in Westmynster, Ihon Hum priest, Roger Bolyngbroke, a conyng nycromancier, and Margerie Iourdayne, surnamed the witche of Eye, to whose charge it was laied, that thei, at the request of the duchesse, had devised an image of waxe representyng the kyng, whiche by their sorcery, a litle and litle consumed, entendyng therby in conclusion to waist and destroy the kynges person, and so to bryng hym to death; for the which treison, they wer adjudged to dye, and so Margery Jordayne was brent in smithfelde, and Roger Bolyngbroke was drawen and quartered at tiborne; takyng upon his death, that there was never no suche thyng by them ymagined; Ihon Hum had his pardon, and Southwel died in the toure before execution."

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—

———for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport, these seven years' day.]

Thomas Nash, (not the satirical author of "Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication,") in his "Quaternio, or a Fourefold Way to a Happie Life," 1633, p. 35, affords an animated picture of the sport of hawking at water-fowl:—"And to heare an Accipitrary relate againe, how he went forth in a cleare, calme, and Sun-shine Evening, about an houre before the Sunne did usually maske himselfe, unto the River, where finding of a Mallard, he whistled off his Faulcon, and how shee flew from him as if shee would never have turned head againe, yet presently upon a shoote came in, how then by degrees, by little and little, by flying about and about, she mounted so high, until she had lessened herselfe to the view of the beholder, to the shape of a Pigeon or Partridge, and had made the height of the Moone the place of her flight, how presently upon the landing of the fowle, shee came downe like a stone and enewed it, and suddenly got up againe, and suddenly upon a second landing came downe againe, and missing of it, in the downecome recovered it, beyond expectation, to the admiration of the beholder at a long flight."

(2) SCENE I.—*Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.*] Shakespeare may have derived the incidents of the foregoing scene from a story related by Sir Thomas More as communicated to him by his father:—"I remember me that I have hard my father tell of a begger that, in Kyng Henry his daies the sixt, cam with his wife to Saint Albonis. And there was walking about the towne begging a five or six dayes before the kinges commynge thither, saienge that he was borne blinde and never sawe in hys lyfe. And was warned in hys dreame that he shoulde come out of Berwyke, where he said he had ever dwelled, to seke saynt Albon, and that he had ben at his shryne, and had not bene holpen. And therfore he woulde go seke hym at some other place, for he had hard some say sins he came, that sainct Albonys body shold be at Colon, and indede such a contencion hath ther ben. But of troth, as I am surely informed, he lieth here at Saint Albonis, saving some reliques of him, which thei there shew shrined. But to tell you forth, whan the kyng was comen, and the towne full, sodainlye thys blind man at Saint Albonis shrine had his sight agayne, and a myracle solemply rongen, and *te Deum* songen, so that nothyng was talked of in al the towne but this myracle. So happened it than that Duke Humfry of Glocester, a great wyse man and very well lerned, having great joy to se such a myracle, called the pore man unto hym. And first shewing hymselfe joyouse of Goddes glory so shewed in the gettinge of his sight, and exortinge hym to mekenes, and to none ascribing of any part the worship to himself, nor to be proued of the peoples prayse, which would call hym a good and a godly man therby. At last he loked well upon his eyen, and asked whyther he could never se nothing at al in al his life before. And whan as well his wyfe as himself affermed falsely no, than he loked advisedly upon his eien again, and said, I beleve you very wel, for me thinketh that ye cannot se well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he, I thanke God, and his holy marter, I can se nowe as well as any man. Ye can, quoth the duke; what colour is my gowne? Than anone the beggar tolde him. What coloure, quoth he, is this mans gowne? He told him also, and so forth, without any sticking, he told him the names of al the colours that coulde bee shewed him. And whan my lord saw that, he bad him walke faytoure, and made him be set openly in the stockes. For though

he could have sene soudenly by miracle, the dyfference betwene divers colours, yet coulde he not by the syght so sodenly tell the names of all these colours, but if he had knowen them before, no more than the names of al the men that he should sodenly se."

(3) SCENE III.—*Enter, on one side, Horner, &c.*] The stage direction of "The Contention" is amusing:—"*Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his staffe with a sand-bag fastened to it, and at the other doore, his Man with a drum and sand-bagge, and Prentises drinking to him.*"

(4) SCENE III.—*Peter strikes down his master.*] In our illustration of the trial by battle between the Dukes of Hereford and Norfolk ("Richard the Second," Act I. Sc. 3), the combat represented in this play was especially referred to. In the former instance the duello takes place between noblemen of the first rank, in the present betwixt two persons of the lowest degree, but in both the parties are each other's equals, and in both the combat springs from an accusation of treason, which, with the appeal of murder, was always submitted to be a valid cause for permitting the Wager of Battle. The cases in question were thus far parallel, and even in the ceremonial proper to each, though widely different in the scene of action, and the habits and weapons of the combatants, there was a marked degree of similarity. The event here introduced took place early in December, 1446, and was the second appeal of treason made in that year, for which the Trial by Battle was appointed. The Prior of Kilmaine had appeached the Earl of Ormond, and "for trial thereof," says Fabian, "the place of battaill was assigned in Smithfield, and the barriers for the same there readie pight. In which meane tyme a Doctour of Divinitie, named Master Gilbert Worthington, Parsone of Saint Andrews in Holborne, and other good menne, made soche labour to the kynges counsaill, that when the daie of battaill approched, the quarell was taken into the kynges hande and there ended." The same author also records the Appeal of Treason represented in the present drama; and he, in all probability, as Mr. Douce conjectured, was Shakespeare's authority for the incident. In his Chronicle there is a blank space left for the name of the armourer, which is supplied by Holinshed. "The real names of these combatants," Mr. Douce observes, "were John Daveys and William Catour, as appears from the original precept to the sheriffs, still remaining in the Exchequer, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield for combat. The names of the sheriffs were Godfrey Boloyne and Robert Horne; and the latter, which occurs on the page of Fabian's Chronicle that records the duel, might have suggested the name of Horner to Shakespeare." The following is Fabian's narrative, by which it will be seen that the poet has historical authority for exhibiting the armourer as overcome by intoxication, though he appears to have deviated from it in making him "confess treason:"—"In this yere an armurer named . . . . was appeched of treason by a servaunte of his owne: for triall whereof a daie to them was given to fight in Smithfield. At which daie of battaill the saied armurer was overcomen and slain, and that by the misguiding of himself: for upon the morowe when he should come to the fielde, his neighbours came to him, and gave unto him so moche wine and good ale, that he was therewithe distempered, that he reeled as he went, *and so was slaine without gilt.* But that false servaunt lived not longe unpunished, for he was after hanged for felony at Tiburne." In the volume of "Illustrations of the Manners and Expences of Antient Times in England," published by Nichols, will be found the Exchequer record of the items and charges for erecting the barriers and preparing the field for this duello, amounting to £10 18*s.* 9*d.* These works occupied about a week; the barriers were brought in nine carts from Westminster, and the ground was cleared of snow, and strewed with rushes and 168 loads of sand and gravel. The account is closed with some items partly disallowed by the Barons of the Exchequer, showing that however innocent the vanquished armourer really might have been, his body was treated as that of a traitor:—"Paid to Officeres for watching of ye ded man in Smythfelde, ye same daye and ye nyghte aftyr that the bataill was doon; and for hors hyre for the Officeres at the execution doying; and for the hangmans labour,—11*s.* 6*d.* Also paid for ye cloth yat lay upon ye ded man in Smythfelde —8*d.* Also paid for 1 pole and nayllis and setting up of ye manny's hed on London bridge—8*d.*"

It is not so easy to ascertain the source whence Shakespeare derived the costume of these combatants, as it was in the case of the important personages who fought in "Richard the Second." No one of the Chronicles notices the "staff with a sand-bag fastened to it," with which Horner and Peter were to settle their differences. The weapons proper to civil persons under the rank of gentlemen, and in a case of felony, were batons of an ell in length, tipped with horn at each end, but without any iron; and square targets covered with leather. The sand-bags appear to have been attached to the batons only when the combat was assigned on a Writ of Right; which became, as Blackstone regards it, a species of cudgel-playing, the end of which was not the death of either party, but only a manifest superiority of skill. Any nice distinction as to the peculiar weapons appointed by the legal character of appeal was not to be expected in Shakespeare, especially as such disputes commonly related to questions of property, and not to criminal accusations.

ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—*Caper upright like a wild Mórisco.*] There can be little doubt that upon the first introduction of the Moorish dance, or as it soon became corrupted *Morris* dance, the performers endeavoured, by the wildness of their gestures, by colouring their faces, and by assuming a costume which resembled that of Africa, to imitate as nearly as they could the actions and appearance of the native dancers. One peculiarity which has been already noticed (see Illustrative Comments to "All's Well that Ends Well," p. 55), and which lasted in this country as long as the Morris dance itself, was that of the dancers hanging bells about their knees, and sometimes their arms also; hence the allusion in the text to the *shaking his bells.* From some passages in our old writers, it is evident also, that in imitation of the original dancers, they were once in the habit of bearing swords, which they shook and probably clashed with vehemence, as they became excited by the motion, the noise they made, and by the plaudits of the spectators:—"There are other actions of dancing used, as of those who are represented with weapons in their hands going round in a ring capering skilfully, *shaking their weapons* after the manner of the Morris, with divers actions of meeting."—HAYDOCKE'S *Translation of Lomazzo, on Painting,* 1598.

(2) SCENE II.—*Enter certain Murderers, hastily.*] The stage direction in the folio 1623 is:—"*Enter two or three, running over the stage, from the murder of Duke* Humphrey;" but from that in the earlier version of the play, "The Contention," it is evident the murder was represented to the audience in dumb show:—"*Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke* Humphrey *is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest, and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of* Suffolke *to them.*"

(3) SCENE II.—

It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.]

It is instructive and interesting also to observe the care with which this terrible picture was elaborated from what we believe to have been Shakespeare's first rough design of it in "The Contention:"—

"WAR. Oft have I seene a timely parted ghost,
Of ashie semblance, pale and bloodlesse,
But loe the blood is setled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liv'd,
His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,
His fingers spred abroad as one that grasp for life,
Yet was by strength surpriside, the least of these are probable,
It cannot chuse but he was murthered."

An eminent medical authority makes the following observation upon the poet's description of Gloucester's death:—"My readers will smile, perhaps, to see me quoting Shakespeare among physicians and theologists; but not one of all their tribe, populous though it be, could describe so exquisitely the marks of apoplexy, conspiring with the struggles for life, and the agonies of suffocation, to deform the countenance of the dead: so curiously does our poet present to our conceptions all the signs from which it might be inferred that the good duke Humfrey had died a violent death."—BELL'S *Principles of Surgery*, 1815. ii. 557.

(4) SCENE III.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation.]

Every circumstance connected with a scene so universally admired as this commands attention, and no apology therefore need be offered for the introduction here of Shakespeare's original version of it as it stands in the old "Contention," or of the passage from the Chronicles on which it appears to have been based:—

'*Enter King and* Salsbury, *and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were madde.*

CAR. Oh death, if thou wilt let me live but one whole yeare,
Ile give thee as much gold as will purchase such another iland.
KING. Oh see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled.
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must save thy soule.
CAR. Why died he not in his bed?
What would you have me to do then?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent me.
Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.
SAL. See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.
KING. Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heavenly blisse,
Hold up thy hand and make some signe to us.
[*The Cardinall dies.*
Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all
Oh God forgive his soule.
SALB. So bad an ende did never none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.
KING. Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,
For God will iudge us all.
Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.
[*Exet omnes.*"

The account in Hall, which in all probability suggested the scene, is as follows:—"During these doynges, Henry Beaufford, byshop of Wynchester, and called the ryche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde, and was buried at Wynchester. This man was sonne to Ihon of Gaunte, duke of Lancaster, discended of an honorable lignage, but borne in Baste, more noble of bloud, then notable in learnyng, haut in stomacke, and hygh in countenaunce, ryche above measure of all men, and to fewe liberal, disdaynfull to his kynne, and dreadfull to his lovers, preferrynge money before friendshippe, many thinges begynning, and nothing perfourmyng. His covetous insaciable, and hope of long lyfe, made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and hym selfe, in his latter daies: for Doctor Ihon Baker, his pryvie counsailer, and hys chappellayn, wrote, that he lyeng on his death bed, said these wordes: 'Why should I dye, having so muche ryches, if the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it or by ryches to bye it. Fye, will not death be hyered, nor will money do nothyng? when my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myselfe halfe up the whele, but when I sawe myne other nephew of Gloucester disceased, then I thought myself able to be equale with kinges, and so thought to encrease my treasure in hoope to have worne a tryple Croune. But I se nowe the worlde faileth me, and so I am deceyved, praiyng you all to pray for me.'"

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to add that there is no historical foundation for charging Cardinal Beaufort with complicity in the murder of Gloucester. Long before that time he had retired from public affairs, applying himself sedulously to the duties of his diocese, and distinguishing himself by many acts of munificence and charity.

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—*So will the queen, that living held him dear.*] The circumstances attending the capture and murder of the Duke of Suffolk are thus briefly narrated by Hall:—"But fortune wold not that this flagitious person shoulde so escape; for when he shipped in Suffolke, entendynge to be transported into Fraunce, he was encontered with a shippe of warre appertainyng to the duke of Excester, the constable of the towre of London, called the Nicholas of the Towre. The capitayne of the same barke with small fighte entered into the duke's shyppe, and perceyving his person present, brought hym to Dover rode, and there on the one syde of a cocke bote, caused his head to be stryken of, and left his body with the heade upon the sandes of Dover, which corse was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wingfelde College in Suffolke, and there buried. This ende had William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolke, as men judge by God's punyshment for above all thinges he was noted to be the very organ, engine, and diviser of the destruccion of Humfrey the good duke of Gloucester, and so the bloudde of the innocente man was with his dolorous death, recompensed and punished."

(2) SCENE II.—

Cade. *What is thy name?*
Clerk. *Emanuel.*
Dick. *They use to write it on the top of letters.*]

An exemplification of Dick's remark is found in the following letter from John Speed, the historian, to Sir Robert Cotton, written about 1609 or 1610, and published

by the Camden Society in "Original Letters of Eminent Literary Men," 1843 :—

"EMANUELL.

Worshipfull Sir, my thoughts runnyng upon the well performance of this worke, and fearfull to comitt any thing disagreeing from the truth, I have sent you a coppy of some part of that which you have alredy sene, because you left in writing at the Printers that with a fast eye you had overune it, and your leasure better affording that busines in the contrey then here you had; this therefore hath caused me to send you as much as my Printer can espare, beseiching your Worshipe to read it more attentyvly, to place the Coynes, and what adicssions you will before you returne it; and I pray you to past a paper where you doe adde, and not to intirline the coppy, for somewhere we cannot read your Notes because the place geves your pene not rome to expresse your mynd. I have sent such Coynes as are cutt, and will weekly supply the same; so much therefore as you shall perfect I praye you send againe with as much speed as you can; but where you do want the Coynes, kepe that coppy still with you, untill I send them: for I shall not be sattisfied with your other directions or Mr. Coles helpe. Good Sir, afford me herein your assistance as you have begune, and remember my suit to my L. privy-seall, wherein you shall binde me in all dutifull service and affection to your Worship's command. So beseiking the Almighty to prosper our indevours I humbly take my leave, and leave your Worship to the Lordes protection. Your Worships to comand in all dutifull service, JOH. SPEED."

It is somewhat surprising that modern editors of Shakespeare, to whose research we owe so much, should have been unable to furnish a single example of the use of this prefix to letters. Warburton speaks of it as adopted only in "letters missive and such like publick acts," and Mr. Collier echoes him. This is a curious mistake. In addition to the instance cited above, we can refer to one MS. alone in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 19,400) which contains no less than fourteen private epistles headed "*Emanewell*," or "Jesus *Immanuel*." See folios 40, 47, 100, 116, 137, 142, 145, 150, 155, 163, 165, 168, 185, and 204.

(3) SCENE II. — *Hang him with his pen-and-inkhorn about his neck.*] A horn, to contain pens and ink, or a pen-case and an inkhorn attached together by a cord, used formerly to be carried about by professional people, such as schoolmasters, lawyers, notaries, &c., who are always represented in ancient illuminations, pictures, and tombs, with these useful appendages hanging from their girdles. A good ideal representative of the Clerk of Chatham will be found in Waller's "Series of Monumental Brasses," from a monument, *temp.* Edward IV., in the church of St. Mary Tower, Ipswich. As more intimately connected, however, with the present drama, it is interesting to know that the identical pen-and-ink case formerly belonging to king Henry VI. still exists. It is made of leather, ornamented with the arms of England, and the rose of the House of Lancaster, surmounted by the crown. Inside are three cells, one to receive the inkstand, the other two to hold pens, &c. This curious relic is engraved in Shaw's "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages."

(4) SCENE VIII.—*Up Fish-street! Down Saint Magnus' corner!*] The insurrection of Jack Cade, with all its concomitant circumstances, is told with great spirit by the old chroniclers, but at too great length to be transcribed entire: we subjoin, therefore, Holinshed's account of the fight at London-bridge :—

"The Maior and other the Magistrates of London, perceyving themselves neyther to bee sure of goodes, nor of life well warranted, determined to repulse and keepe out of their citie such a mischievous caitife and his wicked company. And to be the better able so to do, they made the lorde Scales and that renowned captaine Matthew Goughe privye both of their intent and enterprise, beseeching them of their helpe and furtherance therein. The Lord Scales promised them his aide with shooting off the artillerie in the tower, and Matthew Gough was by hym appointed to assiste the Maior and Londoners, in all that he might, and so he and other captaines, appointed for defense of the citie, tooke upon them in the night to keepe the brydge, and would not suffer the Kentishmen once to approche. The rebelles which never soundly slept for feare of soddaine chaunces, hearing that the bridge was thus kept, ran with greate haste to open that passage, where betwene both parties was a fierce and cruell fight. Matthew Gough perceiving the rebels to stand to their tackling more manfullie than he thought they would have doone, advised his companie not to advance anie further toward Southwarke, till the daie appeared, that they might see where the place of jeopardie rested, and so to provide for the same; but this little availed. For the rebels with their multitude drave backe the citizens from the stoulps at the bridge-foot to the draw bridge, and began to set fire in diverse houses. Great ruth it was to behold the miserable state, wherein some desiring to eschew the fire died upon their enimies weapon; women with children in their armes lept for feare into the river, other in a deadlie care how to save themselves, between fire, water, and sword, were in their houses choked and smothered. Yet the captains not sparing, fought on the bridge all the night valiantlie: but in conclusion the rebels gat the draw bridge, and drouned many, and slew John Sutton, alderman, and Robert Heysand, a hardie citizen, with manie other, beside Matthew Gough, a man of great wit, and much experience in feates of chivalry, the which in continual warres had spent his time in service of the king and his father.

"This sore conflict endured in doubtfull wise on the bridge, till nine of the clocke in the morning; for sometime the Londoners were beaten backe to sainte Magnus corner; and suddenelie againe, the rebels were repulsed to the stoulpes in Southwarke, so that both parts beeing faint and wearie, agreed to leave off from fighting till the next day, uppon condition that neyther Londoners should passe into Southwarke, nor Kentishmen into London. Upon this abstinence, this rakehell capteine for making him more friends, brake up the gailes of the kings Bench and Marshalsie, and so were manie mates set at libertie verie meet for his matters in hand."—HOLINSHED, *sub anno* 1450.

(5) SCENE IX.—

The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of gallowglasses, and stout kerns,
Is marching hitherward in proud array.]

The only distinction between these formidable mercenaries, whose wild appearance and ferocious habits are specially depicted by English writers of the time of Elizabeth, was that the kerns were light, and the gallowglasses heavy, armed foot soldiers; the principal weapon of the former being a dart, which, an eye-witness of their prowess assures us, they wielded with such force as to pierce through both the chain and plate armour of their antagonists.* The gallowglass, chosen for his size and strength, was armed with a shirt of mail, a skull cap, and a gallowglass axe. Savage and merciless in warfare,

"—— the gallowglass, the kerne,
Yield or not yield, whomso they take they slay,"†

they were a terror at home in times of peace. "The kerne," says Barnaby Riche in his Description of Ireland, 1610, p. 37, "are the very drosse and scum of the countrey, a generation of villaines not worthy to live; these be they that live by robbing and spoiling the poore countreyman, that maketh him many times to buy bread to give unto them, though he want for himselfe and his poore children. These are they, that are ready to run out with everie rebell, and these are the verie hags of hell, fit for nothing but the gallows."

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* French Metrical History of the Deposition of Richard II *Archæologia*, xx. p. 33.

† Mirrour for Magistrates.

ACT V.

(1) Scene III.—

Sound drum and trumpets:—and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befal!]

The first battle of St. Alban's, fought on Thursday, 22nd May, 1455, is thus described by Holinshed. "The king enformed hereof, assembled lykewise a great host, and meaning to meet with the Duke, rather in the north parts than about London, where it was thought he had too many friends, with great speede, and small lucke, being accompanied with the Dukes of Somerset and Buckingham, the Erles of Pembroke, Stafford, Northumberland, Devonshire, Dorset, and Wiltshire, the Lords Clifford, Sudley, Berneis, Roos, and others, beeing in all above two thousande men of warre, departed from Westminster the twentith, or, as some have, the one and twentith of May, and lay the first night at Wadford. Of whose doings the duke of Yorke by espials having still advertisement, with all his power, being not past three thousande men (as some write), coasted the countrey, and came to the toune of Saint Albons, the third day next ensuing. The king there had pight his standerte in a place called Gosclowe, otherwise Sandiford, in Saint Peeters streete: the Lord Clifforde kept the barriers of the toune, to stop that the Duke, being assembled in Keye field, should not enter the toune. * * * The king, when first he heard of the Dukes approche, sent to him messengers, as the Duke of Buckingham and others, to understand what he meant by his comming, thus furnished after the manner of warre. The Duke of Buckingham, doing his message as hee had in commaundement, was answered by the Duke of Yorke and his complices, that they were all of them the king's faithfull liege subjects, and intended no harme to him at all: but the cause of our comming (saie they) is not in meaning anie hurt to his person. But let that wicked and naughtie man the duke of Somerset be delivered unto us, who hath lost Normandie, and taken no regard to the preservation of Gascoigne; and furthermore hath brought the realme into this miserable estate: that where it was the floure of nations, and the princesse of provinces, now is it haled into desolation and spoile, not so dreadfull by malice of forren enimie, that indeed utterlie (as yee knowe) seeketh our ruine, as by the intollerable outrages of him that so long ago and even still appeares to have sworne the confusion of our king and realme. If it therefore please the king to deliver that bad man into our hands, we are readie without trouble or breach of peace, to returne into our countrie. But if the king be not minded so to do, because he cannot misse him; let him understand, that we will rather die in the field, than suffer such a mischeefe unredressed.

"The king, advertised of this aunswere, more wilfull than reasonable, chose rather to trie battell than deliver the duke of Somerset to his enimies. Whereof they ascertained made no longer staie, but straightway sounded the trumpet to battell, or rather as Hall hath, while King Henry sent forth his ambassadors to treate of peace at the one end of the toune, the Erle of Warwike, with his Marchmen, entred at the other end, and fiercely setting on the king's foreward, within a small tyme discomfited the same. The place where they first brake into the towne was about the middle of saint Peter's street. The fight for a time was ryghte sharp and cruell, for the Duke of Somerset, with the other lords, coming to the succours of their companions, that were put to the worse, did what they could to beate back the enimies, but the Duke of York sent ever fresh men to succour the wearie, and to supplie the places of them that were hurt, by which policie, the king's army was finally brought to confusion, and all the chiefetaines of the fielde slaine and beaten doune. For there dyed under the sign of the Castell, Edmund Duke of Somerset, who, as hath bin reported, was warned long before to avoid all castels: and beside hym laye Henry the second of that name Earle of Northumberland, Humfrey erle of Stafford, son to the Duke of Buckingham, John Lord Clifford, sir Barthram Antwisell knight, a Norman born (who forsaking his native countrie to continue in his loiall obedience to king Henrie, came over to dwell here in England when Normandie was lost), William Zouch, John Boutreux, Rafe Babthorp, with his sonne, William Corwin, William Cotton, Gilbert Faldinger, Reginald Griffon, John Dawes, Elice Wood, John Eith, Rafe Woodward, Gilbert Skarlock, and Rafe Willoughbie esquires, with many other, in all to the number of eight thousand, as Edward Hall saith in his chronicle: if there escaped not a fault in the impression, as 8000 for 800, sith hundreds in verie deed would better agree with the number of the kings whole power, which he brought with him to that battell, being not manie above two thousand, as by writers appeareth.

"Humfrey, duke of Buckingham, being wounded, and James Butler, Earle of Ormond and Wiltshire, and Thomas Thorpe lord cheefe baron of the escheker, seeing fortune thus to bee against them, left the king alone and with a number fledde away. Those that thus fled, made the best shift they could to get awaie through gardens and backesides, through shrubs, hedges, and woods, seeking places where to hide themselves, untill that dangerous tempest of the battell were overblowne. Diverse of the kings house also, that could better skill to plaie the courtiers than warriors, fled with the first; and those of the east parts of the realme were likewise noted of too much lacke of courage, for their speedie withdrawing themselves, and leaving the king in danger of his adversaries, who, perceyving hys men thus fledde from him, withdrewe into a poor mans house to save himselfe from the shot of arrowes, that flew about his eares as thicke as snowe."

KING HENRY THE SIXTH. PART THIRD

Act V. Sc. 5.

THE THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

This tragedy was first printed in its present form, in the folio of 1623. It is an enlarged and improved version by Shakespeare, of "The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke," &c. before adverted to, as that, we conceive, was an alteration and improvement by him of an earlier drama, the work of one or more of his contemporaries.

From the circumstance of Robert Greene's paraphrasing a line of "The True Tragedy:"—

"O, tiger's hart, wrapt in a woman's hide;"

when reflecting on Shakespeare, in his "Groatsworth of Wit," 1592,* and of some resemblances between passages in his acknowledged dramas and passages in "The True Tragedy," it may be inferred that he had some share in the production of the piece or pieces, on which were based "The First Part of the Contention," and "The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke." This deduction is strengthened by a passage in "Greene's Funeralls, By R. B. Gent." 4to. Lond. 1594, a small tract of twelve leaves preserved in the Bodleian Library:—

"Greene is the pleasing Obiect of an eie;
Greene pleasde the eies of all that lookt upon him.
Greene is the ground of everie Painter's die;
Greene gave the ground to all that wrote upon him.
Nay, more, the men that so Eclipst his fame,
Purloynde his Plumes, can they deny the same?"

* "Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygre's heart wrapt in a player's hyde*, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and, being an absoluto Johannes Factotum, is, in his own conceyt, the onely Shake-scene in a countrey."

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Sixth.
Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *his* Son.
Lewis XI., *King of* France.
Duke *of* Somerset,
Duke *of* Exeter,
Earl *of* Oxford,
Earl *of* Northumberland,
Earl *of* Westmoreland,
Lord Clifford,
} *On* King Henry's *side.*
Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of* York.
Edward, *Earl of* March, *afterwards* King Edward IV.
George, *afterwards Duke of* Clarence,
Richard, *afterwards Duke of* Gloucester,
} *his* Sons.
Edmund, *Earl of* Rutland,
Duke *of* Norfolk.
Marquis *of* Montague.
Earl *of* Warwick.
Earl *of* Pembroke.
Lord Hastings.
Lord Stafford.
Sir John Mortimer,
Sir Hugh Mortimer,
} *Uncles to the Duke of* York.
Henry, *Earl of* Richmond, *a Youth.*
Lord Rivers, *Brother to* Lady Grey.
Sir William Stanley.
Sir John Montgomery.
Sir John Somerville.
Tutor *to* Rutland.
Mayor *of* York.
Lieutenant *of the* Tower.
A Nobleman.
Two Keepers.
A Huntsman.
A Son *that killed his* Father.
A Father *that killed his* Son.

Queen Margaret.
Lady Grey, *afterwards Queen to* Edward IV.
Bona, *Sister to the* French *Queen.*

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry *and* King Edward, *Messengers, Watchmen, &c.*

SCENE,—*During part of the Third Act, in* France; *during the rest of the Play, in* England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *The* Parliament-House.

Drums. Some Soldiers *of* York's *party break in. Then enter the* Duke *of* York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, *and others, with white roses in their hats.*

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain, or wounded dangerous:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*Showing his bloody sword.*

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood, [*To* York, *showing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[*Throwing down the* Duke *of* Somerset's *head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.
But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt! [head.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,

I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.
YORK. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
NORF. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die. [my lords;
YORK. Thanks, gentle Norfolk:—stay by me,
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.
WAR. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.
[*The* Soldiers *retire.*
YORK. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.
RICH. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.
WAR. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us bywords to our enemies.
YORK. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute,
I mean to take possession of my right.
WAR. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[WARWICK *leads* YORK *to the throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and others, with red roses in their hats.*

K. HEN. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
NORTH. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me! [steel.
CLIF. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in
WEST. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.
K. HEN. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.
CLIF. Patience is for poltroons,[a] such as he;
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
NORTH. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.
K. HEN. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
EXE. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.[b]
K. HEN. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—
[*They advance to the* DUKE.
Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
YORK. I am thine.[c]
EXE. For shame, come down: he made thee duke of York. [was.
YORK. 'T was my inheritance, as the earldom[d]
EXE. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
WAR. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.
CLIF. Whom should he follow but his natural king? [of York.
WAR. True, Clifford; and[e] that's Richard, duke
K. HEN. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
YORK. It must and shall be so: content thyself.
WAR. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.
WEST. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
WAR. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread,
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.
NORTH. Yes,[f] Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
WEST. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
CLIF. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,

[a] Patience is for poltroons,—] An old Italian proverb says the same:—"*Pazienza è pasto di poltroni.*"

[b] But when, &c.] In the folio 1623, this is assigned to Westmoreland: in "The True Tragedy," 1595, it has, rightly, the prefix, *Exeter.*

[c] I am thine.] "The True Tragedy" reads:—"Thou art deceiv'd: I am thine," which Malone adopts.

[d] *As the* earldom *was.*] For *earldom*, "The True Tragedy" has *kingdome.*

[e] And *that's Richard.*—] *And*, omitted in the folio, 1623, is restored from "The True Tragedy."

[f] Yes, *Warwick.*—] The earlier version reads, "*No*, Warwick," which is preferable.

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
WAR. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!
YORK. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. HEN. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy[a] father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the fifth,
Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces. [all.
WAR. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it
K. HEN. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
RICH. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks you lose:—
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
EDW. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
MONT. Good brother [*To* YORK.], as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
RICH. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
YORK. Sons, peace!
K. HEN. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak. [lords,
WAR. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him,
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.
K. HEN. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.
WAR. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. HEN. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.
YORK. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. HEN. [*Aside.*] I know not what to say; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
YORK. What then?
K. HEN. An if he may, then am I lawful king:
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
YORK. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
WAR. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
EXE. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. HEN. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?
EXE. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
YORK. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
EXE. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.
K. HEN. [*Aside.*] All will revolt from me and turn to him.
NORTH. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.
WAR. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.
NORTH. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up in despite of me.
CLIF. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. HEN. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
YORK. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
WAR. Do right unto this princely duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps, and the* Soldiers *show themselves.*
K. HEN. My lord of Warwick, hear but one word;—
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
YORK. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
K. HEN. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
CLIF. What wrong is this unto the prince your son! [self!
WAR. What good is this to England and himWEST. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
CLIF. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!
WEST. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
NORTH. Nor I.
CLIF. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
WEST. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
NORTH. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands, for this unmanly deed!

[a] Thy father—] In the folio 1623, "*My* father," &c., corrected in "The True Tragedy."

CLIF. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd!
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.
WAR. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not. [yield.
EXE. They seek revenge, and therefore will not
K. HEN. Ah, Exeter!
WAR. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. HEN. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But, be it as it may:—I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever; (1)
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.
YORK. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [*Coming from the throne.*
WAR. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him. [ward sons!
K. HEN. And long live thou, and these thy forYORK. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
EXE. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!
[*Sennet. The* Lords *come forward.*
YORK. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.
WAR. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.
NORF. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
MONT. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.
[*Exeunt* YORK *and his* Sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.
K. HEN. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.
EXE. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray[a] her anger:
I'll steal away.
K. HEN. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, *and the* PRINCE *of* WALES.

Q. MAR. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee. [stay.
K. HEN. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will
Q. MAR. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood,—
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.
PRINCE. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?
K. HEN. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son;—
The earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.
Q. MAR. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge (2) commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away;
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.
K. HEN. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.
Q. MAR. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.
K. HEN. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?
Q. MAR. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
PRINCE. When I return with victory from[b] the field,
I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.
Q. MAR. Come, son, away! we may not linger thus.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET *and the* PRINCE.
K. HEN. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!

[a] Bewray—] That is, *disclose, discover.*

[b] From *the field,*—] So the early version; the folio 1623, by mistake, prints, "*to* the field."

Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost[a] my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire[b] on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

EXE. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Sandal Castle, *near* Wakefield, *in* Yorkshire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

RICH. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

EDW. No, I can better play the orator.

MONT. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

YORK. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

EDW. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

YORK. About what?

RICH. About that which concerns your grace and us—
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

YORK. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

RICH. Your right depends not on his life or death.

EDW. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

YORK. I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.

EDW. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

RICH. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

YORK. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

RICH. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

YORK. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

RICH. An oath is of no moment, being not took[c]
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms! and, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

YORK. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.[d]

But, stay; what news? Why com'st thou in such post?

MESS. The queen with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

YORK. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?—
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

MONT. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir JOHN *and Sir* HUGH MORTIMER.

YORK. Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

SIR JOHN. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

YORK. What, with five thousand men?

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[a] *Will* cost *my crown*,—] Warburton suggested *coast* for cost. To *coast* means to *keep alongside*: but in that sense it seems as little applicable to the context as the word it would displace.

[b] Tire *on the flesh of me*, &c.] To *tire* is to *peck* as birds do; and generally implies to tear and rend the food. Steevens quotes an apt example of the word used in this sense from Decker's "Match Me in London," 1631:—

"——— the vulture *tires*
Upon the eagle's heart."

And Mr. Collier another from *Histriomastix*, 1610, Sig. F. 3:—

"O, how this vulture, vile ambition,
Tires on the heart of greatnesse, and *devours*."

[c] *Being not* took—] "The True Tragedy," with more propriety, reads:—"Being not *sworne*."

[d] Enter a Messenger.] The folio 1623 has, "*Enter Gabriel.*" *Gabriel* is supposed to have been the Christian name of the actor who performed the part.

RICH. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:
A woman's general; what should we fear?
[*A march afar off.*
EDW. I hear their drums; let's set our men in order;
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.
YORK. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Plains near* Sandal Castle.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND *and his* Tutor.

RUT. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD *and* Soldiers.

CLIF. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.
TUTOR. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
CLIF. Soldiers, away with him. [child,
TUTOR. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.
[*Exit, forced off by* Soldiers.
CLIF. How now! is he dead already? or, is it fear
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.
RUT. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look!
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die!—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

CLIF. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.
RUT. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
CLIF. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—— [*Lifting his hand.*
RUT. O, let me pray before I take my death!—
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!
CLIF. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
RUT. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?
CLIF. Thy father hath.
RUT. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son,—for his sake pity me,
Lest in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
CLIF. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.(3)
[*Stabs him.*
RUT. *Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*[a]
[*Dies.*
CLIF. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Plains.*

Alarum. Enter YORK.

YORK. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them;
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
And cried,—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!
With this we charg'd again: but, out alas!
We bodg'd[b] again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short alarum.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd that make up my life!
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland.—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
NORTH. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
CLIF. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.
YORK. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?
CLIF. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
YORK. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!
CLIF. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle[c] with thee blows, twice two for one.
[*Draws.*

---

[a] *Di faciant*, &c.] This line, from Ovid's "Epist. *Phillis ad. Demophoon*," is quoted also by Nash in his "*Have With You to Saffron Walden*, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt Is Up," &c., 1596.

[b] Bodg'd—] This is usually explained to be a misprint for *budged*, or *botched*; but *bodg'd* is the genuine word, and means *bungled*. Thus in Florio's "Worlde of Wordes," 1598, *Sbozzi* is translated "*bodges*, or bunger-like workes."

[c] Buckle—] So "The True Tragedy:" the folios have "*buckler*."

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:—
Wrath makes him deaf:—speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on* York, *who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[York *is taken prisoner.*

YORK. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.
NORTH. What would your grace have done unto him now?
Q. MAR. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught[a] at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess[b] of sons to back you now,
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky, your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York:
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad,
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[Putting a paper crown on his head.
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale[c] your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too-too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head!
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.
CLIF. That is my office, for my father's sake.
Q. MAR. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.
YORK. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates:
But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type[d] of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government[e] that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.[f]
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false French-woman.

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[a] Raught—] *Reached, grasped.*

[b] *Your* mess *of sons*—] "A *mess*," Mr. Collier remarks, "is four; and at this day in the inns of Court a mess consists of four persons dining together—the origin probably being, that dinner for four was of old served in messes, or portions calculated for that number. York's 'mess of sons' consisted of Edward, George, Richard, and Edmund, Earl of Rutland."

[c] Pale—] That is, *impale.* In "The True Tragedy" the line runs:—

"And will you *impale* your head with Henrie's glorie."

[d] *The* type—] Meaning the *crown*, or distinguishing mark of royalty. The word occurs again in "Richard III." Act IV. Sc. 4:—

"The high imperial *type* of this earth's glory."

And we more than suspect that in the well-known passage in "Macbeth," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"——— What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And *top* of sovereignty?"

top is a mere misprint for *type*, and that the poet's lection was—

"———the round
And *type* of sovereignty?"

[e] Government—] *Moderation, self-denial, forbearance.*

[f] Septentrion.] The North. *Septentrio.*

NORTH. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.
YORK. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[*He gives back the handkerchief.*
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—*Alas, it was a piteous deed!*—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
[*Throwing off the paper crown.*
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!
NORTH. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.
Q. MAR. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
CLIF. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*
Q. MAR. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*
YORK. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*
Q. MAR. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Plain near* Mortimer's Cross, *in* Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter Edward *and* Richard, *with their* Forces *marching.*

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,—
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father;
Methinks 'tis prize[a] enough to be his son.—
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?[b]

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun:
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun!
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,—
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,[c]

---

[a] Prize *enough*—] That is, *privilege* enough. So in Sc. 4:—

"It is war's *prize* to take all vantages."

[b] *Do I see* three suns?] So in Holinshed:—"— at which tyme the *son* (as some write) appeared to the Earle of March like *three sunnes*, and sodainely joyned altogither in one, uppon whiche sight hee tooke suche courage, that he fiercely setting on his enemyes put them to flight; and for this cause menne ymagined that he gave the sun in his full bryghtnesse for his badge of cognizance."

[c] *Our* meeds,—] Our *deserts*, our *merits*.

Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

RICH. Nay, bear three daughters:—by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

MESS. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
Whenas the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!

EDW. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

RICH. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

MESS. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen,—
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd. [upon,—

EDW. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee!—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

RICH. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For self-same wind that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast, [quench.
And burn me up with flames, that tears would
To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it. [with thee;

EDW. His name that valiant duke hath left
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

RICH. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun: (1)
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom, say
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with* Forces.

WAR. How now, fair lords! what fare? what news abroad? [recount

RICH. Great lord of Warwick, if we should
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain!

EDW. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

WAR. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,[a] [queen,
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen,
Or whether 'twas report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives—*blood and death*,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,

[a] And very well appointed, as I thought,—] This line, which is found only in "The True Tragedy," appears to have been inadvertently omitted in the folio 1623.

Or like a lazy thresher[a] with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards;
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day.
So that we fled: the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again. [Warwick?

EDW. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle and valiant?
And when came George from Burgundy to England? [soldiers:

WAR. Some six miles off the duke is with the
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war. [fled:

RICH. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now, his scandal of retire. [hear;

WAR. Nor now my *scandal*, Richard, dost thou
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

RICH. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—*Ay*, and to it, lords.

WAR. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather, many more* proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;[b]
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—*Charge!* upon our foes,
But never once again turn back, and fly.

RICH. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—*Retire*, if Warwick bid him stay.

EDW. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fall'st[c] (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

WAR. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
The next degree is England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

RICH. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel
(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds),
I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.

EDW. Then strike up, drums;—God and Saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

WAR. How now! what news? [by me,

MESS. The duke of Norfolk sends you word
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

WAR. Why then it sorts: brave warriors, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* York.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *the* PRINCE *of* WALES, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with* Forces.

Q. MAR. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

(*) Old text, *moe.*

[a] *Or like a* lazy *thresher*—] The repetition of *lazy* was no doubt an error of the transcriber or compositor. In "The True Tragedy" we have—"Or like *an idle* thresher," &c.

[b] *Why, Via! to London will we march* amain;] The word "amain" is restored from "The True Tragedy." It probably dropped out of the folio at press.

[c] *When thou* fall'st, &c.]. *Fall'st*, which seems called for by the—"Must Edward *fall*"—of the succeeding line, was an emendation by Malone; the folio 1623 reading *fail'st*, and "The True Tragedy" *faints*.

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear
their wreck ;—
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God ! 'tis not my fault,
Not wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on ;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows :
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire ;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,

Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight),
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Off'ring their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away!
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. HEN. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?(2)
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. MAR. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage[a] makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. HEN. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—draw thy sword in right.

PRINCE. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as Apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

CLIF. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Royal commanders, be in readiness;
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York:
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign[b] your battle, for they are at hand.

CLIF. I would your highness would depart the field;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.(3)

Q. MAR. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. HEN. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

NORTH. Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

PRINCE. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, *Saint George!*

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and* Soldiers.

EDW. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. MAR. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king!

EDW. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when,[c] his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

CLIF. And reason too;
Who should succeed the father but the son?

RICH. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

CLIF. Ay, crook-back; here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

RICH. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

CLIF. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

RICH. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

WAR. What say'st thou, Henry: wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. MAR. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

WAR. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

CLIF. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

---

[a] *And this soft* courage—] Mason and Mr. Collier's annotator would read *carriage* for *courage*: but *courage* here means *mettle, heart, spirit.*

[b] Darraign—] That is, *boldly prepare.*

[c] Since when, &c.] From this point the speech, both in "The True Tragedy," and in the folio, 1623, is assigned to Clarence, except that in the former the last line reads:—
"To blot *our brother out*," &c.

War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make [you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father,—call'st thou him a child? [coward,
Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous
As thou didst kill our tender brother, Rutland;
But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak. [thy lips.
Q. Mar. Defy them, then, or else hold close
K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.
Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword;
By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd,
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but everything is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee,[a] there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;

[a] Whoever got thee, &c.] This speech in the folios has the prefix *War.*, but in "The True Tragedy" it is rightly given to Richard.

But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,[a]
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
RICH. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king
(As if a channel[b] should be call'd the sea),
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect[c] thy base-born heart?
EDW. A wisp of straw[d] were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age. [spring,
GEO. But when we saw our sunshine made thy
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
EDW. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest* the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—Let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.
Q. MAR. Stay, Edward,— [stay;
EDW. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle between* Towton *and* Saxton, *in* Yorkshire.(4)

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

WAR. Forespent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, *running.*

EDW. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
WAR. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

GEO. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?
EDW. Bootless is flight,—they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

RICH. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—
Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!
So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
WAR. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge!
EDW. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,

(*) First folio, *denied'st.*

[a] Stigmatic,—] See note (b), p. 389.
[b] Channel—] That is, *kennel.* Thus in Marlowe's "Edward II."—"Here's *channel*-water, as our charge is given."
[c] Detect—] *Exhibit, display.*
[d] A wisp of straw—] From several passages in the old writers, it would appear that one punishment for a scold was to crown her with a *wisp of straw.* Thus in "A Dialogue between John and Jone, Striving who shall Wear the Breeches,"—Pleasures of poetry, bl. l. no date (quoted by Malone):—

"And make me promise, never more
That thou shalt mind to beat me;
For feare thou *weare the wispe*, good wife."

Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings,—
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

RICH. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

WAR. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

GEO. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.—
Foreslow no longer, make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Excursions. Enter RICHARD *and* CLIFFORD.

RICH. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

CLIF. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight.* WARWICK *enters;* CLIFFORD *flies.*

RICH. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.

K. HEN. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now, one the better, then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,—
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times,—
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years[a] ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold, it doth!
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son *that hath killed his* Father, *bringing in the body.*

SON. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.—
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,

[a] *So many* years—] Rowe altered *years* to *months*, and Mr. Collier's annotator makes the same change. Malone explains *years* to mean—"The years which must elapse between the time of the yeaning of the ewes, and the lambs arriving to such a state as to admit of being shorn."

May be possessed with some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God,—I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. HEN. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, *that hath killed his* Son, *bringing in the body.*

FATH. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. HEN. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

SON. How will my mother for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

FATH. How will my wife for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

K. HEN. How will the country for these woeful chances,
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied!

SON. Was ever son so ru'd a father's death?

FATH. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

K. HEN. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

SON. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit with the body.*

FATH. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,—
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious[a] will thy father be,
Men[b] for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill. [*Exit with the body.*

K. HEN. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, *the* PRINCE *of* WALES, *and* EXETER.

PRINCE. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. MAR. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

EXE. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate,—make speed,
Or else come after; I'll away before.

---

[a] Obsequious—] *Obsequious* here appears to signify *funereal, engrossed by death's rites.*

[b] Men *for the loss of thee,*—] The commentators, with one accord, pronounce *Men* to be a misprint: and Rowe reads:—

"*Sad* for the loss," &c.

change generally adopted, until Mr. Dyce proposed, a few years nce, to substitute,—

"*E'en* for the loss," &c.

Of the two, we prefer Mr. Dyce's emendation, but are unwilling to expel the original word, because it again occurs with equal ambiguity in "Love's Labour's Lost" (see note (b), p. 78, Vol. I.), and in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour," Act IV. Sc. 4:—"I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, of a sudden, a voice calls, *Mr. Knowell's man!* another cries, *Soldier!* and thus half a dozen of them, till they had call'd me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seem'd *men*, and out flew all their rapiers at my bosom;" and it may possibly have once borne the meaning of *demented, frenzied*, and the like.

K. HEN. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Field.*

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*

CLIF. Here burns my candle out,—ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York.
The common people swarm like summer flies: [a]
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!
And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies; [b]
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds:
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest,
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms,—split my breast.
[*Faints.*

Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers.

EDW. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,—
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy—to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

WAR. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave,
And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.
[CLIFFORD *groans, and dies.*

EDW. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

RICH. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

EDW. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd.[c]

RICH. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—
I mean our princely father, duke of York.

WAR. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof, let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

EDW. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threat'ning sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[*Attendants bring the body forward.*

WAR. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

RICH. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

GEO. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager[d] words.

RICH. Clifford! ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

EDW. Clifford! repent in bootless penitence.

WAR. Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.

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[a] The common people swarm like summer flies:] This line, so necessary to the context, by some inadvertence was omitted in the folio. Theobald restored it from "The True Tragedy."

[b] They never then had sprung like summer flies;] This is not found in "The True Tragedy;" it was probably intended to be cancelled in the folio, and the line accidentally omitted above to be introduced.

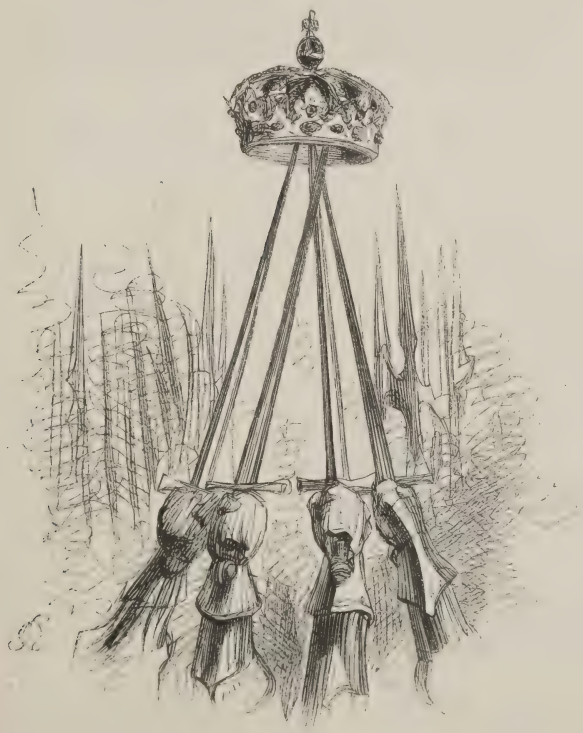
[c] If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd.] The distribution of the three last speeches is that of "The True Tragedy;" in the folio they are apportioned thus:—

"RICH. Whose soule is that which takes hir heavy leave?
A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.
ED. And now the Battailes ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently used"

[d] Eager *words.*] *Biting, sour* words.

GEO. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
RICH. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
EDW. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.
GEO. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?
WAR. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast wont.
RICH. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
Then Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
WAR. Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.
EDW. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be,
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat;
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;
And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.
RICH. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.(5)
WAR. Tut, that's a foolish observation;
Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Chace in the North of* England.

Enter two Keepers,[a] *with cross-bows in their hands.*

1 KEEP. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund[b] anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer. [shoot.
2 KEEP. I'll stay above the hill, so both may
1 KEEP. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.
2 KEEP. Here comes a man; let 's stay till he be pass'd.

Enter KING HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. HEN. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,(1)
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,

[a] Enter two Keepers, &c.] So "The True Tragedy:" the direction in the folio is, "*Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey*," &c.; and these names are prefixed to the corresponding speeches throughout the scene. Sincklo and Humphrey were probably the actors who personated the two keepers. The former is mentioned again in "The Taming of the Shrew" (see note (a), p. 229, Vol. I.), and in "Henry IV." Part II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

[b] Laund—] A *lawn*, or *plain between woods*.

Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee,
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 KEEP. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

K. HEN. Let me embrace these sour adversities;[a]
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

2 KEEP. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

1 KEEP. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

K. HEN. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild, whiles she doth mourn,
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

2 KEEP. Say, what art thou, that[b] talk'st of kings and queens?

K. HEN. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 KEEP. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. HEN. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

2 KEEP. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. HEN. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content,—
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

2 KEEP. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown, content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. HEN. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

2 KEEP. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. HEN. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

2 KEEP. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. HEN. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father, and my grandfather, were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 KEEP. No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. HEN. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust,
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

1 KEEP. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. HEN. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.

1 KEEP. We charge you, in God's name, and in[c] the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. HEN. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd;
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

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[a] These *sour* adversities;] A reading of Pope's, and Mr. Collier's annotator. In the folio 1623, we have "*the* sower *Adversaries*," &c.

[b] *Say, what art thou,* that *talk'st*—] The word *that*, omitted in the folio, is restored from the corresponding line of "The True Tragedy."

[c] *And* in *the king's*,—] The folio 1623 reads, "——and the king's." Rowe first supplied the preposition *in*.

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, *and* LADY GREY.

K. EDW. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field
This lady's husband, sir John* Grey, was slain,
His lands[a] then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.(2)

GLO. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. EDW. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

GLO. Yea! is it so? [*Aside to* CLAR.
I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

CLAR. He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind! [*Aside to* GLO.

GLO. Silence! [*Aside to* CLAR.

K. EDW. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. GREY. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

GLO. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

CLAR. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. [*Aside to* GLO.

GLO. God forbid that! for he'll take vantages. [*Aside to* CLAR.

K. EDW. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

CLAR. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [*Aside to* GLO.

GLO. Nay, whip me then;[b] he'll rather give her two. [*Aside to* CLAR.

L. GREY. Three, my most gracious lord.

GLO. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him. [*Aside.*

K. EDW. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

L. GREY. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. EDW. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

GLO. [*Aside.*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch. [GLO. *and* CLAR. *stand aloof.*

K. EDW. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. GREY. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. EDW. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. GREY. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. EDW. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. GREY. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. EDW. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. GREY. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. EDW. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. GREY. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. EDW. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. GREY. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. EDW. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. GREY. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

GLO. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [*Aside to* CLAR.

CLAR. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt. [*Aside to* GLO.

L. GREY. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. EDW. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. GREY. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. EDW. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. GREY. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

GLO. [*Aside.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

K. EDW. But stay thee,—'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. GREY. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. EDW. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. GREY. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. EDW. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. GREY. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

(*) Old text, *Richard.*

[a] *His* lands—] Thus "The True Tragedy." The folio 1623 has "*land.*"

[b] Nay, whip me then;] So "The True Tragedy." The folio has "Nay, then whip me."

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
K. Edw. *Ay*, if thou wilt say ay, to my request;
No, if thou dost say no, to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, *no*, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows. [*Aside to* Clar.
Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [*Aside to* Glo.
K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say that king Edward take thee for his queen?

L. GREY. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. EDW. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. GREY. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. EDW. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.

L. GREY. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you father.

K. EDW. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

GLO. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift. [*Aside to* CLAR.

CLAR. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift. [*Aside to* GLO.

K. EDW. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

GLO. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. EDW. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

CLAR. To whom, my lord?

K. EDW. Why, Clarence, to myself.

GLO. That would be ten days wonder, at the least.

CLAR. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

GLO. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. EDW. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

NOB. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. EDW. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along;—lords, use her honourably.[a]

[*Exeunt* K. EDWARD, L. GREY, CLARENCE, *and* Nobleman.

GLO. Ay, Edward will use women *honourably*.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,
(The lustful Edward's title buried,)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my misshap'd trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,

[a] *Use her* honourably.] The folio 1623 reads *honourable*, in this instance probably through negligence, as "The True Tragedy" has "honourably," and Gloucester, in the next line, repeats that word.

Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile;
And cry content to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the cameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—France. *Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING LEWIS *and* LADY BONA, *attended; the* KING *takes his state. Then enter* QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD *her* Son, *and the* EARL *of* OXFORD.

K. LEW. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret, [*Rising.*
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Q. MAR. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. LEW. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. MAR. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. LEW. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. MAR. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. LEW. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. MAR. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. LEW. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. MAR. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow!
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

K. LEW. What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. MAR. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. LEW. Welcome, brave Warwick! what brings thee to France?
[*Descending from his state.* QUEEN MARGARET *rises.*

Q. MAR. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

WAR. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindness and unfeigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person,
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. MAR. [*Aside.*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

WAR. And, gracious madam, [*To* BONA.] in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;

Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.
Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and lady Bona,—hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity:
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
War. Injurious Margaret!
Prince. And why not queen?
War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.
Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.
War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how, Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.
Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.
Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom

My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

WAR. And I the house of York. [Oxford,

K. LEW. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. MAR. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

[*Retiring with the* PRINCE *and* OXFORD.

K. LEW. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

WAR. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. LEW. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

WAR. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. LEW. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

WAR. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—
That this his love was an eternal[a] plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain. [resolve.

K. LEW. Now, sister, let us hear your firm

BONA. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
Yet I confess, [*To* WAR.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. LEW. Then, Warwick, thus,—our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:—
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

PRINCE. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. MAR. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. LEW. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good success,—
Then 't is but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.

[a] *An* eternal *plant;*] Thus "The True Tragedy;" *eternal* in the folio 1623 is misprinted "*externall.*"

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

WAR. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. MAR. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace![b]
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A horn sounded without.*

K. LEW. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.—
These from our king unto your majesty.—
And, madam, [*To* MARG.] these for you; from whom, I know not.

[*All read their letters.*

OXF. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

PRINCE. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:
I hope all's for the best.

K. LEW. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Q. MAR. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

WAR. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. LEW. What! has your king married the lady Grey?
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. MAR. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty. [of heaven,

WAR. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king! for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.—
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?

[b] *Shameless Warwick,* peace!] The second *peace* is not found in the folio 1623, but was supplied by that of 1632.

Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right,
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. MAR. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

WAR. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'T is not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

BONA. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. MAR. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

BONA. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

WAR. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. LEW. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.

Q. MAR. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. LEW. Then England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what 's pass'd, go fear[a] thy king withal.

BONA. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll* wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. MAR. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

WAR. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere 't be long.
There's thy reward; be gone. [*Exit* MESS.

K. LEW. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

WAR. This shall assure my constant loyalty;—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I 'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. MAR. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick:
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine. [it;

PRINCE. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*Gives his hand to* WARWICK.

K. LEW. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, lord Bourbon, our high-admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all except* WARWICK.

WAR. I came from Edward as ambassador,(3)
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale,[b] but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I 'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

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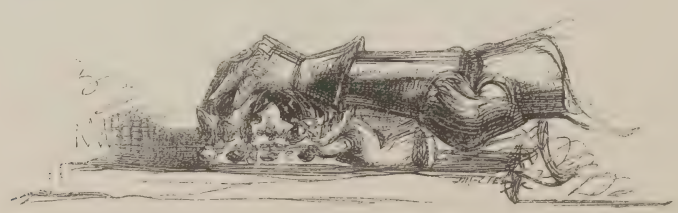
a *Go* fear—] That is, go *fright*. This active sense of *fear* was very common, and has before been noticed.

b *A* stale,—] That is, a *stalking-horse*, a *decoy*, a *pretence*. See note (5), p. 742, Vol. I.

(*) First folio, *I.*



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, *and others.*

GLO. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
CLAR. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
SOM. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.
GLO. And his well-chosen bride.
CLAR. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, *attended*; LADY GREY, *as* QUEEN; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, *and others.*[a]

K. EDW. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
CLAR. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.
K. EDW. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
GLO. And shall have[b] your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. EDW. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
GLO. Not I:
No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

[a] *Enter, &c.*] The folio 1623 adds to the list of characters who enter, the direction, "*foure* stand *on one side, and foure on the other.*"

[b] And shall have, &c.] Rowe improved the measure by reading —"And *you* shall have," &c.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is mine opinion,—that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.
Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. Yes;[a] but the safer when 'tis back'd with France.
Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.
Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment:
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brothers' will.
Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. [*Aside.*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?
Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words;
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.
K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?
Mess. At my depart, these were his very words;
Go tell false Edward, thy[b] *supposed king,—*
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
But what said lady Bona to my marriage?
Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain;
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

[a] Yes; &c.] So the second folio; the first omits "*Yes.*"
[b] Thy *supposed king,*—] The folio 1623 has "*the* supposed," &c.; but "*thy*" is the reading of "The True Tragedy," and in the previous scene Lewis says, "*thy* supposed king."

K. Edw. *I* blame not her, she could say little less;
he had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
or I have heard that she was there in place.
Mess. *Tell him*, quoth she, *my mourning weeds are done,*
nd I am ready to put armour on.
K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
ut what said Warwick to these injuries?
Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
han all the rest, discharg'd me with these words;
ell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
nd therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Vell, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
hey shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
ut say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
hat young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
ow, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
or I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
hat, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
may not prove inferior to yourself.—
ou, that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit* Clarence, *and* Somerset *follows.*
Glo. Not I:
y thoughts aim at a further matter;
stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.
[*Aside.*
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
et am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
nd haste is needful in this desperate case.—
embroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
o levy men, and make prepare for war;
hey are already, or quickly will be landed:
yself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt* Pembroke *and* Stafford.
ut, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
esolve my doubt; you twain, of all the rest,
re near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:
ell me if you love Warwick more than me?
' it be so, then both depart to him;
rather wish you foes than hollow friends;
ut if you mind to hold your true obedience,
ive me assurance with some friendly vow,
hat I may never have you in suspect.
Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
K. Edw. Why so! then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain in* Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick *and* Oxford, *with* French *and other* Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence *and* Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence come!
Speak suddenly, my lords,—are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;—
And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns* about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds:
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself;—I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise[a] him.—
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.
[*They all cry*, "Henry!"
Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and saint George!
[*Exeunt.*

[a] Surprise *him.*—] That is, *capture* him: a sense of the word *surprise*, now obsolete.

(*) Old text, *Towne.*

SCENE III.—Edward's *Camp, near* Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, *to guard the* King's *tent.*

1 Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

2 Watch. What, will he not to bed?

1 Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

2 Watch. To-morrow, then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
1 Watch. 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
3 Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?
2 Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
3 Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour:
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.
1 Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
2 Watch. Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter, in silence, Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, *and* Forces.

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
1 Watch. Who goes there?
2 Watch. Stay, or thou diest!

[Warwick, *and the rest, cry all*—"Warwick! Warwick!" *and set upon the* Guard; *who fly, crying*—"Arm! Arm!" Warwick, *and the rest, following them.*

The drum beating, and trumpet sounding, re-enter Warwick, *and the rest, bringing the* King *out in his gown, sitting in a chair:* Gloucester *and* Hastings *fly.*

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is the duke.
K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,[a]
Thou call'dst me king!
War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?
K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed;—thou but the shadow.—
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.
K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit, led out;* Somerset *with him.*
Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers? [do;
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen Elizabeth *and* Rivers.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befallen king Edward?
Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?
Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;

[a] *When we parted* last,—] So reads "The True Tragedy;" in the folio 1623, *last* appears to have been accidentally omitted.

Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Q. ELIZ. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay;
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
RIV. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
Q. ELIZ. I am informed that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
I 'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Park near* Middleham Castle *in* Yorkshire.

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *Sir* WILLIAM STANLEY, *and others.*

GLO. Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands* the case: you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes† hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD *and a* Huntsman.

HUNT. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.
K. EDW. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.—
Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?
GLO. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.
K. EDW. But whither shall we then?
HAST. To Lynn, my lord; and ship* from thence to Flanders.
GLO. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.
K. EDW. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
GLO. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.
K. EDW. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
HUNT. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.
GLO. Come then, away! let's have no more ado.
K. EDW. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *stand.* (†) First folio, *Come.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the* Tower.

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *Young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant *of the* Tower, *and* Attendants.

K. HEN. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,—
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
LIEU. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty. [me?
K. HEN. For what, lieutenant? for well using
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,—
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

(*) First folio, *shipt.*

WAR. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:[a]
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

CLAR. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

WAR. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. HEN. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands;
Now join your hands and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

WAR. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

CLAR. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

WAR. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.[b]

CLAR. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

WAR. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. HEN. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed:
For till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

CLAR. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. HEN. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

SOM. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.(1)

K. HEN. Come hither, England's hope:—if secret powers
[*Lays his hand on his head.*
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

WAR. What news, my friend? [brother,

MESS. That Edward is escaped from your
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

WAR. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape? [Gloster,

MESS. He was convey'd by Richard duke of
And the lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him;
For hunting was his daily exercise. [charge.—

WAR. My brother was too careless of his
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, WAR., CLAR., Lieut. *and* Attendants.

SOM. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's,
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

OXF. Ay; for, if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

SOM. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Before* York.

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *and* Forces.

K. EDW. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest;
Yet, thus far, fortune maketh us amends,

---

[a] **For few men rightly temper with the stars:**] This means, apparently,—few men accept their destiny without complaint.

[b] ***And all his lands and goods*** be *confiscate.*] The first folio omits *be*, which was supplied by Malone; the second reads—"—— and Goods *confiscated.*"

And says, that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

GLO. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. EDW. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

HAST. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor *of* York, *and* Aldermen.

MAY. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry. [king,

K. EDW. But, master mayor, if Henry be your
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

MAY. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. EDW. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

GLO. But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.
[*Aside.*

HAST. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are king Henry's friends.

MAY. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*Exeunt from above.*

GLO. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!

HAST. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor *and* Aldermen, *below.*

K. EDW. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY, *and* Forces, *marching.*

GLO. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

[a] Persuaded soon!] The old text has—"soon persuaded;" Pope made the transposition, which, as Steevens remarked, requires no apology.

K. Edw. Welcome, sir John! out why come you in arms?

Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do. [now forget

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke,—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*A march begun.*

K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, awhile; and we'll debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recovered.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall we fight,[a] if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

---

[a] *Why* shall *we fight*,—] Malone prints this, "Why *should* we fight," &c., whereupon Mr. Collier very properly asks, "Why vary at all from the text?" a question, which, in all courtesy, we might take the liberty of retorting upon Mr. Collier himself, since, in addition to the manifold variations he has thought proper to introduce into this play on the authority of his annotator, he has several times departed from the old text without a syllable of explanation; for instance, in Act I. Sc. 1, the folio 1623 reads:—

"Unless he seek to thrust you out *perforce*."

Mr. Collier has—

"——— to thrust you out *by force*."

In Act II. Sc. 1, in the folio 1623 we have—

"Amongst the loving Welshmen *canst* procure."

In Mr. Collier's edition, "— *can* procure."

In Act II. Sc. 5, in the folio 1623 it is—

"Was ever father so bemoaned *his* son?"

In Mr. Collier, "— *a* son?"

In Act II. Sc. 6, the folio 1623 has—

"Which, *whiles* it lasted," &c

Mr. Collier reads, "— *while* it lasted."

In Act IV. Sc. 8, the folio 1623 has—

"*Shalt* stir up," "*shalt* find," and "*shalt* muster."

While Mr. Collier reads,—

"*Shall* stir up," "*shall* find," and "*shall* muster."

These deviations are not, certainly, of great importance, though of quite as much as Malone's change of *shall* to *should*.

MONT. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.
HAST. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*
SOLD. [Reads.] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.*
MONT. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*
ALL. Long live Edward the fourth!
K. EDW. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York,
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day,
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.[a]

WAR. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.
OXF. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.[b]
CLAR. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
WAR. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.
K. HEN. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.
CLAR. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.
K. HEN. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!
MONT. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.
OXF. And thus [*Kissing* HENRY'S *hand.*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.
K. HEN. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once,[c] once more a happy farewell.
WAR. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.
[*Exeunt* WAR., CLAR., OXF., *and* MONT.
K. HEN. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.
EXE. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.
K. HEN. That's not my fear; my meed[d] hath got me fame:
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,(2)
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.
[*Shout without,* "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"
EXE. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

---

[a] Exeter, *and Oxford.*] The folio 1623, for *Exeter*, has mistakenly *Somerset.*

[b] Let's levy men, and beat him back again.] In the folio 1623, this line is given to the King; but the modern editors, who assigned it to a more warlike character, were probably right. It is not consonant with Henry's pacific nature, nor indeed becoming to one who has just before abdicated his sovereignty in everything but the name, that he might—

"——— lead a private life,
And in devotion spend [his] latter days."

[c] And all at once,—] See note (a), p. 65.

[d] *My* meed—] My *merit*, as in a former passage, Act II. Sc. 1:—

"Each one already blazing by our *meeds.*"

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers.

K. EDW. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England!—
You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow;
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.
[*Exeunt some with* KING HENRY.
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

GLO. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, *the* Mayor *of* Coventry, *two* Messengers, *and others.*

WAR. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
1 MESS. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
WAR. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?
2 MESS. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

WAR. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
SOM. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*
WAR. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
SOM. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.
WAR. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
SOM. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, *and* Forces.

K. EDW. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle. [*Flourish.*
GLO. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.
WAR. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. EDW. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,

Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

WAR. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

GLO. I thought, at least, he would have said—the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

WAR. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

GLO. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

WAR. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. EDW. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

WAR. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. EDW. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body when the head is off?

GLO. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck![a]
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. EDW. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

GLO. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when?[b] strike now, or else the iron cools.

WAR. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. EDW. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter OXFORD, *with* Forces, *drum, and colours.*

WAR. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!

OXF. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[*He and his* Forces *enter the city.*

GLO. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. EDW. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

WAR. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with* Forces, *drum, and colours.*

MONT. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his* Forces *enter the city.*

GLO. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. EDW. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with* Forces, *drum, and colours.*

SOM. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his* Forces *enter the city.*

GLO. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with* Forces, *drum, and colours.*

WAR. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an* upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love:—
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

CLAR. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*[c]
Look, here I throw my infamy at thee!
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt,[d] unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war

---

[a] *The king was slily finger'd from the* deck!] A pack of cards was formerly termed a *deck of cards*; thus, in "Selimus, Emperor of the Turks," 1594, quoted by Steevens:—

"Well, if I chance but once to get the *deck*
To deal about and shuffle as I would."

[b] *Nay,* when?] This expression of impatience occurs again in "Richard the Second," and in "The Taming of the Shrew." See note (f), p. 449, Vol. I.

[c] *Taking the red rose out of his hat.*] The folio has no stage direction here, and but for "The True Tragedy," which reads, "*Sound a Parlie, and* Richard *and* Clarence *whispers togither, and then* Clarence *takes his red Rose out of his hat and throwes it at* Warwicke," it would have been difficult to guess what Clarence did on saying,—

"Look, here I throw my infamy at thee!"

[d] Blunt,—] That is, *dull, insensible.*

(*) First folio, *in.*

Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha's,* when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;—
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. EDW. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

GLO. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

WAR. O passing[a] traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

K. EDW. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

WAR. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. EDW. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:—
Lords, to the field! saint George, and victory!

[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Field of Battle near* Barnet.

Alarums and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

K. EDW. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.[b]—
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*

WAR. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

SOM. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again!
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

WAR. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

SOM. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
And said—*Commend me to my valiant brother.*
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That mought[c] not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,—
O, farewell, Warwick!

WAR. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;

(*) Old text, *Iephah.*

[a] Passing—] *Surpassing, exceeding, egregious, wondrous.* See note (c), p. 644, Vol. I.

[b] *Warwick was a* bug, *that* fear'd *us all.*—] Meaning, Warwick was a *bugbear*, a *goblin*, a *bogie* that *appalled* us all. So in "The Taming of the Shrew," Act I. Sc. 2,—"Tush! tush! *fear* boys with *bugs.*"

[c] *That* mought *not be distinguish'd;*] This ancient use of the preterite tense of *might*, has been overlooked by all the editors.

For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*

OXF. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!

[*Exeunt, bearing off* WARWICK'S *body.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Field.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, *and the rest.*

K. EDW. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

CLAR. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

GLO. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. EDW. We are advértis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum! cry—Courage! and away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Plains near* Tewksbury.

March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and* Soldiers.

Q. MAR. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but awhile:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish,—that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'T were childish weakness to lament, or fear.

PRINCE. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here,
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here,—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.

OXF. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

SOM. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. MAR. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford, thanks.

PRINCE. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.
OXF. I thought no less: it is his policy,
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.
SOM. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.
Q. MAR. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.
OXF. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

Flourish and march. Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, *and* Forces.

K. EDW. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!
Q. MAR. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.[a]
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.
[Exeunt both Armies.

SCENE V.—*Another part of the same.*

Alarums; Excursions; and afterwards a retreat. Then enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, *and* Forces; *with* QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *Prisoners.*

K. EDW. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
OXF. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
SOM. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[Exeunt OXFORD *and* SOMERSET, *guarded.*
Q. MAR. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
K. EDW. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward,
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
GLO. It is; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, *with* PRINCE EDWARD.

K. EDW. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
PRINCE. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
Q. MAR. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
GLO. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.
PRINCE. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
GLO. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.
Q. MAR. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
GLO. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
PRINCE. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.
K. EDW. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
CLAR. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
PRINCE. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,—
And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. EDW. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. *[Stabs him.*
GLO. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. *[Stabs him.*
CLAR. And there's for twitting me with perjury. *[Stabs him.*
Q. MAR. O, kill me too!
GLO. Marry, and shall. *[Offers to kill her.*

[a] Mine eyes.] So "The True Tragedy;" the folio 1623 reads, "my eye."

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much. [words?

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The* Tower, the Tower! [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it.
He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid[a] this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her! go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,[b]
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit, led out.*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares;
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—London. *A Room in the* Tower.

King Henry *is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the* Lieutenant *attending. Enter* Gloucester.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter, *good* was little better:
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [*Exit* Lieutenant.

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

(*) First folio omits, *The.*

[a] Rid *this sweet young prince!*] One sense of *rid* was to *destroy*; so in Scene 3 of the present Act,

"—for willingness *rids* way."

And in "The Tempest," Act I. Sc. 2:—

"—The red plague *rid* you."

[b] That devil's butcher,—] In the folio 1623, the line is encumbered by the addition of "Richard;" but as it is not found in the corresponding line of the earlier version, it was probably only an inadvertent repetition.

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.—
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

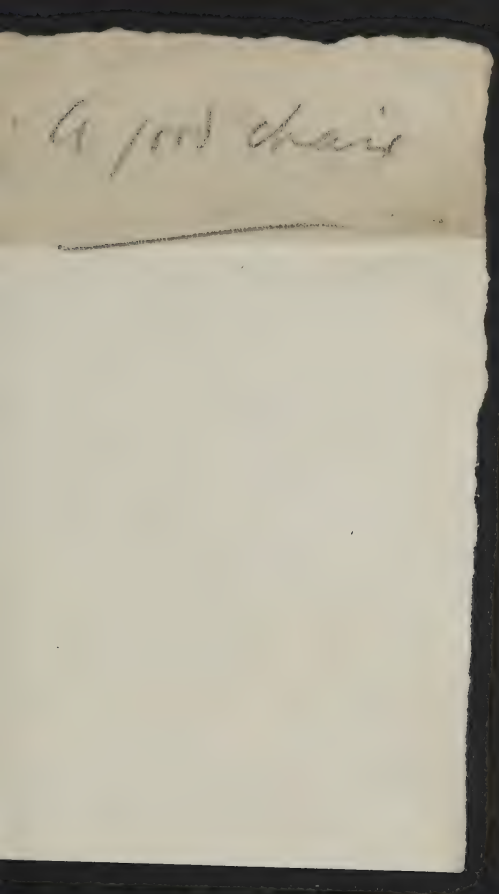
GLO. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. HEN. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

GLO. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. HEN. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',
And[a] orphans for their parents' timeless death,—

[a] And *orphans*, &c.] *And* is found only in the second folio, which amends the preceding line also, by reading, "—for the husbands' *fate*."


A good chair

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding[a] luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd[b] her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an indigest deformed lump,[c]
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

GLO. I'll hear no more;—die, prophet, in thy speech! [*Stabs him.*

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. HEN. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee![1] [*Dies.*

GLO. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd and the women cried,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word *love*, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
[*Exit, bearing the body.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Palace. Flourish.* KING EDWARD *discovered sitting on his throne;* QUEEN ELIZABETH *with the infant* PRINCE *carried by a* Nurse, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *and others, near him.*

K. EDW. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd*
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

GLO. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way,—and that shalt execute.[d]
[*Aside.*

K. EDW. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss† your princely nephew, brothers both.

CLAR. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. EDW. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.[e]

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[a] Aboding—] *Foreboding, portending.*

[b] *The raven* rook'd her—] To *ruck*, or to *rook* means to *squat down*, or *lodge*, or *roost*.

[c] *To wit, an* indigest *deformed lump*,—] The folio 1623 reads, "—an *indigested and* deformed lumpe." "The True Tragedy," "—an *undigest created* lumpe." We adopt the slight change made by Malone, a change made also by Mr. Collier's annotator.

[d] Work thou the way,—and that shalt execute.] *Thou* refers to the speaker's *head; that*, to his arm or shoulder. Some copies of the folio 1623 read, "*add* that shalt," &c.

[e] In the folio 1623 this line, which there begins,—"*Thanke* Noble Clarence," &c., has the prefix *Cla.* In "The True Tragedy" it is given to the Queen.

(*) Old text, *Renowne.* (†) First folio, *'tis.*

GLO. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
And cried—*all hail!* whenas he meant—all harm.
[*Aside.*

K. EDW. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

CLAR. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. EDW. Away with her and waft her hence to France.—
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?—
Sound drums and trumpets!—farewell sour annoy
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) Scene I.—

——*I here entail*
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever.]

This compromise is an historical fact; and, from the following account, extracted from a MS. in the British Museum (Harl. C. 7), appears to have been the result of long and frequent debates in parliament. "On halmesse evyn, abowt thre after noyne, comyn into the Comowne Howus, the Lordys spiritual and temporal, excepte the Kyng, the Duk of York, and hys sonys; And the Chawnceler reherset the debate had bytwyn owre soveren Lord the Kyng and the Duk of York upon the tytelys of Inglond, Fraunce, and the Lordschep of Erlond, wyche mater was debat, arguet, and disputet by the seyd lordes spiritual and temporal byfore owre soveren Lord and the Duk of York longe and diverse tymys. And at the last, by gret avyce and deliberacion, and by the assent of owre soveryn Lord and the Duk of York, and alle the lordes spiritual and temporal ther assemelyd by vertu of thys present parlement, assentyt, agreyt, and acordyt, that owre sovereyne Lord the Kyng schal pessabylly and quyetly rejoys and possesse the crowne of Inglond and of Fraunce, and the Lordchip of Irlond, with al hys preemynences, prerogatyves, and liberteys during hys lyf. And that after hys desese, the coroun, etc., schal remayne to Rychard Duk of York, as rythe inheryt to hym and to hys issue, prayng and desyring ther the comownes of Inglond, be vertu of thys present parlement assemylet, to comyne the seyd mater, and to gyff therto her assent. The whyche comyns, after the mater debatet, comynt, grawntyt, and assentyt to the forseyd premisses. And ferthermore was granted and assentyt, that the seyd Duk of York, the Erl of March, and of Rutlond, schul be sworne that they schuld not compas ne conspyrene the kynges deth ne hys hurt duryng hys lyf. Ferthermore the forseyd Duk schulde be had, take and reportyt as eyr apparent prince and ryth inheryter to the crowne aboveseyd. Ferthermore for to be had and take tresoun to ymagine or compas the deth or the hurt of the seyd Duk, wythe othyr prerogatyves as long to the prince and eyr parawnt. And ferthermore the seyd Duk and hys sonys schul have of the Kyng yerly ten thousand marces, that is to sey, to hemself five thousand, to the Erl of Marche three thousand, the Erl of Rutlond two thousand marces. And alle these mateyrs agreyd, assentyt, and inactyt by the auctoritie of thys present parlement. And ferthermore, the statutes mad in the tyme of Kyng Herry the fowrth, wherby the croune was curtaylet to hys issu male, utterly anullyd and evertyth, wyth alle other statutes and grantys mad by the seyd Kynges days, Kyng Herry the V. and King Herry the vj^te^, in the infforsyng of the tytel of Kyng Herry the fourth in general."

(2) Scene I.—*Stern Falconbridge.*] "The person here meant was Thomas Nevil, bastard son to the lord Fauconbridge. 'A man (says Hall) of no lesse corage then audacitie, who for his evel condicions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the worlde in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an yl hazard.' He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned: such at least were his instructions, with respect to the friends and favourers of King Edward, after the rupture between him and Warwick. On Warwick's death, he fell into poverty, and robbed, both by sea and land, as well friends as enemies. He once brought his ships up the Thames, and with a considerable body of the men of Kent and Essex, made a spirited assault on the City, with a view to plunder and pillage, which was not repelled but after a sharp conflict, and the loss of many lives; and, had it happened at a more critical period, might have been attended with fatal consequences to Edward. After roving on the sea some little time longer, he ventured to land at Southampton, where he was taken and beheaded."—Ritson.

(3) Scene III.—*Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.*] "While this battaill was in fightyng, a prieste called sir Robert Aspall, chappelain and schole master to the yong erle of Rutland II. sonne to the above named duke of Yorke, scarce of the age of .xii. yeres, a faire gentleman, and a maydenlike person, perceivyng that flight was more savegard, then tariyng, bothe for him and his master, secretly conveyed therle out of the felde, by the lord Cliffordes bande, toward the towne, but or he coulde enter into a house, he was by the sayd lord Clifford espied, folowed, and taken, and by reson of his apparell, demaunded what he was. The yong gentelman dismaied, had not a word to speake, but kneled on his knees imploryng mercy, and desiryng grace, both with holding up his handes and making dolorous countinance, for his speache was gone for feare. Save him sayde his Chappelein, for he is a princes sonne, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the lord Clifford marked him and sayde: by Gods blode, thy father slew myne, and so wil I do the and all thy kyn, and with that woord, stacke the erle to the hart with his dagger, and bad his Chappeleyn bere the erles mother and brother worde what he had done, and sayde. In this acte the lord Clyfford was accompted a tyraunt, and no gentelman, for the propertie of the Lyon, which is a furious and an unreasonable beaste, is to be cruell to them that withstande hym, and gentle to such as prostrate or humiliate them selfes before him."—Hall.

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—

Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun.]

The opinion that the eagle, of all birds, possessed the faculty of gazing undazzled at the blazing sun, is of very high antiquity. Pliny relates that it exposes its brood to this test as soon as hatched, to prove if they be genuine or not. Chaucer refers to the belief in the "Assemblie of Foules:"—

"There mighten men the royal egal find,
That with his sharp look persith the sonne."

As does Spenser, in the "Hymn of Heavenly Beauty:"—

"Mount up aloft, through heavenly contemplation,
From this dark world, whose damps the soul do blind.
And like the native brood of eagles kind,
On that bright sun of glory fix thyne eyes,
Clear'd from gross mists of frail infirmitys."

(2) SCENE II.—

And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?]

An allusion to a trite proverb: "Happy is the child whose father went to the devil." "It hath beene an olde proverbe, that happy is that sonne whose father goes to the devill: meaning by thys allegoricall kind of speech, that such fathers as seeke to inrich theyr sonnes by covetousnes, by briberie, purloyning, or by any other sinister meanes, suffer not onely affliction of mind, as greeved with insatietie of getting, but wyth danger of soule, as a just reward for such wretchednesse."—GREENE'S *Royal Exchange*, 4to. Lond. 1590.

(3) SCENE II.—

I would your highness would depart the field;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.]

"Happy was the Quene in her two battayls, but unfortunate was the King in al his enterprises, for wher his person was presente, ther victory fled ever from him to the other parte, and he commonly was subdued and vanqueshed."—HALL.

Drayton, in "The Miseries of Queen Margaret," calls attention to this general belief in the luckless fortunes of the King:—

"Some think that Warwick had not lost the day,
But that the King into the field he brought;
For with the worse that side went still away
Which had King Henry with them when they fought.
Upon his birth so sad a curse there lay,
As that he never prospered in aught.
The queen won two, among the loss of many,
Her husband absent; present, never any."

(4) SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle* between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.] The following is Hall's narrative of the memorable battle of Towton; "a battle," Carte observes, which "decided the fate of the house of Lancaster, overturning in one day an usurpation strengthened by near sixty-two years' continuance, and established Edward on the throne of England." "The same day, about .ix. of the clocke, whiche was the .xxix. day of Marche, beyng Palm sundaye, bothe the hostes approched in a playn feld between Towton and Saxton. When eche parte perceyve other, thei made a great shoute, and at the same instant time, their fell a small snyt or snow, which by violence the wynd was driven into the faces of them, which wer of kyng Henries parte, so that their sight was somewha blemeshed and minished. The lord Fawnconbridge, whic led the forward of kyng Edwardes battail (as before i rehersed) being a man of great polecie, and of much ex perience in marciall feates, caused every archer under h standard, to shot one flyght (which before he caused ther to provide) and then made them to stand still. The North renmen, feling the shoot, but by reason of the snow, no wel vewyng the distaunce betwene them and the enemies, like hardy men shot their schiefe arrowes as fa as thei might, but al their shot was lost, and their labo vayn for they came not nere the Southermen by .x taylors yerdes. When their shot was almost spent, th lord Fawconbridge marched forwarde with his archer which not onely shot their awne whole sheves, but als gathered the arrowes of their enemies, and let a gre parte of them flye agaynst their awne masters, and anoth part thei let stand on the ground, which sore noyed th legges of the owners, when the battayle joyned. The er of Northumberland, and Andrew Trolope, which we chefetayns of Kyng Henries vangard, seynge their sh not to prevayle, hasted forward to joine with the enemies: you may besure the other part nothing r tarded, but valeauntly foughte with their enemies. Th battayl was sore foughten, for hope of life was set o side on every parte and takynge of prisoners was pr claymed as a great offence, by reason wherof every m determined, either to conquere or to dye in the feld This deadly battayle and bloudy conflicte, continued houres in doubtfull victorie. The one parte some tin flowyng, and some time ebbyng, but in conclusion, ky Edward so coragiously comforted his men, refreshyng t wery, and helping the wounded, that the other part w discomfited and overcome, and lyke men amased, fled toward Tadcaster bridge to save them selfes: but in t meane way there is a litle broke called Cocke not ve broade, but of a great deapnes, in the whiche, what f hast of escapyng, and what for feare of folowers, a gre number were drent and drowned, in so much that the co mon people there affirme, that men alyve passed the ryv upon dead carcasis, and that the great ryver of Whar which is the great sewer of that broke, and of all t water comyng from Towton, was colored with bloude."

(5) SCENE VI.—*For Gloster's dukedom is too ominou* So Hall:—"It seemeth to many men that the name a title of Gloucester hath bene unfortunate and unluckie diverse, whiche for their honor have bene erected by cre tion of princes to that stile and dignitie; as Hugh Spenc Thomas of Woodstocke, son to Kynge Edward the thirc and this duke Humphrey; whiche three persons by mis able death finished their daies; and after them Ki Richard the iii. also duke of Gloucester, in civil wa was slaine and confounded; so that this name of Glo cester is taken for an unhappie and unfortunate stile, the proverbe speaketh of Sejanes horse, whose ryder w ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought miserie."

ACT III.

(1) Scene I.—*From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure ve, &c.*] "And on that parte that marched upon Scotnde, he laied watches and espialles, that no persone ould go out of the realme to kyng Henry and his comany, which then laye soiornyng in Scotlande; but whatever ieoperdy or peryll might bee construed or demed to ave insued by the meanes of kyng Henry, all suche oubtes were now shortly resolved and determined, and ll feare of his doynges were clerely put under and exnct; for he hymselfe, whether he were past all feare, or as not well stablished in his perfite mynde, or could not ng kepe hymselfe secrete, in a disguysed apparell boldely ntered into Englande. He was no soner entered, but he as knowen and taken of one Cantlowe, and brought ward the kyng, whom the erle of Warwicke met on ne waie, by the kynges commaundement, and brought m through London to the towre, and there he was laied sure holde."—Hall.

(2) Scene II.—

Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.]

his is an error. Sir John Grey fell at the second battle f St. Alban's, while fighting, not on the side of York, ut Lancaster; a fact of which Shakespeare was subseuently aware, since, in "Richard III." Act I. Sc. 3, ichard, addressing Queen Elizabeth, remarks,—

> "In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
> Were factious *for the house of Lancaster;*—
> And, Rivers, so were you:—was not your husband
> In *Margaret's battle* at Saint Alban's slain?"

It may not be out of place to introduce here a portion Hall's description of King Edward's first interview ith the lady Grey, upon which the present scene was ounded:—

"The king being on huntyng in the forest of Wychwod esyde Stonnystratforde, came for his recreacion to the annor of Grafton, where the duches of Bedford sojorned, ien wyfe to sir Richard Wodvile, lord Ryvers, on whom ien was attendyng a doughter of hers, called dame lizabeth Greye, wydow of sir Ihon Grey knight, slayn at e last battell of saincte Albons, by the power of kyng dward. This wydow havyng a suyt to the king, either be restored by hym to some thyng taken from her, or quyring hym of pitie, to have some augmentacion to er livyng, founde such grace in the kynges eyes, that he ot onely favored her suyte, but much more phantasied r person, for she was a woman more of formal counnaunce, then of excellent beautie, but yet of such autie and favor, that with her sober demeanure, lovely kyng, and femynyne smylyng, (neither to wanton nor to mble) besyde her toungue so eloquent, and her wit so egnant, she was able to ravishe the mynde of a meane rson, when she allured, and made subject to her, the rt of so great a king. After that kyng Edward had ll considered all the linyamentes of her body, and the se and womanly demeanure that he saw in her, he dermined first to attempt, if he might provoke her to be sovereigne lady, promisyng her many giftes and fayre wardes, affirmynge farther, that if she woulde therunto ndiscend, she myght so fortune of his peramour and ncubyne, to be chaunged to his wyfe and lawfull bedow: whiche demaunde she so wisely and with so covert eache aunswered and repugned, affirmynge that as she s for his honor farre unable to be hys spouse and bedow: So for her awne poore honestie, she was to good to either hys concubyne, or sovereigne lady: that where was a littell before heated with the dart of Cupid, he s nowe set all on a hote burnyng fyre, what for the confidence that he had in her perfyte constancy, and the trust that he had in her constant chastitie, and without any farther deliberacion, he determined with him selfe clerely to marye with her, after that askyng counsaill of them, whiche he knewe neither woulde nor once durst impugne his concluded purpose. But the duches of Yorke hys mother letted it as much as in her lay alledgyng a precontract made by hym with the lady Lucye, and divers other lettes: al which doubtes were resolved, and all thinges made clere and all cavillacions avoyded. And so, privilie in a mornyng he maried her at Grafton, where he first phantasied her visage."

(3) Scene III.—

I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe.]

Shakespeare's relation of Warwick's embassy and commission, and the rupture between king Edward and him in consequence of the former's marriage with lady Grey, are strictly accordant with the statements of Hall and Holinshed; but, as Ritson observes, "later as well as earlyer writers, of better authority, incline us to discredit the whole; and to refer the rupture between the king and his political creator to causes which have not reached posterity, or to that jealousy and ingratitude so natural, perhaps, to those who are under great obligations, too great to be discharged. '*Beneficia* (says Tacitus) *eò usque lœta sunt, dum videntur exsolvi posse: ubi multum antevenere, pro gratiâ odium redditur.*'"

Hall's narration of the circumstances, which appears to have been that adopted by the poet, is as follows:—

"The same yere he [Warwick] cam to kyng Lewes the .xi. then beyng Frenche kyng, liying at Tours, and with greate honor was there received, and honorably interteined: of whom, for kyng Edward his master, he demaunded to have in mariage the lady Bona, doughter to Lewes duke of Savoy, and suster to the lady Carlot, then French Quene, beyng then in the Frenche court. This mariage semeth pollitiquely devised, and of an high imaginacion to be invented, if you will well consider, the state and condicion of king Edwardes affaires, which at this time, had kyng Henry the vi. in safe custody, in the strong toure of London, and the moste parte of his adherentes, he had as he thought, either profligated or extinct, Quene Margaret onely except, and Prince Edward her sonne, which wer then sojornyng at Angiers, with old Duke Reiner of Anjow her father, writyng hymself kyng of Naples, Scicile, and Jerusalem, having as much profites of the letters of his glorious stile, as rentes and revenues out of the said large and riche realmes and dominions, (because the kyng of Arragon toke the profites of the same, and would make no accompt therof to duke Reiner). Kyng Edward therfore thought it necessary, to have affinitie in Fraunce, and especially by the Quenes suster: which Quene although she ruled not the kyng her husband, (as many women do) yet he of a certain especiall humilitie, was more content to have her favor and folowe her desire, (for wedded men oftentymes doubt stormes) rather then to have a lowryng countenaunce, and a ringing peale, when he should go to his rest and quietnes: trusting that by this mariage, quene Margarete (whom the same Quene Carlot litle or nothyng regarded, although her father was called a kyng and she a quene, and none of both having subjectes, profites, nor dominions) should have no aide, succor, nor any comfort of the French king, nor of none of his frendes nor alies, wherfore quene Carlot much desirous to advance her blod and progenie, and especially to so great a prince as kyng Edward was, obteyned both the good will of the kyng her husband, and also of her syster, so that the matrimony on that syde was clerely assented to. * * * * * * * * * * *

But when the erle of Warwycke had perfit knowledge by the letters of his trusty frendes, that kyng Edward had gotten him a new wyfe, and that all that he had done with kyng Lewes in his ambassade for the conjoynyng of this new affinitie, was both frustrate and vayn, he was earnestly moved and sore chafed with the chaunce, and thought it necessarye that king Edward should be deposed from his croune and royal dignitie, as an inconstan prince, not worthy of such a kyngly office. All men fe the most parte agre, that this mariage was the only caus why the erle of Warwycke bare grudge, and made war on kynge Edwarde. Other affirme that ther wer oth causes, which added to this, made the fyre to flame, whic before was but a litell smoke."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE VI.—*My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.*] "Henry, Earl of Richmond, was the son of Edmond and Margaret, daughter to John the first 'Duke of Somerset.' Edmond, Earl of Richmond, was half-brother to King Henry the Sixth, being the son of that king's mother, Queen Catharine, by her second husband, Owen Teuther, or Tudor, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Mortimer's Cross, and soon afterwards beheaded at Hereford.

"Henry the Seventh, to show his gratitude to Henry the Sixth for this early presage in his favour, solicited Pope Julius to canonize him as a saint; but, either Henry would not pay the money demanded, or, as Bacon supposes, the Pope refused, lest, 'as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, the estimation of that kind of honour might be diminished, if there were not a distance kept between *innocents* and saints.'"—MALONE.

(2) SCENE VIII.—

I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies.]

In speaking of the impost called a *fifteen*, or *fifteenth* (se note (a), p. 380), we described it as a tax of the fifteent part of all the personal property of each subject; but w should have added that, subsequently to the 8th Edward III., when a taxation was made upon all th cities, towns, boroughs, &c., by compositions, the fifteent became a sum certain, namely, the fifteenth part of the then existing value. The distinction between the tax called fifteenths and tenths (*quindismes* and *dismes*), an the subsidy, in later times, Camden expresses thus:- "A fifteen and a tenth (that I may note it for forrainer sakes) is a certain taxation upon every city, borough, an town; not every particular man, but in general in respe of the fifteenth part of the wealth of the place. A *subsi* we call that which is imposed upon every man, beir cessed by the powle, man by man, according to the valu tion of their goods and lands."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE VI.—*O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee!*] The circumstances attending the death of Henry VI. are involved in deep obscurity. The balance of testimony supports the popular tradition that he was murdered on the night of Edward's entry into London, 21st May, 1471:—"And the same nyghte that Kynge Edwarde came to Londone, Kynge Herry, beynge inwarde in presone in the Toure of Londone, was putt to dethe, the xxj. day of Maij, on a tywesday nyght, betwyx xj. and xij. of the cloke, beynge thenne at the Toure the Duke of Gloucetre, brothere to Kynge Edwarde, and many other; and one the morwe he was chestyde and brought to Paulys, and his face was opyne that every manne myghte see hyme; and in hys lyinge he bledde one the pament ther; and afterward at the Blake Fryres was broughte, and ther he blede new and fresche; and from thens he was caryed to Chyrchsey abbey in a bote, and buryed there in oure Lady chapelle."

Dr. Warkworth, whose chronicle furnishes the above extract, was a contemporary writer, Master of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, from 1473 to 1498, and a man of learning and ability. Fabyan, a citizen of London in the time of Henry the Seventh, is more explicit:—"Of th death of this Prynce dyverse tales were tolde: but th most common fame wente, that he was stykked with dagger by the handes of the Duke of Gloucester."

On the other hand, the Yorkist party contended th the deposed monarch died of grief and melancholy:—" every party of England, where any commotion was begon for Kynge Henry's party, anone they were rebuked, that it appered to every mann at eye the sayde partie w extincte and repressed for evar, without any mannar ho of agayne quikkening: utterly despaired of any maner hoope or releve. The certaintie of all whiche came to th knowledge of the sayd Henry, late called Kyng, being the Tower of London; not havynge, afore that, knowled of the saide matars, he toke it to so great dispite, ire, a indingnation, that, of pure displeasure, and melencoly, dyed the xxiij day of the monithe of May. Whom t kynge dyd to be browght to the friers prechars at Londo and there, his funerall service donne, to be caried watar, to an Abbey upon Thamys syd, xvj myles fr London, called Chartsey, and there honorably enteryd —*Arrivall of Edward IV.*

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON THE

THREE PARTS OF KING HENRY VI.

"SHAKSPEARE's choice fell first on this period of English history, so full of misery and horrors of every kind, because the pathetic is naturally more suitable than the characteristic to a young poet's mind. We do not yet find here the whole maturity of his genius, yet certainly its whole strength. Careless as to the apparent unconnectedness of contemporary events, he bestows little attention on preparation and development: all the figures follow in rapid succession, and announce themselves emphatically for what we ought to take them; from scenes where the effect is sufficiently agitating to form the catastrophe of a less extensive plan, the poet perpetually hurries us on to catastrophes still more dreadful.

"The *First Part* contains only the first forming of the parties of the White and Red Rose, under which blooming ensigns such bloody deeds were afterwards perpetrated; the varying results of the war in France principally fill the stage. The wonderful saviour of her country, Joan of Arc, is pourtrayed by Shakspeare with an Englishman's prejudices: yet he at first leaves it doubtful whether she has not in reality a heavenly mission; she appears in the pure glory of virgin heroism; by her supernatural eloquence (and this circumstance is of the poet's invention) she wins over the Duke of Burgundy to the French cause; afterwards, corrupted by vanity and luxury, she has recourse to hellish fiends, and comes to a miserable end. To her is opposed Talbot, a rough iron warrior, who moves us the more powerfully, as, in the moment when he is threatened with inevitable death, all his care is tenderly directed to save his son, who performs his first deeds of arms under his eye. After Talbot has in vain sacrificed himself, and the Maid of Orleans has fallen into the hands of the English, the French provinces are completely lost by an impolitic marriage; and with this the piece ends. The conversation between the aged Mortimer in prison, and Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York, contains an exposition of the claims of the latter to the throne: considered by itself, it is a beautiful tragic elegy.

"In the *Second Part*, the events more particularly prominent are the murder of the honest Protector, Gloucester, and its consequences; the death of Cardinal Beaufort; the parting of the Queen from her favourite Suffolk, and his death by the hands of savage pirates; then the insurrection of Jack Cade under an assumed name, and at the instigation of the Duke of York. The short scene where Cardinal Beaufort, who is tormented by his conscience on account of the murder of Gloucester, is visited on his death-bed by Henry VI., is sublime beyond all praise. Can any other poet be named who has drawn aside the curtain of eternity at the close of this life with such overpowering and awful effect? And yet it is not mere horror with which the mind is filled, but solemn emotion; a blessing and a curse stand side by side; the pious King is an image of the heavenly mercy which, even in the sinner's last moments, labours to enter into his soul. The adulterous passion of Queen Margaret and Suffolk is invested with tragical dignity, and all low and ignoble ideas carefully kept out of sight. Without

attempting to gloss over the crime of which both are guilty, without seeking to remove ou disapprobation of this criminal love, he still, by the magic force of expression, contrives to excite in u a sympathy with their sorrow. In the insurrection of Cade he has delineated the conduct of a popula demagogue, the fearful ludicrousness of the anarchical tumult of the people, with such convincin truth, that one would believe he was an eye-witness of many of the events of our age, which, fron ignorance of history, have been considered as without example.

"The civil war only begins in the Second Part; in the *Third* it is unfolded in its full destructive fury The picture becomes gloomier and gloomier; and seems at last to be painted rather with blood thai with colours. With horror we behold fury giving birth to fury, vengeance to vengeance, and see tha when all the bonds of human society are violently torn asunder, even noble matrons became hardened t cruelty. The most bitter contempt is the portion of the unfortunate; no one affords to his enemy tha pity which he will himself shortly stand in need of. With all, party is family, country, and religion the only spring of action. As York, whose ambition is coupled with noble qualities, prematurely perishes, the object of the whole contest is now either to support an imbecile king, or to place on th throne a luxurious monarch, who shortens the dear-bought possession by the gratification of an insatiabl voluptuousness. For this the celebrated and magnanimous Warwick spends his chivalrous life; Clifford revenges the death of his father with blood-thirsty filial love; and Richard, for the elevation of his brother, practises those dark deeds by which he is soon after to pave the way to his own greatness. In the midst of the general misery, of which he has been the innocent cause, King Henry appears like the powerless image of a saint, in whose wonder-working influence no man any longer believes: he can but sigh and weep over the enormities which he witnesses. In his simplicity, however, the gift of prophecy is lent to this pious king: in the moment of his death, at the close of this great tragedy, he prophesies a still more dreadful tragedy with which futurity is pregnant, as much distinguished for the poisonous wiles of cold-blooded wickedness as the former for deeds of savage fury."—SCHLEGEL.

TIMON
OF
ATHENS.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

"The Life of Tymon of Athens" appeared first in the folio of 1623. At what period it was written we have no evidence, though Malone assigns it to the year 1610. The story, originally derived from Lucian, was a popular one in Shakespeare's time, and must have been known to him from its forming the subject of a novel in Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure," and from the account of Timon given in North's translation of Plutarch. The immediate archetype of the play, however, was probably some old and now lost drama, remodelled and partially re-written by our author, but of which he permitted much of the rude material to remain, with scarcely any alteration.

It is upon this theory alone we find it possible to reconcile the discordance between the defective plan, and the faultless execution of particular parts,—between the poverty and negligence observable in some scenes, and the grandeur and consummate finish displayed in others. The basis of Shakespeare's "Timon" was long supposed to be an anonymous piece, the manuscript of which was in the possession of Mr. Strutt, and is now the property of Mr. Dyce. But this manuscript was printed, in 1842, for the Shakespeare Society; and although it is found to have one character, Laches, who is a coarse counterpart to the faithful steward, Flavius, and two or three incidents, particularly that of the mock banquet, where the misanthrope regales his parasites with stones, painted to look like artichokes, which correspond in some measure with transactions in the piece before us, there is not the slightest reason for believing Shakespeare ever saw it. These resemblances are no doubt merely owing to both plays being founded on a common origin; for the subject was evidently familiar to the stage long before we can suppose Shakespeare to have produced his version. In Guilpin's Collection of Epigrams and Satires, called "Skialetheia," 1598, we have in Epigram 52:—

"Like hate-man Timon in his cell he sits,"

which, as Mr. Collier says, apparently points to some scene wherein Timon had been represented and he is again mentioned, in a way to show that his peculiarities were well understood, in the play of "Jack Drum's Entertainment," printed in 1601:—"*But if all the brewers' jades in the town can drag me from the love of myself, they shall do more than e'er the seven wise men of Greece could. Come, come; now I'll be as sociable as Timon of Athens.*"

Persons Represented.

Timon, *a noble* Athenian.

Lucius,
Lucullus,
Sempronius, } *Lords, and flatterers of* Timon.

Ventidius, *one of* Timon's *false Friends.*
Alcibiades, *an* Athenian *General.*
Apemantus, *a churlish Philosopher.*
Flavius, *Steward to* Timon.
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, *and* Merchant.
An old Athenian.

Flaminius,
Lucilius,
Servilius, } *Servants to* Timon.

Caphis,
Philotus,
Titus,
Lucius,
Hortensius,
And others, } *Servants to* Timon's *Creditors.*

A Page, *a* Fool, *Three* Strangers.

Phrynia,
Timandra, } *Mistresses to* Alcibiades.

Cupid, *and* Amazons *in the Masque.*

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE,—Athens, *and the Woods adjoining.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Hall in* Timon's *House.*

Enter Poet *and* Painter.

POET. Good day, sir.
PAIN. I am glad you're well.
POET. I have not seen you long; how goes the world?
PAIN. It wears, sir, as it grows.
POET. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches?—See,

Enter Jeweller, Merchant, *and others, at several doors.*

Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.
PAIN. I know them both; the other's a jeweller.
MER. O, 'tis a worthy lord!
JEW. Nay, that's most fix'd.
MER. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness,
He passes.[a]

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[a] —— breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness,
He passes.]

In the accepted reading of this passage, a colon is placed after 'goodness," and the phrase "He passes," interpreted to mean, he *surpasses* or *exceeds*, is made a separate member of the sentence. From the expressions "breath'd" and "untirable," it may well be questioned, however, whether "He passes" should not be immediately connected with what goes before, and be understood in the same sense, of *runs*, which it bears in "Henry V." Act II. Sc. 1—"*He passes* some humours and careers."

JEW. I have a jewel here—
MER. O, pray, let's see't: for the lord Timon, sir?
JEW. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—
POET. [*Reciting aside.*] *When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,*
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.
MER. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*
JEW. And rich: here is a water, look ye.
PAIN. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.
POET. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes[a]
From whence 'tis nourished. The fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.* What have you there?
PAIN. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?
POET. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.
PAIN. 'Tis a good piece.
POET. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.
PAIN. Indifferent.
POET. Admirable! how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.
PAIN. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?
POET. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, *and pass over.*

PAIN. How this lord is follow'd!
POET. The senators of Athens:—happy men![b]
PAIN. Look, more!†
POET. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax:[c] no levelled malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no track behind.
PAIN. How shall I understand you?
POET. I'll unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties[d] to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself; even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace,
Most rich in Timon's nod.
PAIN. I saw them speak together.
POET. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.
PAIN. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.[e]
POET. Nay, sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air,—
PAIN. Ay, marry, what of these?
POET.—When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands,* let him slip[f] down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.
PAIN. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,

(*) Old text, *chases*. (†) Old text, *moe*.

(*) First folio, *hand*.

[a] *Our poesy is as a* gum, *which* oozes—] In the old text the latter portion of this line is ludicrously misprinted, "—as a *Gowne*, which *uses*," &c. Pope corrected *gowne* to "gum," and Johnson very happily changed *uses* to "oozes."

[b] *Happy* men!] Theobald reads "happy *man*," perhaps rightly.

[c] *In a wide sea of* wax:] The allusion is presumed to point to the Roman practice of writing on waxen tablets: a practice prevalent in England until about the end of the fourteenth century; but the word *wax* is more probably a misprint, though not certainly, for *verse*, which Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes for it.

[d] Properties—] *Appropriates*. See note (e), p. 268.

[e] *In our* condition.] *Condition* here means, *profession* or *art*.

[f] *Let him* slip *down*,—] The old text has, "let him *sit* downe;" the necessary alteration was made by Rowe.

To show lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON,(1) *attended; the* Servant *of* VENTIDIUS *talking with him.*[a]

TIM. Imprison'd is he, say you?
VEN. SERV. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.
TIM. Noble Ventidius! Well,
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he most needs me.[b] I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free [him.

[a] Talking with him.] The old stage direction is, "*Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curteously to every Sutor.*"

[b] *When he* most needs *me.*] So the folio 1664; that of 1623 reads:—

"——when he *must necde* me."

VEN. SERV. Your lordship ever binds him.
TIM. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'T is not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.
VEN. SERV. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

OLD ATH. Lord Timon, hear me speak.
TIM. Freely, good father.
OLD ATH. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.
TIM. I have so: what of him?
OLD ATH. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.
TIM. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

LUC. Here, at your lordship's service.
OLD. ATH. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.
TIM. Well; what further?
OLD ATH. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.
TIM. The man is honest.
OLD ATH. Therefore he will be, Timon:[a]
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.
TIM. Does she love him?
OLD ATH. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.
TIM. [*To* LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?
LUC. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.
OLD ATH. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

TIM. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?
OLD ATH. Three talents on the present; in future, all.
TIM. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.
OLD ATH. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.
TIM. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.
LUC. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!
[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and old* Athenian.
POET. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!
TIM. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?
PAIN. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.
TIM. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.
PAIN. The gods preserve ye!
TIM. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffered under praise.
JEW. What, my lord! dispraise?
TIM. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.
JEW. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters:[b] believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.
TIM. Well mock'd.
MER. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.
TIM. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

---

[a] Therefore he will be, Timon:] The meaning is not apparent. Malone construes it,—"Therefore he will continue to be so, and is sure of being sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of virtue." But this, too, is inexplicit. We should perhaps read,—"Therefore he will be Timon's," &c., that is, he will continue to be in the service of so noble a master, and thus, his virtue will reward itself: or it is possible the words, "Therefore he will be," may originally have formed part of Timon's speech, and the dialogue have run thus:—

TIMON. The man is honest,
Therefore he will be——
OLD ATH. Timon,
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

In a text so lamentably imperfect as that of the present play, a more than ordinary licence of conjecture is permissible.

[b] Are prized by their masters:] "Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held."—JOHNSON.

Enter Apemantus.(2)

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it, take it for thy labour.[a]

[a] So thou apprehend'st it, take it, &c.] That is, In whatever sense thou apprehend'st it, take it, &c.

TIM. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

APEM. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost * a man a doit.

TIM. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

APEM. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet!

POET. How now, philosopher!

APEM. Thou liest.

POET. Art not one?

APEM. Yes.

POET. Then I lie not.

APEM. Art not a poet?

POET. Yes.

APEM. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

POET. That's not feigned; he is so.

APEM. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

TIM. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

APEM. Even as Apemantus does now,—hate a lord with my heart.

TIM. What, thyself?

APEM. Ay.

TIM. Wherefore?

APEM. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—[a] Art not thou a merchant?

MER. Ay, Apemantus.

APEM. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

MER. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

APEM. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Servant.

TIM. What trumpet's that?

SERV. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, All of companionship.

TIM. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.— [*Exeunt some* Attendants. You must needs dine with me.—Go not you hence, Till I have thank'd you; and † when dinner's done, Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with his* Company.

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*

APEM. So, so; there!—[b] Aches contract and starve your supple joints!— That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves, And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out Into baboon and monkey.

ALCIB. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed Most hungerly on your sight.

TIM. Right welcome, sir! Ere we depart,[c] we'll share a bounteous time In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all except* APEMANTUS.

Enter Two Lords.

1 LORD. What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

APEM. Time to be honest.

1 LORD. That time serves still.

APEM. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

2 LORD. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?

APEM. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 LORD. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

APEM. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 LORD. Why, Apemantus?

APEM. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 LORD. Hang thyself!

APEM. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 LORD. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence!

APEM. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*

1 LORD. He's opposite to humanity. Come,* shall we in, And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes The very heart of kindness.

2 LORD. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold, Is but his steward: no meed,[d] but he repays

(*) Old text, *cast.* (†) First folio omits, *and.*

(*) First folio, *Comes.*

[a] That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—] This appears to be an incorrigible corruption. Warburton proposed, "That I had *so hungry* a wit to be a lord." Mason—"That I had *an* angry *wish* to be a lord." And Mr. Collier's annotator reads, "That I had *so hungry* a *wish* to be a lord." No one of these, or of many other emendations which have been proposed, is sufficiently plausible to deserve a place in the text. We leave the passage, therefore, as it stands in the old copy, merely suggesting that *be* may have been misprinted for *bay;* "That I had no angry wit to *bay* a lord." The meaning being, he should hate himself, because, by his elevation, he had lost the privilege of reviling rank. In a subsequent scene, he says,—"No, I'll nothing: for, if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee;" &c.

[b] So, so; there! &c.] This speech is printed as prose in the old text, and begins, "So, so; *their* Aches contract," &c. The present arrangement was made by Capell.

[c] Depart,—] *Separate, part.*

[d] Meed—] Here, as in other places, Shakespeare uses *meed* in the sense of *merit*, or *desert.* See "Henry VI. Part III." Act II. Sc. 1:—

"Each one already blazing by our *meeds.*"

And a passage in Act IV. Sc. 8, of the same play,—

"That's not my fear; my *meed* hath got me fame."

So also in "Hamlet," Act V. Sc. 2:—

"——but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his *meed* he's unfellowed."

evenfold above itself; no gift to him,
ut breeds the giver a return, exceeding
ll use of quittance.[a]
1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries,
hat ever govern'd man. [we in?
2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall
1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in* Timon's *House.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; Flavius *and others attending; then enter* Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, Senators, *and* Ventidius. *Then comes, dropping after all,* Apemantus, *discontentedly, like himself.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, [age,
hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's
nd call him to long peace.
e is gone happy, and has left me rich:
hen, as in grateful virtue I am bound
o your free heart, I do return those talents,
oubled with thanks and service, from whose help
deriv'd liberty.
Tim. O, by no means;
onest Ventidius, you mistake my love;
gave it freely ever, and there's none
an truly say he gives, if he receives:
our betters play at that game, we must not dare
o imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.
Ven. A noble spirit.
[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on* Timon.
Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis'd at first,
o set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
ecanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
ut where there is true friendship, there needs none.
ray, sit, more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
han my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*
1 Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.
Apem. Ho, ho, *confess'd it!* hang'd it, have you not?[b]
Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.
Apem. No, you shall not make me welcome:
come to have thee thrust me out of doors.
Tim. Fie, thou 'rt a churl; you've got a humour there
oes not become a man, 't is much to blame:—
hey say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est,*
ut yond' man is ever[c] angry.
o, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.
Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.
Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself would have no power: pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.
Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods! what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next him, now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: it has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.
Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.
2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.
Apem. *Flow this way!*
A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,[d]
Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,[e]
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus' grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.
[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

---

[a] All use of quittance.] All customary requital.

[b] Confess'd it! hang'd it, *have you not?*] An allusion, not unfrequent with the writers of the Elizabethan era, to a familiar proverbial saying, "Confess and be hang'd." Shakespeare again refers to it in "Othello," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"——to *confess, and be hang'd* for his labour."

[c] *But yond' man is* ever *angry.*] The original reads, *verie* angry; corrected by Rowe.

[d] Timon,—] In the old text, *Timon* is printed at the end of the following line. Capell made the transposition.

[e] *Here's that, which is too weak to be a* sinner,—] For *sinner*, Mr. Collier's annotator reads *fire.*

TIM. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

ALCIB. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

TIM. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

ALCIB. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

APEM. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

1 LORD. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

TIM. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em;[a] and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy,* e'en made away ere't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

APEM. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

2 LORD. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe, sprung up.

APEM. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 LORD. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

APEM. *Much!*[b] [*Tucket sounded.*

TIM. What means that trump?—

Enter a Servant.

How now?

SERV. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

TIM. Ladies! what are their wills?

SERV. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

TIM. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

CUP. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: the ear,
Taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;[c]
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

TIM. They are welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:
Music, make their welcome. [*Exit* CUPID.

1 LORD. You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, *with a masque of* Ladies *as* Amazons, *with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

APEM. Hoy day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.[d]
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear those that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords *rise from table, with much adoring of* TIMON; *and to show their loves, each singles out an* Amazon, *and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys and cease.*

TIM. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

(*) Old text, *ioyes.*

[a] Should we ne'er have use for 'em.] Either this or the previous clause,—"if we should ne'er have need of 'em," was probably intended to be cancelled.

[b] Much!] This contemptuous expression, or epithet, occurs again in the "Second Part of Henry IV." Act II. Sc. 4.

[c] —— The ear,
Taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;]
Corruptly given in the old text:—
"There tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:"
Warburton made the happy emendation now universally accepted

[d] As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.] A line so inexplicable and obtrusive as part of the speech, that we could almost believe it to have been originally a stage direction:—
"They dance! they are mad women:
Like madness is the glory of this life!
[*As this pomp shows,* take *a little oil and root.*
We make ourselves fools," &c.

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't, and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you:
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt* Cupid *and* Ladies.

Tim. Flavius,——

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in 's humour; [*Aside.*
Else I should tell him well, i'faith, I should:[a]
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Fetches the casket.*

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our horses!

Tim. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you.—Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you honour me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

(*) Old text, 1 *Lord.*

[a] There is no crossing him in 's humour;
Else I should tell him well, i'faith, I should:
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.]

In the second line we adopt the punctuation of the old copy, which, from not perceiving the sense of *tell*, that is, *rate*, or *call to account*, modern editors have oddly altered to,—

"Else I should tell him,—well,—i'faith, I should."

The word *crossing* induced the irresistible paragram on *tell*, and a still further quibble on *cross'd*, which is to be understood, both in the sense of *thwarted* and have *crosses*, or money. For examples of a similar equivoque, see note (c), p. 56, Vol. I., and note (a), p. 141 of the present Volume.

Enter another Servant.

2 SERV. May it please your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

TIM. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.—

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

3 SERV. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

TIM. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

FLAV. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for every word;
He is so kind, that he now pays interest for't;
His land's put to their books. Well, would I were
Gently put out of office, before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

TIM. You do yourselves much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits.—Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 LORD. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 LORD. O, he's the very soul of bounty!

TIM. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: 'tis yours, because you liked it. [that.

2 LORD. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in

TIM. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man can justly praise, but what he does affec
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own; I
tell you true. I'll call to you.

ALL LORDS. O, none so welcom

TIM. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou has
Lie in a pitch'd field.

ALCIB. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1 LORD. We are so virtuously bound,—

TIM. And
Am I to you.

2 LORD. So infinitely endear'd,—

TIM. All to you.—Lights, more lights!

1 LORD. The best of happiness, honour, an fortunes,
Keep with you, lord Timon!

TIM. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &

APEM. What a coil's her
Serving of becks,[a] and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs[b] be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound leg
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sie

TIM. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sulle
I would be good to thee.

APEM. No, I'll nothing: for, if I should l
bribed too, there would be none left to rail upo
thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Tho
givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt giv
away thyself in paper[c] shortly: what need thes
feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

TIM. Nay, an you begin to rail on society onc
I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell
and come with better music. [*Exi*

APEM. So thou wilt not hear me now,[d] tho
shalt not then; I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exi*

---

a Becks,—] *Becks* here mean *bows.*

b *I doubt whether their* legs, &c.] To make *a leg*, meant formerly to make an *obeisance.* Apemantus, perhaps, intends a play upon the word.

c In paper—] In *paper* is supposed to mean in *securities.*

d So thou wilt not—] That is, *As* thou wilt not &c.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in a* Senator's *House.*

Enter a Senator *with papers in his hand.*

Sen. And late, five thousand;—to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste! It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy ten[a] more*
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,
Ten[b] able horses: no porter[c] at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found† his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

(*) Old text, *moe.* (†) Old text, *sound.*

[a] Ten—] This is Pope's emendation, the old text having "twenty."

[b] Ten—] So Theobald. The old text reads—"*And* able horses."

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,*
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him;
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,

(*) First folio omits, *sirrah.*

[c] No porter—] From what follows we may suspect the original had "no *grim* porter."

But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspéct,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

CAPH. I go, sir.

SEN. Take the bonds along with you,[a]
And have the dates in compt.[b]

CAPH. I will, sir.

SEN. Go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Hall in* Timon's *House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many bills in his hand.*

FLAV. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes[c] no care
Of what is to continue; never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the* Servants *of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.

CAPH. Good even, Varro:[d] what,
You come for money?

VAR. SERV. Is't not your business too?

CAPH. It is;—and yours too, Isidore?

ISID. SERV. It is so.

CAPH. Would we were all discharg'd!

VAR. SERV. I fear it.

CAPH. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.

TIM. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? what is your will?

CAPH. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

TIM. Dues! whence are you?

CAPH. Of Athens here, my lord.

TIM. Go to my steward.

CAPH. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days, this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

TIM. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

CAPH. Nay, good my lord,—

TIM. Contain thyself, good friend.

VAR. SERV. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

ISID. SERV. From Isidore:
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

CAPH. If you did know, my lord, my master wants,—

VAR. SERV. 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks and past.

ISID. SERV. Your steward puts me off, my lord: and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.—

TIM. Give me breath:—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES *and* Lords.

Come hither: pray you, [*To* FLAVIUS.
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke* bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

FLAV. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

TIM. Do so, my friends:—
See them well entertained. [*Exit* TIMON.

FLAV. Pray, draw near.

[*Exit* FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS *and* Fool.

CAPH. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

VAR. SERV. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

ISID. SERV. A plague upon him, dog!

VAR. SERV. How dost, fool?

APEM. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

---

[a] CAPH. I go, sir.
SEN. Take the bonds, &c.]
The old copies read,—
CAPH. I go sir.
SEN. *I go sir?*
Take the bonds, &c.
The repetition of "I go, sir," was, in all probability, an error of the copyist or compositor.

[b] *And have the dates in* compt.] Theobald's amendment of the old text, which reads—
"And have the dates in *Come*."

(*) Old text, *debt, broken.*

[c] *Nor* resumes no care, &c.] The old text reads—"nor *resum* no care," &c., for which Mr. Collier's annotator, with much plausibility, substitutes,—"no *reserves*, no care," &c., according to Mr. Collier's last edition of Shakespeare; or, "no *reserve;* no care," &c., if we are to believe his monovolume edition, and the supplemental volume of "Notes and Emendations," &c.

[d] *Good even*, Varro:] The old stage direction is, "*Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro;*" the two latter, though addressed by their masters' names, it is clear, from what follows, are only servants.

VAR. SERV. I speak not to thee.

APEM. No; 'tis to thyself.—Come away.

[*To the* Fool.

ISID. SERV. [*To* VAR. SERV.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

APEM. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

CAPH. Where's the fool now?

APEM. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

ALL SERV. What are we, Apemantus?

APEM. Asses.

ALL SERV. Why?

APEM. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

FOOL. How do you, gentlemen?

ALL SERV. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

FOOL. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

APEM. Good! gramercy.

FOOL. Look you, here comes my mistress'* page.

Enter Page.

PAGE. [*To the* Fool.] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

APEM. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

PAGE. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

APEM. Canst not read?

PAGE. No.

APEM. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

PAGE. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[*Exit* Page.

APEM. E'en so thou out-runn'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

FOOL. Will you leave me there?

APEM. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

ALL SERV. Ay; would they served us!

APEM. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

FOOL. Are you three usurers' men?

ALL SERV. Ay, fool.

FOOL. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress'* house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

VAR. SERV. I could render one.

APEM. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which, notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

VAR. SERV. What is a whoremaster, fool?

FOOL. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more† than his artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

VAR. SERV. Thou art not altogether a fool.

FOOL. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

APEM. That answer might have become Apemantus.

ALL SERV. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

APEM. Come with me, fool, come.

FOOL. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt* APEMANTUS *and* Fool.

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

FLAV. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt* Servants.

TIM. You make me marvel: wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means.

FLAV. You would not hear me;
At many leisures I propos'd.‡

TIM. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,[a]
Thus to excuse yourself.

FLAV. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,[b]
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say, you found§ them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much,[c] I have shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you

(*) Old text, *Masters.*

(*) Old text, *Masters.* (†) First folio, *moe.*
(‡) First folio, *propose.* (§) First folio, *sound.*

[a] *And that unaptness made* your *minister*,—] That unaptness *became*, or *was* made, &c.

[b] At many times I brought in my accounts,—] The import is, "At many times *when* I brought in my accounts," &c.

[c] *Return* so much—] As Malone observes, he does not mean so *great* a sum, but a certain sum, as it might happen to be.

To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd* lord,
Though you hear now, too late! yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

TIM. Let all my land be sold.

FLAV. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning!

TIM. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

FLAV. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

TIM. You tell me true.[a]

FLAV. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.[b]

TIM. Pr'ythee, no more.

(*) First folio omits, *dear*.

a *You* tell *me true.*] That is, you *estimate* or *rate* me truly. So in a previous scene, Act I. Sc. 2:—

"I'll *tell* you true. I'll call to you."

b *I have retir'd me to a* wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.]

This is one of those humiliating passages occasionally found in the first folio, the meaning of which, from no involution or abstruseness of language in the poet, but through some trivial error on the part of copyist or compositor, has foiled the penetration of every commentator. Pope boldly cut the knot by reading "lonely room" for "wasteful cock," but this daring substitution never got beyond his own edition. Hanmer explained the doubtful words to signfy "a cock-loft or garret, lying in waste;" (!) and Mr. Collier's annotator changes "wasteful cock" to "wasteful *nook;*" an alteration not likely to find better than Pope's, since everybody who reads the context feels, we apprehend, instinctively, that "a wasteful cock," *i.e.* the tap of a wine butt turned on to waste, is an image so peculiarly suitable in the steward's picture of profligate dissipation, that it must be right. In default of any satisfactory explication, we hazard a suggestion that the passage might originally have been printed thus,—

"———So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retir'd (me too a wasteful cock,)
And set mine eyes at flow."

FLAV. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon! noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

TIM. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure[a] thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

FLAV. Assurance bless your thoughts!

TIM. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.—
Within there,—Flaminius!* Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS *and other* Servants.

SERV. My lord? my lord?—

TIM. I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord Lucius,—to lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—you, to Sempronius; commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

FLAM. As you have said, my lord.

FLAV. Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum! [*Aside.*

TIM. Go you, sir, [*To another* Serv.] to the senators,
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing, bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

FLAV. I have been bold
(For that I knew it the most general way)
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

TIM. Is't true? can't be?

FLAV. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall—want treasure—cannot
Do what they would—are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity;—
And so, intending[b] other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

TIM. You gods, reward them!—
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius:—[*To a* Serv.] Pr'ythee, [*To* FLAVIUS.] be not sad,
Thou art true and honest: ingeniously[c] I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*To* Serv.] Ventidius lately
Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had,—[*To* FLAV.] give it these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

FLAV. I would I could not think it; that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *Flavius.*

[a] Secure *thy heart:*] *Assure, make confident,* thy heart.

[b] Intending—] That is, *pretending.* So in "Richard III." Act III. Sc. 5,—

"Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion."

[c] Ingeniously—] The use of *ingenious* where we now employ *ingenuous* was not uncommon formerly. Thus in "The Taming of the Shrew," Act I. Sc. 1,—

"Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning, and *ingenious* studies."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in* Lucullus' *House.*

Flaminius *waiting.* *Enter a* Servant *to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men! a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit* Servant.] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—*nothing doubting*, says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every

man has his fault, and honesty[a] is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, *with wine.*

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the* Servant, *who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ;
And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.
[*Throwing back the money.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit* Lucullus.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:[b]
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't! [nature
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Public Place.*

Enter Lucius, *with Three* Strangers.

Luc. Who? the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him: but I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours;—now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents;[c] nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,— [*To* Lucius.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—commend me to thy honourable, virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? and what has he sent now?

Ser. H'as only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish

---

[a] Honesty—] *Honesty* here signifies, *liberality.*

[b] *This* slave
Unto his honour, *has my lord's meat in him:*] Pope, who has been followed in some later editions, printed,—
"———This slave
Unto *this hour* has," &c.
Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes,—
"———This slave
Unto his *humour* has," &c.
And Mr. Dyce thinks there is "a high probability that the true reading is,"—
"This *slander*
Unto his honour has," &c.
If any change be really needed, we would read,—
"This slave
Unto dishonour has," &c.

[c] So many *talents;*] That is, *certain* talents. The expression occurs twice again in the present scene. See also note (e), p. 473.

myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part,[a] and undo a great deal of honour. —Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit* Servilius.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

[*Exit* Lucius.

1 Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 Stran. Ay, too well

1 Stran. Why this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece [friend,
Is every flatterer's spirit.[b] Who can call him his
That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 Stran. Religion groans at it.

[a] *A little* part,—] *Part* seems a palpable misprint. We should, perhaps, as Mason suggested, read, "a little *port*," that is, *ostentation, show*, and the like. Theobald proposed, "a little *dirt*." Johnson, "a little *park*."

[b] Spirit.] An emendation by Theobald; the old text has, *sport*.

1 STRAN. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense,
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* Sempronius' *House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a* Servant *of* TIMON'*s.*

SEM. Must he needs trouble me in't?—hum!
—'bove all others?
He might have tried lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.
SERV. My lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal;
For they have all denied him!
SEM. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!—
It shows but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians, [me?
Thrice[a] give him over; must I take the cure upon
H'as much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No: so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst lords I[b] be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
H'ad sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

SERV. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic,—he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only:* now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Hall in* Timon's *House.*

Enter Two Servants *of* VARRO, *and the* Servant *of* LUCIUS, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other* Servants *of* TIMON'*s* Creditors, *waiting his coming out.*

1 VAR. SERV. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.
TIT. The like to you, kind Varro.
HOR. Lucius?
What, do we meet together?
LUC. SERV. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.
TIT. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

LUC. SERV. And sir Philotus too!
PHI. Good day at once.
LUC. SERV. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?
PHI. Labouring for nine.
LUC. SERV. So much?
PHI. Is not my lord seen yet?
LUC. SERV. Not yet.
PHI. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

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[a] —— *His friends, like physicians,*
Thrice *give him over;*]

Thrice is an emendation of Johnson's; the old text having *Thrive.*

[b] —— *So* it *may prove*
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst lords I *be thought a fool;*]

I was introduced by the second folio. We believe, however, the original error arose from the trifling misprint of *it* for *I*, and that the passage once stood,—

(*) Old text, *onely the Gods.*

" —— So *I* may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst lords be thought a fool."

Compare: " Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, *thou wi'l prove a notable argument.*"—*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. Sc. 1. The same misprint occurs in " King John," Act I. Sc. 1:—

" *It* would not be sir Nob in any case;"

which, in the second folio, is corrected to,—

" *I* would not be," &c.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's, but not like his recoverable.
I fear, 'tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em. [witness:

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1 Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit* Flaminius.

Enter Flavius, *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1 Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters ate of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

1 Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

TIT. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

SER. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from it: for, take it of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

LUC. SERV. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

SER. Good gods!

TIT. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

FLAM. [*Without.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS *following.*

TIM. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

LUC. SERV. Put in now, Titus.

TIT. My lord, here is my bill.

LUC. SERV. Here's mine.

HOR. SERV. And mine, my lord.[a]

BOTH VAR. SERV. And ours, my lord.

PHI. All our bills.

TIM. Knock me down with 'em:[b] cleave me to the girdle.

LUC. SERV. Alas! my lord,—

TIM. Cut my heart in sums.

TIT. Mine, fifty talents.

TIM. Tell out my blood.

LUC. SERV. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

TIM. Five thousand drops pays that.—
What yours?—and yours?

1 VAR. SERV. My lord,—

2 VAR. SERV. My lord,—

TIM. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*

HOR. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

TIM. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.
Creditors!—devils.

FLAV. My dear lord,—

TIM. What if it should be so?

FLAV. My lord,—

TIM. I'll have it so. My steward!

FLAV. Here, my lord.

TIM. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius;[c] all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.

FLAV. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

TIM. Be't not in thy care;
Go, I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. The* Senate-House.

The Senate *sitting.*

1 SEN. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's bloody; 'tis necessary he should die nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 SEN. Most true; the law shall bruise him.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

ALCIB. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 SEN. Now, captain?

ALCIB. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,
(An † honour in him which buys out his fault,)
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,

---

[a] And mine, my lord.] The old copies assign this speech to 1 Varro. Capell correctly gave it to the servant of Hortensius, because Varro's two servants proffer their bills immediately afterwards.

[b] PHI. All our bills.
TIM. Knock me down with 'em:]
Again the inveterate conceit on *bill* a weapon, and *bill* a paper!

(*) Old text, *'em.* (†) Old text, *And.*

[c] Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:] The folio 1623 has,
"—— and Sempronius *Vllorxa:* All,"
but, as *Ullorxa* is utterly unintelligible, and overloads the line, we adopt the example set by the editor of the second folio, and expunge it from the text.

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave[a] his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.
1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,[b]
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd [relling
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quar-
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe;
And make his wrongs his outsides,
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?
Alcib. My lord,— [clear:
1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look
To revenge is no valour, but to bear. [me,
Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon
If I speak like a captain.—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion;
The felon* loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.
2 Sen. You breathe in vain.
Alcib. In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
1 Sen. What's that?
Alcib. Why, I† say, my lords, h'as done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!
2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em,‡

[a] *He did* behave *his anger*—] *Behave*, in its ancient sense of *control*, was substituted by Rowe, in place of *behoove*, which is the word in the old copies; but, with Malone, we doubt the text is not yet right.

(*) Old text, *fellow*. (†) First folio omits, *I*.
(‡) First folio, *him*.

[b] *You* undergo *too* strict *a paradox*,—] You *undertake* too *harsh* a paradox.

He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 SEN. He dies.

ALCIB. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And for I know your reverend ages love security,
I'll pawn my victories, all my honour to you,
Upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 SEN. We are for law,—he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

ALCIB. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 SEN. How!

ALCIB. Call me to your remembrances.

3 SEN. What!

ALCIB. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

1 SEN. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

ALCIB. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 SEN. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt* Senators.

ALCIB. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone,[a] that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts;—all those, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'T is honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A magnificent Room in* Timon's *House.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants *attending. Enter divers* Lords, *at several doors.*

1 LORD. The good time of day to you, sir.

2 LORD. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 LORD. Upon that were my thoughts tiring,[b] when we encountered: I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 LORD. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 LORD. I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 LORD. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 LORD. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 LORD. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 LORD. A thousand pieces.

2 LORD. A thousand pieces!

1 LORD. What of you?

3 LORD. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON *and* Attendants.

TIM. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—and how fare you?

1 LORD. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 LORD. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

---

[a] *That you may live*
Only in bone, that none may look on you!]
What living *in bone* may mean, and why when ossified these aged senators should become invisible, are beyond our comprehension; though we make the avowal with diffidence, because previous editors print the passage without any misgiving apparently as to its integrity. Hamlet, speaking to Ophelia of her father, says,—"Let the doors be shut upon him, that he play the fool nowhere *but in's own house,*" and it may be questionable whether "*only in bone*" is not a typographical error for *only at home,* or *only in doors.*

[b] Tiring,—] That is, *pecking,* as a bird at its prey.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound: we shall to 't presently.

1 Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

[*The Banquet brought in.*

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? what's the news?

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished; hear you of it?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3 Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How! how!

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.—

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised; but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees,[a] *O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag*[b] *of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make*

[a] *The rest of your* fees,—] Warburton proposed *foes;* but Capell explained "The rest of your *fees*" to mean, "forfeits due to your vengeance."

[b] Lag—] So Rowe. The old text has "*legge,*" for which Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes "*tag.*"

suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes, uncovered, are full of warm water.*

SOME SPEAK. What does his lordship mean?

SOME OTHER. I know not.

TIM. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled with your* flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing water in their faces.*
Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears;
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou;—
[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man and all humanity! (1) [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, *with other* Lords *and* Senators.

1 LORD. How now, my lords!

2 LORD. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 LORD. Push! did you see my cap?

4 LORD. I have lost my gown.

3 LORD. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did you see my jewel?

4 LORD. Did you see my cap?

2 LORD. Here 'tis.

4 LORD. Here lies my gown.

1 LORD. Let's make no stay.

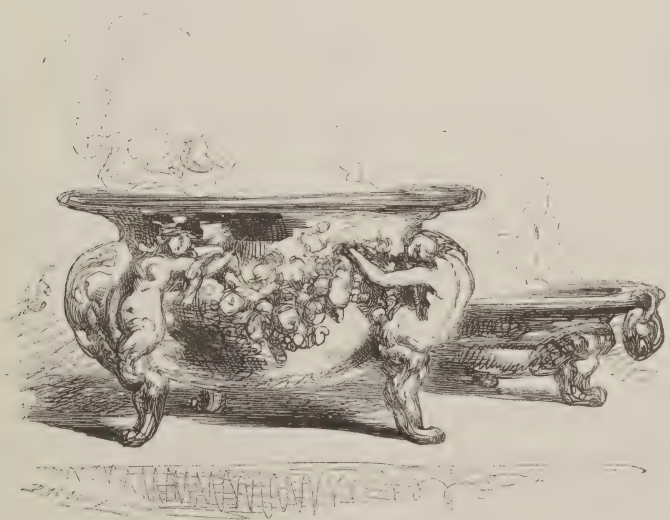
2 LORD. Lord Timon's mad.

3 LORD. I feel't upon my bones.

4 LORD. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.[a] (2) [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *you with.*

[a] *One day he gives us diamonds, next day* stones.] It has been inferred from the mention of *stones* in this line that Shakespeare was not unacquainted with the old Academic drama noticed in the Introduction, where "painted stones" form part of the banquet; but the traces of a feebler hand than his are so evident and so frequent in the present play, that we think, with Mr. Knight, the dialogue which concludes this act was probably a portion of the old piece, which, recast and improved by Shakespeare, forms the tragedy before us. When, in remodelling the stage business, he caused the feast to consist of warm water in lieu of stones, he perhaps neglected to cancel the line above.



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Walls of* Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest* in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert[a] o' the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;—
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son * of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet[b] confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,

(*) Old text, *girdles*.

(*) First folio, *Some*.

[a] Convert *o' the instant, green virginity!*] That is, *turn* yourself, green virginity, into, &c.

[b] *And* yet *confusion live!*] So the old text. The usual modern reading is,—"And *let* confusion live!" but *yet* has here the sense we have shown it to bear in many other passages, of *now*, and any change detracts from the emphasis and grandeur of the climax.

Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners ! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot ! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy ! breath infect breath ;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison ! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou détestable town !
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans !
Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)
The Athenians both within and out that wall !
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low !
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in* Timon's *House.*

Enter Flavius, *with two or three* Servants.

1 Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's our master ?
Are we undone ? cast off ? nothing remaining ?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you ?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
1 Serv. Such a house broke !
So noble a master fall'n ! All gone ! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him !
2 Serv. As we do turn our backs
From[a] our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes

---

a *As we do turn our backs*
From *our companion thrown into his grave,*
So his familiars to *his buried fortunes*
Slink all away ;]

Mason proposed, with reason, that *from* and *to* in this passage should change places.

Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

FLAV. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 SERV. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

FLAV. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or so[a] live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,[b]
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,[c]
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends:
Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Woods.*

Enter TIMON, *with a spade.*

TIM. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and demit[d] that lord;
The senator* shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's[e] sides,
The want that makes him lean.† Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd[f] by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;‡
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison!—What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle[g] votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout[h] men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,

---

[a] *Or* so *live*—] The old text has,—"or *to* live," which is unintelligible. The slight change of *so* for *to* occurred to us many years ago, and we are glad to find it recently proposed by Mr. Grant White, in his entertaining and suggestive book, called "Shakespeare's Scholar," &c., p. 393.

[b] *And all what state* compounds,—] Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—"All state *comprehends.*"

[c] *Strange, unusual* blood,—] *Blood* is here supposed to signify *propensity* or *disposition;* but we suspect it to be one of several misprints by which this speech is depraved.

[d] *Raise me this beggar, and* demit *that lord;*] The old text has—"deny't that, lord," which, notwithstanding Mr. Dyce pronounces it "unquestionably right," we believe to be certainly wrong, and a mere misprint for *demit*, of old spelt *demyt*, from the Latin *demitto*, to depress or cast down.

[e] *It is the pasture lards the* rother's *sides,*—] *Rother* is an emendation by Mr. Singer; the first folio reading,—

"It is the Pastour Lards, the *Brothers* sides."

(*) Old text, *Senators.* (†) First folio, *leave.*
(‡) First folio, *All's obliquie.*

[f] *Is* smooth'd *by that below:*] After all that has been written upon this passage, the sense of *smooth'd* here remains to be explained. It means, *fawned on, beslavered,* &c.

[g] *I am no* idle *votarist.*] Mr. Collier's annotator reads, "*idol* votarist;" but *idle* here, as in "Hamlet," Act III. Sc. 3, and in other places, means *mad-brained, demented.*

[h] *Pluck* stout *men's pillows from below their heads:*] Hanmer was surely right in substituting *sick* for stout: the allusion is to an atrocious practice attributed to nurses of sometimes accelerating the dissolution of their patients by drawing away the pillows from beneath their heads.

With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a drum!—Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.
[*Laying aside some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

ALCIB. What art thou there? speak.
TIM. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!
ALCIB. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
TIM. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.(1)
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
ALCIB. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
TIM. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.
PHRY. Thy lips rot off!
TIM. I will not[a] kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
ALCIB. How came the noble Timon to this change?
TIM. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.
ALCIB. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?
TIM. None, but to maintain my opinion.
ALCIB. What is it, Timon?
TIM. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not[b] promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

ALCIB. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
TIM. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.
ALCIB. I see them now; then was a blessed time.
TIM. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
TIMAN. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?
TIM. Art thou Timandra?
TIMAN. Yes.
TIM. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.
TIMAN. Hang thee, monster!
ALCIB. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—
TIM. I pr'ythee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
ALCIB. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
TIM. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
ALCIB. Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.
TIM. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
ALCIB. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—
TIM. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
ALCIB. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
TIM. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast conquered!
ALCIB. Why me, Timon?
TIM. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold; go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,—
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron:—
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek

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[a] *I will* not *kiss thee;*] We should perhaps read, "I will *but* kiss thee."

[b] *If thou wilt* not *promise,*—] Here again *not* appears to be a misprint for *but*.

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars* bore at men's eyes,[a]
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy† throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

ALCIB. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

TIM. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

PHRY. & TIMAN. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

TIM. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,—
Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close[b] fire predominate his smoke
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

PHRY. & TIMAN. Well, more gold;—what then?
Believe't, that we'll do anything for gold.

TIM. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,[c]
That scolds* against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down[a] with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

PHRY. & TIMAN. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

TIM. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

ALCIB. Strike up the drum, towards Athens! Farewell, Timon;
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

TIM. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

ALCIB. I never did thee harm.

TIM. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

ALCIB. Call'st thou that harm?

TIM. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

ALCIB. We but offend him.—
Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, *and* TIMANDRA.

TIM. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! — Common mother, thou,—(2) [*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder-blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth shine,—
Yield him, who all thy† human sons doth‡ hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,

(*) Old text, *Barne.* (†) Old text, *the.*

[a] ———For those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,—]

Johnson interprets this, "The virgin that shows her bosom through the lattice of her chamber!" and although we have two pages of commentary on the subject in the "Variorum," no writer there has exposed the absurdity of this explanation. The "window-bars" in question meant the cross-bars or lattice-work worn, as we see it in the Swiss women's dress, across the breasts. In modern times, these bars have always a bodice of satin, muslin, or other material beneath them; at one period they crossed the nude bosom.

(*) Old text, *scold'st.* (†) Old text, *the.* (‡) Old text, *do.*

[b] *Let your* close *fire*—] *Close*, of old, among other significations, meant *wanton*, *lascivious*, &c., of which none of the commentators seem to have been aware, and of which even Gifford was ignorant; vide Vol. II. p. 300, of Ben Jonson's Works on the passage:—"I am to say to you these ladies are not of that *close* and open behaviour as haply you may suspend."

[c] Hoar the flamen,—] Infect with the *hoar*, or white, *leprosy*, the priest, &c.

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented! —O, a root,—dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!—
More man? Plague! plague!

Enter APEMANTUS.

APEM. I was directed hither: men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.
TIM. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!
APEM. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune.* Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap: praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, (like tapsters that bad[a] welcome,)
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.
TIM. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.
APEM. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself
A madman so long, now a fool: what, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd[b] trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature, bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—
TIM. A fool of thee: depart.
APEM. I love thee better now than e'er I did.
TIM. I hate thee worse.
APEM. Why?
TIM. Thou flatterest misery.
APEM. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.
TIM. Why dost thou seek me out?
APEM. To vex thee.
TIM. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?
APEM. Ay.
TIM. What! a knave too?
APEM. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 't were well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.
TIM. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords,
To such as may the passive drugs[c] of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?

(*) Old text, *future*.

[a] *Like tapsters that* bad *welcome*,—] Thus the first folio, which, from not perceiving that *bad* meant the *bad* of society, *bad people*, later editors have changed to,—"like tapsters that *bid* welcome," &c.

[b] *Will these* moss'd *trees*,—] The old text has, *moyst* trees. The emendation, which was made by Hanmer, is strengthened by the line in, "As you Like It," Act IV. Sc. 3:—

"Under an oak, whose boughs were *moss'd* with age."

[c] *Passive* drugs—] That is, *drudges*. Mr. Collier's annotator gives, "passive *dugs*."

If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,[a]
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

APEM. Art thou proud yet?

TIM. Ay, that I am not thee.

APEM. I, that I was no prodigal.

TIM. I, that I am one now;
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

APEM. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*

TIM. First mend my* company, take away thyself.

APEM. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

TIM. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd; If not, I would it were.

APEM. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

TIM. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

APEM. Here is no use for gold.

TIM. The best, and truest:
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

APEM. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

TIM. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

APEM. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

TIM. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

APEM. Where wouldst thou send it?

TIM. To sauce thy dishes.

APEM. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity;[b] in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

TIM. On what I hate I feed not.

APEM. Dost hate a medlar?

TIM. Ay, though[c] it look like thee.

APEM. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

TIM. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

APEM. Myself.

TIM. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

APEM. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

TIM. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

APEM. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

TIM. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

APEM. Ay, Timon.

TIM. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee,(3) and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

APEM. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

TIM. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

APEM. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

(*) Old copies, *thy*.

[a] *That poor* rag.—] Mr. Singer's corrected second folio reads, "poor *rogue*," a substitution also proposed by Johnson; but, as Mr. Dyce remarks, "*rag* occurs elsewhere in our author as a term of contempt; and it was formerly a very common one."

[b] Curiosity;] *Finical refinement.*

[c] *Ay,* though *it look like thee.*] Johnson observes on this speech,—"Timon here supposes that an objection against hatred, which through the whole tenor of the conversation appears an argument for it. One would have expected him to have answered:—

'*Yes*, for it looks like thee.'"

The remark is just, if we accept the word *though* in its ordinary sense; but in this place and elsewhere it appears to import, *if* or *since*. Compare,—

"My lips are no common, *though* several they be."
Love's Labour's Lost, Act II. Sc. 1

And,—

"No marvel, *though* you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them."
Troilus and Cressida, Act II. Sc. 1

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse!

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.
APEM. Would thou wouldst burst!
TIM. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*
APEM. Beast!
TIM. Slave!
APEM. Toad!
TIM. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[APEMANTUS *retreats backward, as going.*
I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire!* thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!
APEM. Would 'twere so!—
But not till I am dead.—I'll say thou'st gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.
TIM. Throng'd to!
APEM. Ay.
TIM. Thy back, I pr'ythee.
APEM. Live, and love thy misery!
TIM. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—
[*Exit* APEMANTUS.
More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.[a]

Enter Banditti.

1 BAN. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 BAN. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

3 BAN. Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 BAN. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 BAN. Is not this he?

BANDITTI. Where?

2 BAN. 'T is his description.

3 BAN. He; I know him.

BANDITTI. Save thee, Timon.

TIM. Now, thieves!

BANDITTI. Soldiers, not thieves.

TIM. Both too; and women's sons.

BANDITTI. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

TIM. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat. [roots;
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

1 BAN. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

TIM. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More* than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy,† do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;(4)
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
Rob one another;—there's more gold:—cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: steal not[b] less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
Amen. [TIMON *retires to his cave.*

(*) Old text, *Sunne and fire.*

(*) Old text, *Moe.* (†) Old text, *Villaine.*

[a] More things like men, &c.] In the old copies, this line, which runs,—

"*Mo* things like men,
Eate Timon, and abhorre *then*,"

is assigned to Apemantus.

[b] *Steal* not *less*,—] *Not*, which is omitted in the old copies, was first supplied by Rowe.

3 Ban. H'as almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.[a]

[*Exeunt* Banditti.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies:
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
H'as caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

[a] True.] That is, *honest*.

Timon *comes forward from his cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?
Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?
Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st* thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.
Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honest man about me, I;
All I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.
Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.
Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer then;—I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!
Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.
Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?

*) Old text, *grunt'st*.

It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.[a]
Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

FLAV. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

[a] Wild.] Hanmer and Warburton read *mild*, and the same word is suggested by Mr. Collier's annotator.

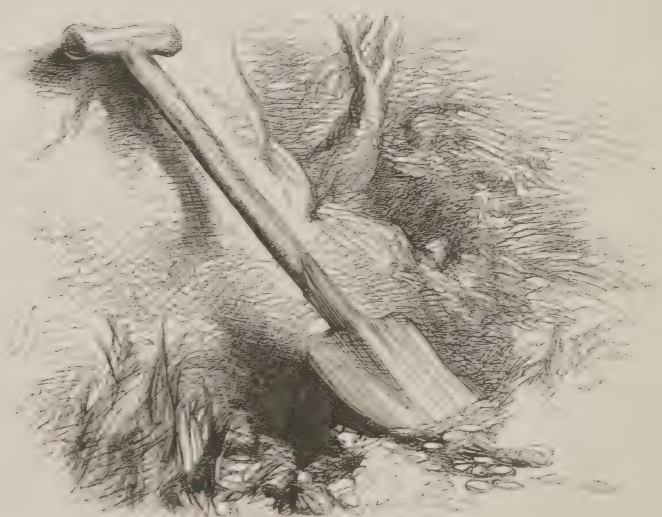
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish,—that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

TIM. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy;
But thus condition'd; thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deniest to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

FLAV. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

TIM. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exit* FLAVIUS. TIMON *retires into his cave.*



ACT V

SCENE I.—*Before* Timon's *Cave.*

Enter Poet *and* Painter; Timon *behind, unseen by them.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too,—tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the

deed of saying[a] is quite out of use. To promise, is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

TIM. Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

POET. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

TIM. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

POET. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

PAIN. True;—
When the day serves, before black-corner'd[b] night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.[c]
Come.

TIM. I'll meet you at the turn.—What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship![*] and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!—
Fit I meet them. [*Advancing.*

POET. Hail, worthy Timon!

PAIN. Our late noble master!

TIM. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

POET. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

TIM. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

PAIN. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

TIM. Ay, you are honest men.[†]

PAIN. We are hither come to offer you our service.

TIM. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

BOTH. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

TIM. You're honest men: you've heard that I have gold;
I am sure, you have: speak truth: you're honest men.

PAIN. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

TIM. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

PAIN. So, so, my lord.

TIM. Even so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction,
[*To the* Poet.
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

BOTH. Beseech your honour,
To make it known to us.

TIM. You'll take it ill.

BOTH. Most thankfully, my lord.

TIM. Will you, indeed?

BOTH. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

TIM. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

BOTH. Do we, my lord?

TIM. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.[d]

PAIN. I know none such, my lord.

POET. Nor I.

TIM. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

BOTH. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

TIM. You that way, and you this,—but two in company:—
Each man apart, all single and alone,

(*) Old text, *worshipt*. (†) First folio, *man*.

[a] The deed of saying—] In other words, the *performance of promise*.

[b] *Black*-corner'd night,—] For this strange expression, a correspondent of Steevens' proposed to read, "black-*cover'd* night." Mr. Dyce suggests "black-*curtain'd* night."

[c] When the day serves, &c.] This couplet should be assigned to the Poet, to whom it undoubtedly belongs.

[d] *A* made-up *villain*.] A *finished*, or *accomplished* villain.

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
[*To the* Painter.
Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside
[*To the* Poet.
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold, you came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done[a] work for me, there's payment: hence!
You are an alchemist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs!
[*Beats them out, and then retires into his cave.*

Enter Flavius, *and Two* Senators.

Flav. It is vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.
1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.
2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance* it as it may.
Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here![b] Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Timon *comes from the cave.*

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing† to the root o'the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!
1 Sen. Worthy Timon,—
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.
2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.
Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

[a] *You have* done *work for me,*—] So Malone: the folios read,—

"You have worke for me," &c.

(*) First folio, *chanc'd.* (†) First folio, *cantherizing.*

[b] Peace and content be here!] This speech would be more appropriate to one of the Senators.

1 Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense* withal
Of it own fall,[a] restraining aid to Timon;

[a] *Of* it *own* fall,—] We should perhaps read,—"Of it own *fault*." Every editor for *it*, here and in other instances, silently substitutes *its*, but see note (3), p. 330, Vol. I.

(*) Old text, *since*.

And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

TIM. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 SEN. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 SEN. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 SEN. Therefore, Timon,—

TIM. Well, sir, I will,—therefore, I will, sir,—thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon—cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know,—and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before

The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

FLAV. Stay not, all's in vain.

TIM. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow; my long sickness
Of health and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,—
And last so long enough!

1 SEN. We speak in vain.

TIM. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 SEN. That's well spoke.

TIM. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 SEN. These words become your lips as they pass through them.

2 SEN. And enter in our ears like great triúmphers
In their applauding gates.

TIM. Commend me to them;
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them,—
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 SEN. I like this well; he will return again.

TIM. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,[a]
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself.—I pray you, do my greeting.

FLAV. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.

TIM. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour * words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit* TIMON.

1 SEN. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2 SEN. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

2 SEN. It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old copy, *foure.*

SCENE II.—*The Walls of* Athens.

Enter Two Senators, *and a* Messenger.

1 SEN. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

MESS. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 SEN. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

MESS. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,[b]
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

1 SEN. Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators *from* TIMON.

3 SEN. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemy's drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt.*

---

[a] Take his haste,—] To *take time*, is to go leisurely about a business; to *take haste* is to perform it expeditiously. Mr. Collier's annotator suggests,—"take his *halter*."

[b] *Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,*
Yet our old love made *a particular* force,
And made us speak like friends:—]

The second line is unquestionably corrupt; Hanmer endeavoured to restore the sense by printing,—

"*And*, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love *had* a particular force," &c.

And Mr. Singer by reading,—

"*When*, though *on several* part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love *had* a particular force."

We conceive the errors to lurk in the words *made* and *force*, the former having been caught by the compositor from the following line, and would read,—

"Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love *took* a particular *truce*,
And made us speak like friends."

To *take a truce* was an every-day expression in our author's time, and has been adopted by him more than once; thus, in "King John," Act III. Sc. 1:—

"With my vex'd spirits I cannot *take a truce*."

And in "Troilus and Cressida," Act II. Sc. 3:—

"——*Took a truce*, and did him service."

SCENE III.—*The Woods.* Timon's *Cave, and a rough Tomb near it.*

Enter a Soldier, *seeking* TIMON.

SOLD. By all description this should be the place. [this?
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer? What is
[*Reads.*] TIMON IS DEAD!—*who*[a] *hath outstretch'd his span,—*
Some beast—read this; there does not live a man.[b]
Dead, sure, and this his grave: what's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure skill;[c]
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Walls of* Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES *and* Forces.

ALCIB. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators *on the Walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more!* now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1 SEN. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 SEN. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 SEN. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your grief: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 SEN. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning,[d] in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 SEN. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square,[e] to take,
On those that are, revenge: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall,
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 SEN. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 SEN. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 SEN. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

ALCIB. Then there's my glove;

---

[a] Who *hath*, &c.] That is, *whoever* hath, &c.

[b] TIMON IS DEAD!—*who hath outstretch'd his span,—Some beast—read this; there does not live a man.*]

Of the many erroneous interpretations of Shakespeare's text for which his commentators are responsible, none, perhaps, is so remarkable, and, at the same time, so supremely ridiculous, as that into which they have lapsed with regard to the above passage. Not perceiving—what it seems scarcely possible from the lines themselves and their context to miss—that this couplet is an inscription by Timon to indicate his death, and point to the epitaph on his tomb, they have invariably printed it as a portion of the soldier's speech, and thus represented him as misanthropical as the hero of the piece! Nor was this absurdity sufficient: as, says Warburton, "The soldier had yet only seen the rude pile of earth heaped up for Timon's grave, and not the *inscription* upon it," we should read:

"Some beast *rear'd* this;"—

and he prints it accordingly. And because "our poet certainly would not make the soldier call on a beast to read the inscription *before* he had informed the audience that he could not read it himself; which he does *afterwards*," Malone adopts Warburton's reading, and every editor since follows his judicious example! What is still more amusing, too, Mr. Collier, who has claimed for his mysterious annotator three-fourths of the most acute of modern emendations, assigns this precious "restoration" to him also! We are curious to know whether he derived it from some manuscript copy of the play, or merely from the traditions of the stage.

[c] Our captain hath in every figure skill;] We are obviously to understand that the insculpture on the tomb, unlike the inscription which he has just read, is in a language the soldier was unacquainted with.

[d] *Cunning*,—] That is, wisdom, foresight.

[e] Square,—] *Equitable.*

Descend,* and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd,[a] to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

BOTH. 'T is most nobly spoken.

ALCIB. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The* Senators *descend, and open the Gates.*

Enter a Soldier.

SOLD. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:
And on his grave-stone this insculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

ALCIB. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft.*
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *Defend.*

[a] Render'd,—] A correction by Mason, the first folio reading,—"But shall be *remedied to*," &c.
And the second,—
"But shall be *remedied by*," &c.

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*Enter* TIMON.] It is so interesting to contrast Shakespeare's exalted conception of Timon's character with the popular idea of the misanthrope in his time, that we need ask no indulgence for reprinting the once familiar story on which, it is believed, the present play was based.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH NOUELL.

Of the straunge and beastlie nature of Timon of Athens, enemie to mankinde, with his death, buriall, and Epitaphe.

Al the beastes of the worlde do apply theimselues to other beastes of theyr kind, Timon of Athens onely excepted: of whose straunge nature Plutarche is astonied, in the life of Marcus Antonius. Plato and Aristophanes do report his marveylous nature, because he was a man but by shape onely, in qualities hee was the capitall enemie of mankinde, which he confessed franckely vtterly to abhorre and hate. He dwelt alone in a litle cabane in the fieldes not farre from Athenes, separated from all neighbours and company; he neuer wente to the citie, or to any other habitable place, except he were constrayned: he could not abide any mans company and conuersation: he was neuer seen to goe to any mannes house, ne yet would suffer them to come to him. At the same time there was in Athenes another of like qualitie, called Apemantus, of the very same nature, differente from the naturall kinde of man, and lodged likewise in the middes of the fields. On a day they two being alone together at dinner, Apemantus said vnto him: "O Timon, what a pleasant feast is this, and what a merie companie are wee, being no more but thou and I." "Naie (quoth Timon) it would be a merie banquet in deede, if there were none here but my selfe."

Wherein he shewed how like a beast (in deede) he was: for he could not abide any other man, being not able to suffer the company of him, which was of like nature. And if by chaunce hee happened to goe to Athenes, it was onelye to speake with Alcibiades, who then was an excellente captaine there, whereat many did marueile: and therefore Apemantus demaunded of him, why he spake to no man, but to Alcibiades. "I speake to him sometimes," said Timon, "because I know that by his occasion, the Atheniens shall receiue great hurt and trouble." Which wordes many times he told to Alcibiades himselfe. He had a garden adioyning to his house in the fields, wherin was a figge tree, wheruppon many desperate men ordinarily did hange themselues: in place whereof, he purposed to set vp a house, and therefore was forced to cutte it donne, for which cause hee went to Athenes, and in the markette place, hee called the people about him, saying that hee had newes to tell them: when the people vnderstoode that he was about to make a discourse vnto them, which was wont to speake to no man, they marueiled, and the citizens on every part of the citie, ranne to heare him: to whom he saide, that he purposed to cutte doune his figge tree, to builde a house vpon the place where it stoode. "Wherefore (quoth he) if there be any man amonges you all in this company, that is disposed to hange himselfe, let him come betimes, before it be cutte doune." Hauing thus bestowed his charitie amonges the people, hee returned to his lodging, wher he liued a certaine time after, without alteration of nature; and because that nature chaunged not in his life time, he would not suffer that death should alter, or varie the same: for like as he liued a beastly and churlish life, euen so he required to haue his funerall done after that maner. By his last will he ordeined himselfe to be interred vpon the sea shore, that the waues and surges might beate and vexe his dead carcas. Yea, and that if it were possible, his desire was to be buried in the depth of the sea: causing an epitaphe to be made, wherin was described the qualities of his brutishe life. Plutarche also reporteth an other to be made by Calimachus, much like to that which Timon made himselfe, whose owne soundeth to this effect in Englishe verse.

My wretched catife dayes,
Expired now and past:
My carren corps intered here,
Is fast in grounde:
In waltring waues of swelling sea by surges cast,
My name if thou desire,
The gods thee doe confounde.

PAYNTER'S *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. I.

(2) SCENE I.—*Enter* APEMANTUS.] The name and disposition of this cynic were probably borrowed by the original author of the play from Paynter's novel, though he appears to have caught some hints for the delineation from the following lively scene in Lucian's Dialogues:—

Mercury. You Fellow, with the Scrip over your shoulder, stand forth, and walke round the Assembly. O yes, I sell a stout, ver tuous, well-bred, free mortall. Who buyes him?

Merchant. Do you sell a Free-man, Cryer?

Mercury. Yes. * * *

Merchant. To what imployment may a man put such a slovenly ill-lookt fellow, unlesse he should make him a Delver, or Water-bearer?

Mercury. That's not all, set him to keep your house, you will need no Dogs. His name is Dogge.

Merchant. What's his Countrey or Profession?

Mercury. You were best to ask him.

Merchant. I fear his crabbed, grimme looks, least he should bark, if I should draw neer, and bite me. Do you not see how he lifts his Staffe, and bends his Brows, and how threatningly, and Cholerick he looks?

Mercury. Fear him not, he is very tame.

Merchant. Of what Countrey are you, my Friend

Diogenes. Of all Countreys.

* * * * * * * * *

Merchant. Well, sir, if I should buy you, what will you teach me?

* * * * * * * * *

Diogenes. The things which you are chiefly to learn, are to be impudent, bold, to barke without distinction at all, both Kinges, and private men. A way to make them regard and admire you, for a valiant man. Let your speech be Barbarous, and your Elocution rude, and Artlesse, like a dogge. Let your look be forced and your Gate be agreeable to your look. In a word, let your whole behaviour be beastly and savage. Be Modesty, Gentlenesse, and moderation far from you, and all blushing quite blotted out of your face. You are to frequent, also, populous places, and there to walk alone, and unaccompanied, and neither to salute acquaintance or stranger, for that were to destroy your Empire. * * * * Hereby you will neither need Education or Studies, or such like trifles, but will arrive at glory a more compendious way. Though you be an Idiot, or Tanner, or Salter, or Mason, or Banker, yet these are no hindrances, why you should not be admired, if you have impudence, and boldnesse, and can artificially rayle.—*From the "Sale of Philosophers," in Lucian's Dialogues, translated by Jasper Mayne, 1638, published 1664, pp. 383-4.*

ACT III.

(1) SCENE VI.—

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man and all humanity!]

The circumstances which led to Timon's self-expulsion, and many of the incidents in his subsequent career, are touched on, though slightly, in the following passage from Plutarch's Life of Antony:—"Antonius, he forsooke the citie and companie of his frendes, and built him a house in the sea, by the Ile of Pharos, upon certaine forced mountes which he caused to be cast into the sea, and dwelt there, as a man that banished him selfe from all mens companie: saying that he would lead Timons life, bicause he had the like wrong offered him, that was affore offered unto Timon: and that for the unthankefulnes of those he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his frendes, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man. This Timon was a citizen of Athens, that lived about the warre of Peloponnesus, as appeareth by Plato, and Aristophanes commedies: in the which they mocked him, calling him a vyper, and malicious man unto mankind, to shunne all other mens companies, but the companie of young Alcibiades, a bolde and insolent youth, whom he woulde greatly feast, and make much of, and kissed him very gladly. Apemantus wondering at it, asked him the cause what he ment to make so muche of that young man alone, and to hate all others: Timon aunswered him, I do it, sayd he, bicause I know that one day he shall do great mischiefe unto the Athenians. This Timon sometimes would have Apemantus in his companie, bicause he was much like to his nature and condicions, and also followed him in maner of life. On a time when they solemnly celebrated the feasts called Choæ at Athens (to wit, the feasts of the dead, where they make sprincklings and sacrifices for the dead), and that they two then feasted together by them selves, Apemantus said unto the other: O, here is a trimme banket Timon. Timon aunswered againe, yea said he, so thou wert not here. It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time (the people being assembled in the market place about dispatch of some affaires) got up into the pulpit for Orations, where the Orators commonly use to speake unto the people: and silence being made, everie man listning to heare what he would say, bicause it was a wonder to see him in that place: at length he began to speake in this maner. My Lordes of Athens, I have a litle yard in my house where there groweth a figge tree, on the which many citizens have hanged them selves: and bicause I meane to make some building upon the place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the figge tree be cut downe, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time goe hang your selves. He dyed in the citie of Hales, and was buried upon the sea side. Nowe it chaunced so, that the sea getting in, it compassed his tombe rounde about, that no man coulde come to it: and upon the same was wrytten this epitaphe.

Heere lyes a wretched corse, of wretched soule bereft,
Seeke not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left.

It is reported, that Timon him selfe when he lived made this epitaphe: for that which is commonly rehearsed was not this, but made by the poet Callimachus.

Heere lye I Timon who alive all living men did hate,
Passe by, and curse thy fill: but passe, and stay not heere thy gate.

NORTH'S *Plutarch:* ed. 1579, p. 1003.

(2) SCENE VI.—*One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.*] Subjoined is the scene from the old manuscript play, before mentioned, to which Shakespeare or his predecessor is supposed to have been indebted for the idea of the mock banquet in Act III.:—

Tim. Why doe yee not fall to? I am at home:
Ile standing suppe, or walking, if I please.—
Laches, bring here the artichokes with speede.—
Eutrapelus, Demeas, Hermogenes,
I'le drinke this cuppe, a healthe to all your healths!
Lach. Converte it into poison, O yee gods!
Let it bee ratsbane to them! [*Aside.*
Gelas. What, wilt thou have the legge or els the winge?
Eutr. Carve yee that capon.
Dem. I will cutte him up,
And make a beaste of him.
Phil. Timon, this healthe to thee.
Tim. Ile pledge you, sir.
These artichokes doe noe mans pallat please.
Dem. I love them well, by Jove.
Tim. Here, take them, then.
[*Stones painted like to them; and throwes them at them.*
Nay, thou shalt have them, thou and all of yee!
Yee wicked, base, perfidious rascalls,
Think yee my hate's soe soone extinguished?
[TIMON *beates* HERM. *above all the reste.*
Dem. O my heade!
Herm. O my cheekes!
Phil. Is this a feaste?
Gelas. Truly, a stony one.
Stilpo. Stones sublunary have the same matter with the heavenly.
Tim. If I Joves horridde thunderbolte did holde
Within my hande, thus, thus would I darte it! [*Hee hitts* HERM.
Herm. Woe and alas, my braines are dashed out!
Gelas. Alas, alas, twill never bee my happe
To travaile now to the Antipodes!
Ah, that I had my Pegasus but here!
I'de fly away, by Jove. [*Exeunt all except* TIM. *and* LACH.
Tim. Yee are a stony generation,
Or harder, if ought harder may bee founde;
Monsters of Scythia inhospitall,
Nay, very divells, hatefull to the gods.
Lach. Master, they are gone.

Act IV. Sc. 5.

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE III.—*I am* misanthropos, *and hate mankind.*] The epithet, *misanthropos*, was perhaps taken, as Malone conjectured, from a marginal note in North's translation of Plutarch's Life of Antony: "Antonius followeth the life and example of Timon *Misanthropus*, the Athenian;" or it might have been derived by the original author of this drama, from the subjoined soliloquy in "Lucian:"—

"I will purchase the whole confines of this countrey, and build a towre over my treasure big enough for myself alone to live in, and which I purpose shall be my sepulchre at my death; and for the remainder of my ensuing life, I will resolve upon these rules, to accompany no man, to take notice of no man, and to live in contempt of all men: the title of friend, or guest, or companion, or the altar of

mercy, are but meer toyes, not worth a straw to be talkt of: to be sorry for him that weeps, or help him that wants, shall be a transgression and breach of our laws: I will eat alone as wolves do, and have but one friend in the world to bear me company, and that shall be Timon; all others shall be enemies and traitors, and to have speech with any of them, an absolute piacle [enormity]: If I do but see a man, that day shall be dismal and accursed: I will make no difference between them and statues of stone and brass: I will admit no messenger from them, nor contract any truce with them, but solitariness shall be the main limit betwixt me and them; to be of the same tribe, the same fraternity, the same people, or the same countrey, shall be but poor and unprofitable terms, to be respected by none but fools; let Timon alone be rich, and live in despight of all other; let him revel alone by himself, far from flattery and odious commendations; let him sacrifice to the gods, and make good chear alone, as a neighbour conjoyned only to himself, discarding all other; and let it be further enacted, that it shall be lawful for him only to shake himself by the hand, that is, either when he is about to die, or to set a crown upon his head; and the welcomest name to him in the world is to be called *Man-hater.*"—HICKES' *Lucian*, fol. 1663, p. 174.

(3) SCENE III.—

——— *Common mother, thou,—*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast.]

Warburton conjectured this image was borrowed from the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia, called παναίολος φύσις πάντων Μήτηρ; see Montfaucon, "l'Antiquité Expliquée," lib. iii. ch. xv.

(4) SCENE III.—*Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury.*] An allusion to the notion once current, that this fabulous animal, in the impetuosity of its attack, would sometimes strike its horn into the root of a tree so deeply, as to become transfixed:—"He is an enemy to the lions, wherefore as soon as ever a lion seeth a unicorn, he runneth to a tree for succour, that so when the unicorn maketh force at him, he may not only avoid his horn, but also destroy him; for the unicorn in the swiftness of his course runneth against the tree, wherein his sharp horn sticketh fast, then when the lion seeth the unicorn fastened by the horn, without all danger he falleth upon him and killeth him. These things are reported by the King of Œthiopia, in an Hebrew epistle unto the Bishop of Rome."—TOPSEL'S *History of Four-footed Beasts*, ed. 1658, p. 557.

So too Spenser:—

"Like as a lion whose imperial power
A proud rebellious Vnicorn defies,
To avoid the rash assault and wrathful stour
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies;
And when him running in full course he spies,
He slips aside; the whiles the furious beast
His precious horn, sought of his enemies,
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty Victor yields a bounteous feast."
Faëry Queen, b. ii. Canto V. st. 5.

(4) SCENE III.—*Each thing's a thief.*] Timon's magnificent exemplifications of thievery, like others of a less elevated and universal kind, which are to be found in writers of his period, had their origin probably in Anacreon's graceful ode, beginning—Η γη μελαινα πινει.

Thus in the old play of Albumazar, quoted by Steevens:—

"The world 's a theatre of theft: great rivers
Rob smaller brooks, and them the ocean.
And in this world of ours, this microcosm,
Guts from the stomach steal; and what they spare
The Meseraicks filch, and lay 't i' the liver;
Where (lest it should be found) turn'd to red nectar,
'T is by a thousand thievish veins convey'd,
And hid in flesh, nerves, bones, muscles and sinews,
In tendons, skin, and hair; so that the property
Thus altered, the theft can never be discover'd.
Now all these pilfries, couch'd, and compos'd in order,
Frame thee and me; Man 's a quick mass of thievery."

In farther illustration of the same idea, an antiquarian correspondent supplies the following lines, which, however, though bearing the early date of 1590, are, it is plain, but of comparatively modern composition:—

"*Certaine fine Thoughtes gathered oute of the Greeke and Romane Authours, and done into English.* 1590.

AN EPIGRAM ON THEEUES.

(1.)

Eache Thing that liues of somewhat else
Becomes the Foode or Prey:
So if it were that *Nature* tells
To take whene're we may.
For worldlie superfluitie
Here is a sure reliefe;
When euerie Thing is made to be
A Giver, or a Theefe.

(2.)

A glorious Robber is the *Sunne*,
For with his vaste attracte
Hee robbes the boundlesse sea: the *Moone*
From him steales Lighte to acte
O're the broade *Earthe*, and *Ocean* too:
Whilst the rapacious *Maine*
Absorbs the Vapoures, Mists, and Dewe
To yielde the *Cloudes* their Raine.

(3.)

The brutish *Earthe* can little give
From her composture rude:
Though some there be ordaind to live
Upon *Earthes* foulest foode.
Is all *Creation* then but fedde
By Spoile, his Life to gaine?
Nay,—all Things liuing be but made
Eache other to maintaine."

CRITICAL OPINIONS ON TIMON OF ATHENS.

"Timon of Athens, of all the works of Shakspeare, possesses most the character of satire:—a laughing satire in the picture of the parasites and flatterers, and Juvenalian in the bitterness of Timon's imprecations on the ingratitude of a false world. The story is very simply treated, and is definitely divided into large masses:—in the first act, the joyous life of Timon, his noble and hospitable extravagance, and around him the throng of suitors of every description; in the second and third acts, his embarrassment, and the trial which he is thereby reduced to make of his supposed friends, who all desert him in the hour of need;—in the fourth and fifth acts, Timon's flight to the woods, his misanthropical melancholy, and his death. The only thing which may be called an episode is the banishment of Alcibiades, and his return by force of arms. However, they are both examples of ingratitude,—the one of a state towards its defender, and the other of private friends to their benefactor. As the merits of the General towards his fellow-citizens suppose more strength of character than those of the generous prodigal, their respective behaviours are not less different: Timon frets himself to death, Alcibiades regains his lost dignity by force. If the poet very properly sides with Timon against the common practice of the world, he is, on the other hand, by no means disposed to spare Timon. Timon was a fool in his generosity; in his discontent he is a madman; he is everywhere wanting in the wisdom which enables a man in all things to observe the due measure. Although the truth of his extravagant feelings is proved by his death, and though when he digs up a treasure he spurns the wealth which seems to tempt him, we yet see distinctly enough that the vanity of wishing to be singular, in both the parts that he plays, had some share in his liberal self-forgetfulness, as well as in his anchoritical seclusion. This is particularly evident in the incomparable scene where the cynic Apemantus visits Timon in the wilderness. They have a sort of competition with each other in their trade of misanthropy: the Cynic reproaches the impoverished Timon with having been merely driven by necessity to take to the way of living which he himself had long been following of his free choice, and Timon cannot bear the thought of being merely an imitator of the Cynic. In such a subject as this, the due effect could only be produced by an accumulation of similar features; still, in the variety of the shades, an amazing degree of understanding has been displayed by Shakspeare. What a powerfully diversified concert of flatteries and of empty testimonies of devotedness! It is highly amusing to see the suitors, when the ruined circumstances of their patron had dispersed, immediately flock to him again when they learn that he has been revisited by fortune. On the other hand, in the speeches of Timon, after he is undeceived, all hostile figures of speech are exhausted,—it is a dictionary of eloquent imprecations."
—Schlegel.

Act IV. Sc. 2.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

The earliest known copy of this popular tragedy is a quarto published in 1597, entitled,—"The Tragedy of King Richard the Third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes: His tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath beene lately acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine, his seruants. At London, Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell, 1597." In 1598, another edition appeared bearing the same title, and in addition the author's name, "William Shake-speare." The next impression, brought out in 1602, professes to be "Newly augmented;" this was followed by a fourth in 1605, and a fifth in 1613, which was the last quarto copy prior to the publication of the folio in 1623. Subsequently, three other quarto editions, dated respectively 1624, 1629, and 1634, were published, not one of which however, it is noticeable, contains the passages first found in the folio. Although an historical piece on the same subject,—"*The True Tragedie of Richard the Third: wherein is showne the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower: with a lamentable ende of Shores wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the conjunction and ioyning of the two noble houses, Lancaster and Yorke. As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players,*"—was issued in 1594, there are no proofs that Shakespeare has any obligations to it: his only authorities appear to have been the old chroniclers.

Malone has remarked that the textual variations between the quarto version of this play and the folio are more numerous than in any other of our author's works. This is true, and the diversity has proved, and will continue to prove, a source of incalculable trouble and perpetual dispute to his editors, since, although it is admitted by every one properly qualified to judge, that a reasonably perfect text can only be formed from the two versions, there will always be a conflict of opinions regarding some of the readings. Upon the whole, we prefer the quarto text, though execrably deformed by printing-office blunders, and can by no means acquiesce in the decision that those passages found only in the folio are "additions" made by the poet, subsequent to the publication of the early quartos. On the contrary, we believe those very passages to have been structural portions of the piece, and the real additions to be the terse and vigorous bits of dialogue peculiar to the quartos. Is it credible that so accomplished a master of stage-craft as Shakespeare, after witnessing the representation of Richard the Third, would have added above eighty lines to the longest scene in this or perhaps any other play? Is it not far more probable that these lines in Act IV., those touching the young prince's train in Act II., the nine in Gloucester's mock reply to the Mayor and Buckingham, and some others, formed originally part of the text and were omitted to accelerate the action, and afford space for the more lively and dramatic substitutions which are met with in the quartos alone? But although in these and a few other instances the folio copy appears to have been an earlier one than that used by the printers of the quartos, it must be admitted that there are numerous places in which the text of the former has undergone minute and careful correction, and where, both in rhythm and in language, it is superior to the previous editions.

Malone conjectured that Shakespeare wrote "Richard the Third" in 1593; the received impression at the present day is, that he produced it very shortly before its first publication in 1597.

Persons Represented.

King Edward the Fourth.
Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards* King Edward V. } *Sons to the* King.
Richard, *Duke of* York, }
George, *Duke of* Clarence, } *Brothers to the* King.
Richard, *Duke of* Gloucester, *afterwards* King Richard III }
A Young Son *of* Clarence.
Henry, *Earl of* Richmond, *afterwards* King Henry VII.
Cardinal Bourchier, *Archbishop of* Canterbury.
Thomas Rotherham, *Archbishop of* York.
John Morton, *Bishop of* Ely.
Duke *of* Buckingham.
Duke *of* Norfolk.
Earl *of* Surrey, *his Son.*
Earl Rivers, *Brother to* King Edward's *Queen.*
Marquis *of* Dorset, *and* Lord Grey, *her Sons.*
Earl *of* Oxford.
Lord Hastings.
Lord Stanley.
Lord Lovel.
Sir Thomas Vaughan.
Sir Richard Ratcliff.
Sir William Catesby.
Sir James Tyrrel.
Sir James Blount.
Sir Walter Herbert.
Sir Robert Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
Christopher Urswick, *a Priest.*
Another Priest.
Lord Mayor *of* London.
Sheriff *of* Wiltshire.

Elizabeth, *Queen of* King Edward IV.
Margaret, *Widow of* King Henry VI.
Duchess *of* York, *Mother to* King Edward IV., Clarence, *and* Gloucester.
Lady Anne, *Widow of* Edward *Prince of* Wales, *Son to* King Henry VI.; *afterwards married to the Duke of* Gloucester.
A Young Daughter *of* Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE,—England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOUCESTER.(1)

GLO. Now is the winter of our discontent
ade glorious summer by this sun of York;
id all the clouds, that lour'd upon our house,
the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled
front;

And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.[a]
But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy* my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?
CLAR. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
GLO. Upon what cause?
CLAR. Because my name is George.
GLO. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should for that commit your godfathers:—
O, belike his majesty hath some intent,
That you shall† be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
CLAR. Yea, Richard, when I know; for,‡ I protest,
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have * mov'd his highness to commit me now.
GLO. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempers him to this extremity.[b]
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is delivered?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.
CLAR. By heaven, I think there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?[c]
GLO. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this† monarchy.
BRAK. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference
(Of what degree soever) with his‡ brother.
GLO. Even so, an please your worship; Brakenbury,
You may partake of anything we say:
We speak no treason, man;—we say, the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous:—
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?
BRAK. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.
GLO. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

(*) First folio, *see*. (†) First folio, *should*. (‡) First folio, *but*.

[a] *Of* a lute.] In the quartos, *lute* is misprinted *love*.

[b] *That* tempers *him to this extremity*.] So the first quarto, 1597. The folio 1623 reads:—

"That *tempts* him to this *harsh* extremity."

(*) First folio, *Hath*. (†) First folio, *our*. (‡) First folio, *your*.

[c] Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?] The folio reads,—

"Lord Hastings was, for her delivery."

BRAK. What one, my lord?
GLO. Her husband, knave:—wouldst thou betray me?
BRAK. I* beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
orbear your conference with the noble duke.
CLAR. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
GLO. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
rother, farewell; I will unto the king;
nd whatsoe'er you will employ me in,—
Vere it to call king Edward's widow, sister—
will perform it to enfranchise you.
leantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
ouches me deeper than you can imagine.
CLAR. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
GLO. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
will deliver you, or† lie for you:[a]
leantime, have patience.
CLAR. I must perforce:[b] farewell.
Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, *and* Guard.
GLO. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return!
imple, plain Clarence, I do love thee so,
hat I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
heaven will take the present at our hands.—
ut who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings!

Enter HASTINGS.

HAST. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
GLO. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Vell are you welcome to this open air.
ow hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
HAST. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
ut I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
hat were the cause of my imprisonment.
GLO. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
or they that were your enemies are his,
nd have prevail'd as much on him as you.
HAST. More pity that the eagle‡ should be mew'd,
hile§ kites and buzzards prey§ at liberty.
GLO. What news abroad?
HAST. No news so bad abroad as this at home;—
he king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
nd his physicians fear him mightily.

(*) First folio inserts, *do.* (†) First folio inserts, *else.*
(‡) First folio, *eagles.* (§) First folio, *Whiles—play.*

[a] *Or* lie *for you:*] Or lie imprisoned in your stead.
[b] *Must* perforce:] In allusion to the popular saying,—*Patience upon force* is a medicine for a mad dog."

GLO. Now, by Saint Paul, this[c] news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What,* is he in his bed?
HAST. He is.
GLO. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband and her father;
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY *the* SIXTH, *borne upon a hearse,* Gentlemen *bearing halberds, to guard it; and* LADY ANNE *as mourner.*

ANNE. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I awhile obsequiously[d] lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!†
Lo, in those windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—

(*) First folio, *Where.* (†) Quartos, *holes.*

[c] *Now, by Saint* Paul, this *news,* &c.] So the quartos. The folio 1623 has,—"Now by *S Iohn, that* Newes," &c.
[d] Obsequiously *lament*—] That is, *funereally* lament.

Curs'd be the hand, that made these fatal holes!
Curs'd be the heart, that had the heart to do it![a]
[Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence![b]]
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,[c]
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
[And that be heir to his unhappiness![d]]
If ever he have wife, let her be made
As* miserable by the death of him,
As† I am made by my young lord and thee!—
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And still, as you are weary of the‡ weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.
[*Bearers take up the corpse, and move forward.*

Enter GLOUCESTER.

GLO. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.
ANNE. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
GLO. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!
1 GENT. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.
GLO. Unmanner'd dog! stand§ thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
[*Bearers set down the hearse.*
ANNE. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.
GLO. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
ANNE. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries:—
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.(2)
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells
Thy deed,* inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge h
death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge h
death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murder
dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,[e]
As thou didst swallow up this good king's blood
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!
GLO. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses
ANNE. Villain, thou know'st no† law of G
nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity
GLO. But I know none, and therefore am
beast.
ANNE. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth
GLO. More wonderful, when angels are angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils,‡ to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.
ANNE. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man
For§ these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.
GLO. Fairer than tongue can name thee,
me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
ANNE. Fouler than heart can think thee, th
canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
GLO. By such despair, I should accuse mysel
ANNE. And, by despairing, shouldst|| thou sta
excus'd
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which¶ didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
GLO. Say, that I slew them not?
ANNE. Why, then, they are not dead
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
GLO. I did not kill your husband.

(*) First folio, *More.* (†) First folio, *Than.*
(‡) First folio, *this.* (§) First folio, *Stand'st.*

(*) First folio, *Deeds.* (†) First folio, *nor.*
(‡) First folio, *crimes.* (§) First folio, *Of.*
(||) First folio, *shalt.* (¶) First folio, *That.*

a Curs'd be the hand, that made these fatal holes!
Curs'd be the heart, that had the heart to do it!]
The folio gives these lines as follows:—
"O cursed be the hand that made these holes:
Cursed the Heart, that had the heart to do it."

b Cursed the blood, &c.] A line not in the quartos.

c *Than I can wish to* adders, spiders, toads,—] Thus the quart the folio reads,—"to *Wolves, to* Spiders," &c.

d And that be, &c.] A line omitted in the quartos.

e *And eat him* quick,—] That is, swallow him *alive.*

f Why, then, they are not dead: &c.] The folio has,—
"Then say they were not slaine."

ANNE. Why, then he is alive.
GLO. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.*
ANNE. In thy foul throat thou liest; queen Margaret saw
hy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
he which thou once did bend against her breast,
ut that thy brothers beat aside the point.
GLO. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
Vhich† laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
ANNE. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
Vhich† never dreamt[a] on aught but butcheries:
idst thou not kill this king?
GLO. I grant ye.
ANNE. Dost *grant* me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
ou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!
GLO. The fitter‡ for the King of heaven that hath him.
ANNE. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
GLO. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
r he was fitter for that place than earth.
ANNE. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
GLO. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
ANNE. Some dungeon.
GLO. Your bed-chamber.
ANNE. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!
GLO. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
ANNE. I hope so.
GLO. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
leave this keen encounter of our wits,
l fall somewhat§ into a slower method;—
ot the causer of the timeless deaths
these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
blameful as the executioner? [effect.
NNE. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd
LO. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
r beauty, which† did haunt me in my sleep,
ndertake the death of all the world,
might live‖ one hour in your sweet bosom.
NNE. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
se nails should rend¶ that beauty from my cheeks.
LO. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck.[b]
should not blemish it, if I stood by:
ll the world is cheered by the sun,
by that; it is my day, my life.

ANNE. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
GLO. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
ANNE. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
GLO. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
ANNE. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that slew* my husband.
GLO. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
ANNE. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
GLO. He lives that loves you† better than he could.
ANNE. Name him.
GLO. Plantagenet.
ANNE. Why, that was he.
GLO. The self-same name, but one of better nature.
ANNE. Where is he?
GLO. Here! [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?
ANNE. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
GLO. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
ANNE. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
GLO. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
ANNE. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
GLO. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspect‡ with store of childish drops:
[These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—[c]
No, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.]
I never sued to friend nor enemy;

(*) First folio, *hands*.
(†) First folio, *That*.
) First folio, *better*.
(§) First folio, *something*.
) Quartos, *rest*.
(¶) First folio, *rent*.

Vhich *never* dreamt—] In the folio,—"*That* never *dream'st*."
hese eyes, &c.] This passage is misprinted in the quartos,—

(*) First folio, *kill'd*. (†) First folio, *thee*. (‡) First folio, *aspects*.

"These eies could *never* endure *sweet* beauties wrack,
You should not blemish *them* if I stood by."

c These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—] This and the eleven following lines are omitted in the quarto copies.

My tongue could never learn sweet soothing[a] words;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[*She looks scornfully at him.*

Teach not thy lip[b] such scorn; for it was ma
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword
Which if thou please to hide in this true bre
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,

---

[a] *Sweet* soothing words;] The folio reads,—

"—— sweet *smoothing word.*"

[b] Teach not thy lip, &c.] The quartos less elegantly read,—

(*) Quartos, *bosome.*

"Teach not thy *lips* such scorne, for *they* were made—

lay it naked to thy deadly stroke,
nd humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*Lays his breast open.*
Nay, do not pause; 'twas I that kill'd your husband;—
[*She offers at it with his sword.*
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that kill'd king Henry;—[a]
[*She again offers at his breast.*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*
'ake up the sword again, or take up me.
ANNE. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
will not be thy executioner.
GLO. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
ANNE. I have already.
GLO. Tush,* that was in thy rage:
peak it again, and, even with the word,
his hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
hall for thy love kill a far truer love;
o both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.
ANNE. I would I knew thy heart.
GLO. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
ANNE. I fear me both are false.
GLO. Then never man was true.
ANNE. Well, well, put up your sword.
GLO. Say then, my peace is made.
ANNE. That shall you† know hereafter.
GLO. But shall I live in hope?
ANNE. All men, I hope, live so.
GLO. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
ANNE. To take, is not to give.[b]
[*Puts on the ring.*
GLO. Look, how this‡ ring encompasseth thy finger,
ven so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Vear both of them, for both of them are thine.
nd if thy poor devoted suppliant§ may
ut beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
hou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
ANNE. What is it?
GLO. That it may please you leave these sad designs
o him that hath more‖ cause to be a mourner,
nd presently repair to Crosby-place:¶ (3)
'here—after I have solemnly interr'd,
t Chertsey monast'ry, this noble king,
nd wet his grave with my repentant tears,—

I will with all expedient[c] duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
ANNE. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel and Berkley, go along with me.
GLO. Bid me farewell.
ANNE. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt* LADY ANNE, TRESSEL, *and* BERKLEY.
GLO. Sirs, take up the corse.[d]
GEN. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
GLO. No, to White-friars; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt the rest with the corpse.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her * hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no thing[e] to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet debase† her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt,‡ and am unshapen§ thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,[f]
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking glass;
And entertain some score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with a‖ little cost.

(*) First folio omits, *Tush.* (†) First folio, *shalt thou.*
(‡) First folio, *my.* (§) First folio, *Servant.*
(‖) First folio, *most.* (¶) First folio, *Crosbie House.*

a 'T was I that killed king Henry.—] In the folio, this and the two preceding lines run thus.

Nay do not pause: For I did kill King Henrie,
But 't was thy Beautie that provoked me.
Nay now dispatch: 'T was I that stabb'd young Edward," &c.

(*) First folio, *my.* (†) First folio, *abase:*
(‡) First folio, *halts.* (§) First folio, *mishapen.*
(‖) First folio, *some.*

b To take, is not to give.—] This line is not in the folio which also errs in attributing to Anne the preceding line.
c Expedient—] For *expeditious.*
d Sirs, take up the corse.—] This line is omitted in the folio.
e *And I* no thing—] In the folio, "And I, *no Friends*—"
f *A beggarly* denier,—] A *denier* is the twelfth part of a French *sous.*

But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, *and* LORD GREY.

RIV. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt, his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.
GREY. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.*
Q. ELIZ. If he were dead, what would betide of† me?
GREY. No other harm but loss of such a lord.
Q. ELIZ. The loss of such a lord includes all harm.‡
GREY. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Q. ELIZ. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
RIV. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Q. ELIZ. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.
GREY. Here come the lords§ of Buckingham and Stanley.[a]

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.[a]

BUCK. Good time of day unto your royal grace!
STAN. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!
Q. ELIZ. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
STAN. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.
Q. ELIZ. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?
STAN. But now, the duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.
Q. ELIZ. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?
BUCK. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.
Q. ELIZ. God grant him health! did you confer with him?
BUCK. Madam, we did:* he desires to make atonement
Betwixt† the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And betwixt† them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.
Q. ELIZ. Would all were well!—but that will never be;—
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

GLO. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they that complain‡ unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak§ fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,[b]
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By‖ silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?
GREY. To whom¶ in all this presence speaks your grace?
GLO. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace:
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

(*) First folio, *eyes.* (†) First folio, *on.*
(‡) First folio, *harmes.* (§) First folio, *the lord.*

[a] Stanley.] He is styled *Derby* in the old copies; but he was not created Earl of Derby until after Henry VII. came to the throne.

[b] Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,—] "An importation of artificial manners seems to have afforded our ancient poets a never failing topick of invective. So, in A Tragical Discourse of the Haplesse Man's Life, by Churchyard, 1593:—

We make a legge, and kisse the hand withall,
(A *French* device, nay sure a Spanish tricke)

(*) First folio, *I madam.* (†) First folio, *Betweene.*
(‡) First folio, *Who is it that complains.*
(§) First folio, *look.* (‖) First folio, *with.*
(¶) First folio, *who.*

And speake in print, and say loe at your call
I will remaine your owne both dead and quicke.
A courtier so can give a lobbe a licke,
And dress a dolt in motley for a while,
And so in sleeve at silly woodcocke smile.'"
STEEVENS.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The king, of* his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
Which† in your outward action shows itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.[a]

Glo. I cannot tell;[b]—the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;
You envy my advancement, and my friends';
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we ‡ have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; whilst many fair§ promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause ||
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—

Glo. *She may*, lord Rivers!—why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.¶
What may she not? *She may*,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, *marry, may she?*

Glo. *What, marry, may she?* marry with a king,
A bachelor,** a handsome stripling too:
I wis your grandam had a worser match. [borne

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs;
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
With those gross taunts I often* have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:—[c]
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen Margaret, *behind.*

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!†
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him and spare not; look, what have I said[d]
I will avouch‡ in presence of the king:
[I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.][e]
'Tis time to speak,—my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] Out, devil! I§ remember them too well:
Thou slew'st || my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood, I spilt¶ mine own.

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] Yea, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you.—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art. [Warwick,

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party for the crown
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

(*) First folio, *on.* (†) First folio, *That.*
(‡) First folio, *I.* (§) First folio, *while great.*
(||) First folio, *meane.* (¶) First folio, *desert.*
(**) First folio inserts, *and.*

[a] *Makes him to send, that* thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.]
In the folio, this is reduced to a single line,—
"Makes him to send, that *he may learne the ground.*"

[b] I cannot tell;—] I cannot account for it, I cannot make it out. See note (d), p. 577, Vol. I.

(*) First folio, *that oft I.* (†) First folio, *him.*
(‡) First folio, *avouch't.* (§) First folio inserts, *do.*
(||) First folio, *kill'dst.* (¶) First folio, *spent.*

[c] To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:—] The folio has,—"To be *so* baited, scorn'd, and *stormed* at."

[d] Tell him, and spare not; &c.] This line is omitted in the folio.

[e] I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.] A line which is only in the folio.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful * king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it! †

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,—
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] As ‡ little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd[a] from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that I being § queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
O, || gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight? [marr'd;

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast
That will I make, before I let thee go.

[Glo. Wert thou not banished,[b] on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.]
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorn drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd[c] thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it. [I came,

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Could* all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—[d]
If † not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, which ‡ now is prince of Wales,
For Edward my § son, which ‡ was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss; ||
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy glory, ¶ as thou'rt stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!

(*) First folio, *soveraigne.* (†) First folio, *thereof.*
(‡) Old text, *A.* (§) First folio, *am.*
(||) First folio, *Ah.*

[a] *That which you have* pill'd *from me!*] *Pilled* is the same as pillaged. To *pill*, means literally to *peel*, or *strip* off the rind or skin.

[b] Wert thou not banished, &c.] This, and the two lines following, are not in the quartos.

[c] Plagu'd—] In our early language to *plague* meant to *punish*. Thus, in "King John," Act II. Sc. 1:—

(*) First folio, *Should.* (†) First folio, *Though.*
(‡) First folio, *that.* (§) First folio, *our.*
(||) First folio, *death.* (¶) First folio, *rights.*

"That he's not only *plagued* for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the *plague*
On this removed issue."

[d] Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—] This line serves to show that the accepted explanation of "lither sky" in the "First Part of Henry VI." is erroneous. Instead of *yielding* sky, it certainly meant *heavy, lazy* sky. See note [a], p. 320.

Thou slander of thy mother's heavy* womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—
GLO. Margaret.
Q. MAR. Richard!
GLO. Ha?
Q. MAR. I call thee not.
GLO. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou hadst[a] call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. MAR. Why so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse!
GLO. 'Tis done by me, and ends in—Margaret.
Q. ELIZ. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.
Q. MAR. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled[b] spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that pois'nous† bunch-back'd toad.[c]
HAST. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.
Q. MAR. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.
RIV. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q. MAR. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!
DORS. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.
Q. MAR. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have mighty‡ blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
GLO. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.
DORS. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.
GLO. Yea,§ and much more: but I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. MAR. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!—
Witness my sun, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest:—
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was* won with blood, lost be it so!
BUCK. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.
Q. MAR. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes† are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!
BUCK. Have done, have done.
Q. MAR. O princely Buckingham, I‡ kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy princely§ house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
BUCK. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. MAR. I'll not believe‖ but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
GLO. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?
BUCK. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
Q. MAR. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess!—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*
HAST. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
RIV. And so doth mine; I wonder¶ she's at liberty.
GLO. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

(*) First folio, *heavie Mothers.* (†) Quartos, *poisoned.*
(‡) First folio, *many.* (§) First folio, *I.*

[a] ——— for I did think,
That thou hadst—]
The reading of the folio: the quartos have,—
"———for I had thought
Thou hadst," &c.

(*) First folio, *is.* (†) First folio, *my hopes by you.*
(‡) First folio, *Ile.* (§) First folio, *noble.*
(‖) First folio, *I will not thinke.* (¶) First folio, *I muse why.*

[b] Bottled *spider,*—] That is, *swollen, bloated,* spider.
[c] *The* time *will come* when *thou shalt wish for me*
To help thee curse that, &c.]
So the quartos. The folio reads,—
"The *day* will come *that* thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse *this,*" &c.

Q. ELIZ. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
GLO. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting[a] for his pains;—
God pardon them that are the cause of it!*
RIV. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.
GLO. [*Aside.*[b]] So do I ever, being well advis'd;—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter CATESBY.

CATES. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.[c]
Q. ELIZ. Catesby, we† come:—lords, will you go with us?†
RIV. Madam, we will attend[d] your grace.
[*Exeunt all except* GLOUCESTER.
GLO. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid‡ in darkness,—
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Hastings, Stanley, Buckingham;
And say—it is§ the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan,‖ Grey:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd¶ ends, stol'n out** of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.—
But soft! here come my executioners.—

Enter two Murderers.

How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates!
Are ye now going to despatch this deed?††

1 MURD. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
GLO. Well thought upon; I have it here about me: [*Gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate; do not hear him plead,
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.
1 MURD. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
GLO. Your eyes drop* millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears:[e]
I like you, lads;—about your business [straight;
Go, go, dispatch.
1 MURD. We will, my noble lord.[f]] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the* Tower.

Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY

BRAK. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
CLAR. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,[g]
That, as I am a christian-faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;—
So full of dismal terror was the time!
BRAK. What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.[h]
CLAR. Methought, I was embark'd for Burgundy;[i]
And in my company my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence† we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful‡ times,

(*) First folio, *thereof.* (†) First folio, *I—mee.*
(‡) First folio, *cast.* (§) First folio, *And tell them 't is.*
(‖) First folio, *Dorset.* (¶) First folio, *odde old.*
(**) First folio, *forth.* (††) First folio, *thing.*

(*) First folio, *fall.* (†) First folio, *there.*
(‡) First folio, *heavy.*

[a] *He is* frank'd up to fatting—] He is *styed* up. Speaking of hogs, in his Description of Britaine, Holinshed says, "The husbandmen and farmers never *fraunke* them above three or four months, in which time he is dyeted with otes and peason, and lodged on the bare planches of an uneasie coate."—Book III. p. 1096.

[b] *Aside.*] The old copies rarely direct a speech to be spoken aside: appended to this passage, the folio has, "*Speakes to himselfe.*"

[c] *And* you, *my* noble lords.] So the first quarto 1597: the folio reads, "and *yours* my *gracious Lord.*"

[d] Madam we will attend your grace.] The folio has, "We wait upon your Grace."

[e] Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears:] A proverbial expression, which occurs in the tragedy of "Cæsar and Pompey," 1607:—

"Men's eyes must *mill-stones* drop, when fools shed tears."

[f] We will, my noble lord.] In the quartos the scene ends with Gloucester saying:—

"————about *your business.*"

A more becoming termination than for an inferior actor to have the last word.

[g] Of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,—] The folio gives, "*of fearefull Dreames, of ugly sights.*"

[h] *What was your dream?* I long to hear you tell it.] In the folio the line stands,—

"What was your dream, *my lord, I pray you tel me.*"

[i] Methought, I was embark'd for Burgundy;] The folio reads,—

"*Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,*
And was embark'd to crosse to Burgundy."

During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in stumbling,*
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord! Lord!† methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights‡ of death within mine eyes!
Methought,§ I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued[a] jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those‖ holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 't were in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
Which¶ woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

BRAK. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

CLAR. Methought I had; for still the envious flood
Kept in my soul,[b] and would not let it forth
To seek** the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which¶ almost burst to belch it in the sea.

BRAK. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

CLAR. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest of my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim†† ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried‡‡ aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
*Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!**—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;—
Such terrible impression made the† dream.

BRAK. No marvel, lord, though[c] it affrighted you;
I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.[d]

CLAR. O Brakenbury,‡ I have done these things,—
Which now bear[e] evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!—
[O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!—][f]
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me,[g]
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

BRAK. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!— [CLARENCE *sleeps.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imagination,§
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?

1 MURD. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

BRAK. Yea, are ye so brief?

2 MURD. O, sir, 't is better to be brief than tedious:—

(*) First folio, *falling.* (†) First folio, *O Lord.*
(‡) First folio, *sights of ugly.* (§) First folio, *methoughts.*
(‖) First folio, *the.* (¶) First folio, *who.*
(**) First folio, *find.* (††) First folio, *sowre.*
(‡‡) First folio, *spake.*

[a] Unvalued—] That is, *invaluable.*

[b] ——for still the envious flood
Kept *in my soul,*—]
The folio reads,—
"——and often did I strive
To *yeeld the Ghost; but* still the envious Flood
Stop't in my soule," &c.

(*) First folio, *unto Torment.* (†) First folio, *my.*
(‡) First folio, *Ah, Keeper, Keeper.* (§) First folio, *imaginations.*

[c] *No marvel, lord,* though *it affrighted you;*] See note (d), p. 492.

[d] I promise you, *I am afraid,* &c.] In the folio, "I am affraid (*me thinkes*) to hear," &c.

[e] Which *now* bear *evidence*—] The folio has, "*That* now *give* evidence," &c.

[f] O God! if my deep prayers, &c.] The four lines composing this prayer are not found in the quartos.

[g] I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me.] In the folio,—
"Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while."

Show him our commission; talk no more.[a]

[*A paper is delivered to* BRAKENBURY, *who reads it.*

BRAK. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of * the meaning.
Here are the keys,—there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to his majesty and certify his grace
That thus I have resign'd my place to you.[b]

1 MURD. Do so;† it is a point of wisdom:

[*Exit* BRAKENBURY.

2 MURD. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 MURD. No; then he'll say, 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 MURD. *When he wakes!* why, fool,‡ he shall never wake till the great judgment day.

1 MURD. Why, then he'll say, we stabbed him sleeping.

2 MURD. The urging of that word, *judgment*, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 MURD. What! art thou afraid?

2 MURD. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; § but to be damned for killing him, from‖ which no warrant can defend us.

[1 MURD. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 MURD. So I am, to let him live.][c]

1 MURD. I'll back to the duke of Gloucester, and tell him so.

2 MURD. Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope my holy¶ humour will change; it was wont to hold me but while one could tell twenty.

1 MURD. How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 MURD. Faith,** some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 MURD. Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 MURD. Zounds,†† he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 MURD. Where is thy conscience now?

2 MURD. In the duke of Gloucester's purse.

1 MURD. So,‡‡ when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 MURD. Let it go;[d] there 's few or none will entertain it.

1 MURD. How if it come to thee again?

2 MURD. I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,* it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he† cannot swear, but it checks him; he† cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 't is a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one† full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all‡ towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 MURD. Zounds,§ it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 MURD. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not; he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 MURD. I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me.[e]

2 MURD. Spoke like a tall fellow,‖ that respects his¶ reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 MURD. Take him over** the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 MURD. O excellent device! and make a sop of him.[f]

1 MURD. Hark! he stirs. Shall I strike?

1 MURD. No, first let's reason with him.

CLAR. [*Awaking.*] Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 MURD. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

CLAR. In God's name, what art thou?

1 MURD. A man, as you are.

CLAR. But not, as I am, royal.

1 MURD. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

CLAR. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

(*) First folio, *from.* (†) First folio, *You may sir.*
(‡) First folio omits, *when he wakes*, and *fool.*
(§) First folio omits, *for it.* (‖) First folio inserts, *the.*
(¶) First folio, *this passionate humor of mine.*
(**) First folio omits, *Faith.* (††) First folio, *Come.*
(‡‡) First folio omits, *So.*

a Talk no more.] In the folio, the dialogue begins thus,—

"1 MUR. Ho, who's heere?
BRA. What would'st thou Fellow? And how camm'st thou hither.
2 MUR. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my Legges.
BRA. What so breefe?
1 'T is better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him see our Commission, and talke no more."

b Here are the keys,—there sits the duke asleep:
I 'll to his majesty and certify his grace
That thus I have resign'd my place to you.]

(*) First folio omits, *it is a dangerous thing.*
(†) First folio, *a man.* (‡) First folio omits, *all.*
(§) First folio omits, *Zounds.* (‖) First folio, *man.*
(¶) First folio, *thy.* (**) First folio, *on.*

So the quartos: the folio gives,—

"There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.
Ile to the King and signifie to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge."

c To let him live.] The lines in brackets are omitted in the quartos.

d Let it go;] The folio has, "*T is no matter;* let it goe."

e *I am strong*-framed, &c.] So the folio text; the quartos read, "*Tut,* I am strong *in fraud;* he cannot prevail with me, *I warrant thee.*"

f And make a sop of him.] The folio continues the dialogue thus:—

"1. Soft, he wakes.
2. Strike.
1. No, wee'l reason with him."

MURD. My voice is now the king's, my looks
mine own. [speak!
CLAR. How darkly and how deadly dost thou
[Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?][a]
Tell me who are you? wherefore come you hither?
BOTH MURD. To, to, to,—
CLAR. To murder me?
BOTH MURD. Ay, ay.
CLAR. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
1 MURD. Offended us you have not, but the king.
CLAR. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.
2 MURD. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to
die. [men,[b]
CLAR. Are you call'd forth from out a world of
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,[c]
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.
1 MURD. What we will do, we do upon
command.
2 MURD. And he that hath commanded is the* king. [kings
CLAR. Erroneous vassal!† the great King of
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; wilt thou‡ then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
2 MURD. And that same vengeance doth he
hurl§ on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the holy‖ sacrament,
To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.
1 MURD. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous
blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

---

[a] Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?] This line is omitted in the quartos, possibly because Clarence had just before said,—"thy looks are humble," and the next in the folio reads,—
"Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?"

[b] *Are you* call'd *forth* from out *a world of men*,—] The folio has,—
"Are you *drawne* forth *among* a world of men."

[c] *I charge you, as you hope* to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,—]

(*) First folio, *our*.
(†) First folio, *Vassals*.
(‡) First folio, *will you*.
(§) Quartos, *throw*.
(‖) First folio omits, *holy*.

So the quartos: the folio poorly reads,—
"I charge you, as you hope *for any goodnesse*,"
and omits the emphatic line which follows.

2 MURD. Whom thou wert* sworn to cherish and defend. [law to us,

1 MURD. How canst thou urge God's dreadful
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

CLAR. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why, sirs,† he sends you not to murder me for this;
For in this‡ sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
[O, know you yet, he doth it publicly;][a]
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor§ lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 MURD. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

CLAR. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage. [faults,

1 MURD. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

CLAR. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 MURD. You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you. [dear:

CLAR. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me
Go you to him from me.

BOTH MURD. Ay, so we will. [York

CLAR. Tell him, when that our princely father
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,[b]
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think of this, and he will weep.

1 MURD. Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

CLAR. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 MURD. Right; as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.[c]

CLAR. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 MURD. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

2 MURD. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

CLAR. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to your own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?—
Ah, sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for this deed.

2 MURD. What shall we do?

CLAR. Relent, and save your souls.

1 MURD. Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

CLAR. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

1 MURD. Ay, thus, and thus! [*Stabs him.*] if this will not serve,[d]
I'll chop thee in the malmsey-butt in the next room.(4)

2 MURD. A bloody deed, and desperately perform'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done![e] (5)

1 MURD. Why dost not thou help me?
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art.*

2 MURD. I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

1 MURD. So do not I; go, coward as thou art.—
Now, must I† hide his body in some hole,
Until the duke take order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I must away;
For this will out, and here I must not stay.
[*Exit with the body.*

(*) First folio, *wast.* (†) First folio omits, *Why, sirs.*
(‡) First folio, *that.* (§) First folio, *or.*

a O, know you yet, he doth it publicly;] A line omitted in the quartos.

b And charg'd us, &c.] This line is not in the folio.

c 'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.] In the quartos,—
"'T is he hath sent us hither now to slaughter thee."

d Ay, thus, and thus! [*Stabs him.*] if this will not serve,—] The confusion observable in the latter portion of this scene as it is presented in the folio, is confirmatory, perhaps, of our theory that the text of "Richard III." in that edition is made up in parts from an earlier manuscript than that from which the quartos were printed. In the passages under consideration, the player-editors have retained five lines, beginning,—"Which of you, if you were a prince's son," that were apparently the poet's first sketch of a speech for Clarence, and which he no doubt intended to be superseded by his after-thought, and this retention has reduced the trialogue to chaos. Let any one compare the following transcript of the speeches, as they stand in the folio, with the concise and lucid colloquy of the quartos, and he will not find it difficult to determine which text bears the latest marks of the

(*) First folio, *you have beene.* (†) First folio, *Well Ile go.*

author's hand:—

"2 MUR. What shall we do?
CLA. Relent, and save your soules;
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such murtherers as your selves came to you,
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my distresse.
1 MUR. Relent? no: 'T is cowardly and womanish.
CLA. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, divellish:
My Friend, I spy some pitty in thy lookes:
O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.
2 MURD. Looke behinde you, my Lord.
1 MURD. Take that, and that, if all this will not do, [*Stabs him.*
Ile drowne you in the Malmesey-But within."

e *Of this most grievous* guilty *murder* done!] The folio reads,—
"Of this most greevous murther."

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD (*led in sick*), QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.*

K. EDW. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work;—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in * peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have set† my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings,‡ take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

RIV. By heaven, my soul§ is purg'd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

HAST. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. EDW. Take heed you dally not before your king,
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

HAST. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

RIV. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. EDW. Madam, yourself are * not exempt in† this —
Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

(*) First folio, *more to.*
(†) First folio, *made.*
(‡) First folio, *Dorset and Rivers.*
(§) Quartos, *heart.*

(*) First folio, *is.*
(†) First folio, *from.*

Q. ELIZ. There, Hastings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine!
[K. EDW. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord marquis.][a]
DORS. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.
HAST. And so swear I. [*They embrace.*
K. EDW. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
BUCK. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
On you or yours,* [*To the* QUEEN.] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal,† to you or yours!
[*Embracing* RIVERS, *&c.*
K. EDW. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect‡ period of this peace.
BUCK. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.[b]

Enter GLOUCESTER.

GLO. Good morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
K. EDW. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:—
Brother,§ we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.
GLO. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.‖
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly,¶ or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By** any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, lord Rivers,—and lord Grey of you,[c]
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.(1)
Q. ELIZ. A holy day shall this be kept here after:—
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign liege,* I do beseech your majesty†
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
GLO. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?
[*They all start*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.
K. EDW. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?
Q. ELIZ. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!
BUCK. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?
DORS. Ay, my good lord; and no one‡ in this presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.
K. EDW. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.
GLO. But he, poor soul,‡ by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore§ the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.—
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but‖ not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

STAN. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done! [sorrow
K. EDW. I pr'ythee peace; my soul is full o
STAN. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.¶

(*) First folio, *Upon your grace.* (†) First folio, *love.*
(‡) First folio, *blessed.* (§) First folio, *Gloster.*
(‖) First folio, *Lord.* (¶) First folio, *unwillingly.*
(**) First folio, *To.*

(*) First folio, *Lord.* (†) First folio, *Highnesse.*
(‡) First folio, *man.* (§) First folio, *bare.*
(‖) First folio, *and.* (¶) First folio, *heare me.*

[a] —Hastings, love lord marquis.] A line omitted in the quartos.
[b] *Here comes* the noble duke.] So the quartos. The folio reads,—
"Here comes *Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and the Duke.*"
[c] Of you, lord Rivers,—and lord Grey of you,—] The folio reads,—
"Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset,"
and adds, after the next line,—
"Of you, Lord Woodvill, and Lord Scales of you."

K. EDW. Then say at once, what is it thou demand'st.*
STAN. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.
K. EDW. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother slew† no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel‡ death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,§
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field by|| Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon!
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother not a man would speak,—
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead¶ for his life,—
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me and you, and mine and yours for this!—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah, poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET, *and* GREY.

GLO. This is the fruit** of rashness!—Mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it. But come, let's in*
To comfort Edward with our company?[a]

[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *requests.* (†) First folio, *kill'd.*
(‡) First folio, *bitter.* (§) First folio, *wrath.*
(||) First folio, *at.* (¶) First folio, *beg.*
(**) First folio, *fruits.*

[a] To comfort Edward with our company?] The folio adds,—
"BUC. We wait upon your grace;"
which may have been omitted, like the Murderers' "We will, my noble lord," Act I. Sc. 3, to give what is technically called the "exit" to the chief performer.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter the DUCHESS *of* YORK, *with a* Son *and* Daughter *of* CLARENCE.

SON. Tell me, good grandam,† is our father dead?
DUCH. No, boy.
DAUGH. Why do you wring your hands,[b] and beat your breast?
And cry—*O Clarence, my unhappy son!*
SON. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—*wretches, orphans, castaways,*
If that our noble father be‡ alive?
DUCH. My pretty cousins, you mistake me much;§
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.
SON. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.[c]
The king mine uncle is to blame for this:||
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With daily¶ prayers all to that effect.
[DAUGH. And so will I.][d]
DUCH. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.
SON. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provoked** by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;[e]
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his†† child.
DUCH. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizor hide foul guile!‡‡
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

(*) First folio, *Come, lords, will you go.*
(†) *Good grandam tell us.* (‡) First folio, *were.*
(§) First folio, *both.* (||) First folio, *it.*
(¶) First folio, *earnest.* (**) First folio, *provok'd to it.*
(††) First folio, *a.* (‡‡) First folio, *deepe vice.*

[b] Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast?] In the folio —
"Why do weepe so of? &c.
reads,—"Then you conclude, (*my* grandam) he is dead."
[c] Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.] The folio
[d] And so will I.] Omitted in the quartos.
[e] And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;]
The quartos tamely read,—
"And when *he* told me so he wept,
And *hugd me in his arms* and kindly kist my *cheeke.*"

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen Elizabeth, *distractedly, with her hair dishevelled;* Rivers *and* Dorset *following her.*

Q. Eliz. Who,* who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:—
Edward, my lord, your* son, our king, is dead.—
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.[b]

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I† in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
Which‡ grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left:

(*) First folio, *Ah!*

* Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?—]
The quartos, less musically, read,—
"Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaves, the sap being gone?"

(*) First folio, *thy.* (†) First folio omits, *I.*
(‡) First folio, *That.*

b *To his new kingdom of* perpetual rest.] So the quarto. The folio has,—
"To his new kingdom of *nere-changing night.*"

But death hath snatch'd my husband[a] from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan,)
To over-go thy plaints,* and drown thy cries?

SON. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death!

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

DAUGH. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. ELIZ. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:†
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

CHIL. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

DUCH. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. ELIZ. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

CHIL. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

DUCH. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. ELIZ. Was never widow, had so dear a loss!

CHIL. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss!

DUCH. Was never mother, had so dear a loss!
Alas! I am the mother of these moans!‡
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are§ general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep,‖ so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—[b]
Alas! you three, on me threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentation.

[DORS. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

RIV. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.[c]]

Enter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and others.*

GLO. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their* harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

DUCH. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

GLO. Amen; [*Aside.*] and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing.
I marvel why† her grace did leave it out.

BUCK. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high swoln hearts,‡
But lately splinted,§ knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd‖
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

[RIV. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?[d]

BUCK. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

(*) First folio, *woes.* (†) Quartos, *laments.*
(‡) First folio, *Greefes.* (§) First folio, *is.*
(‖) First folio, *weepes.*

[a] My husband—] The quartos erroneously read, "My children."

[b] These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—]
The folio text, through an oversight of the compositor, occasioned by the recurrence of the same word in both lines, reads,—
"These Babes for Clarence weepe, so do not they."

[c] In living Edward's throne.] This, and the preceding speech, are omitted in the quartos.

[d] Why with some little train, &c.] These speeches, down to where Hastings replies, "And so say I," are omitted in the quartos.

(*) First folio, *helpe our.* (†) First folio, *that.*
(‡) First folio, *hates.* (§) First folio, *splinter'd.*
(‖) First folio, *fet.*

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us,
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.
Riv. And so in me, and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.
Hast. And so say I.][a]
Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.*
Madam,—and you my mother,†—will you go
To give your censures in this weighty‡ business?
Both. With all our hearts.[b]
[*Exeunt all except* Buckingham *and* Gloucester.
Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two be behind: §
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.
Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Toward Ludlow* then, for we'll not stay behind.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *London*. (†) First folio, *sister*.
(‡) First folio omits, *weighty*. (§) First folio, *stay at home*.

[a] And so say I.] The foregoing, and some other passages omitted in the quartos, are invariably assumed to be additions made to the play subsequent to the publication of the early quartos. We have already—in the Introductory Notice—expressed our dissent to this postulate; and we have only to add that, in the present instance, as in another—Act IV. Sc. 4, where, in one speech, there are no less than fifty-five lines not found in the quartos—not only is there no indication whatever of interpolation, but the lines supposed to be added appear, to us at least absolutely essential to the integrity of the dialogue.

[b] With all our hearts.] This line is not in the folio.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

1 Cit. Neighbour, well met:† whither away so fast?
2 Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself.
1 Cit. Hear you the news abroad?
2 Cit. Ay,‡ that the king is dead.
1 Cit. Bad§ news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:[c]
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

(*) First folio, *London*.
(†) First folio, *Good morrow, Neighbour*.
(‡) First folio, *Yes*. (§) First folio, *Ill*.

[c] Seldom comes the better:] A proverbial saying, of which examples are abundant in our early writers.

Enter another Citizen.

3 Cit. Good morrow, neighbours.
Doth this news hold[a] of good king Edward's death?
1 Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!
3 Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
1 Cit. No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.
3 Cit. Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!
2 Cit. In him there is a hope of government,
Which, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.
1 Cit. So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
3 Cit. Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
1 Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.
3 Cit. Better it were they all came by his father;
Or by his father there were none at all:
For emulation, now who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:[b]
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
1 Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.
3 Cit. When clouds appear,* wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
2 Cit. Truly, the souls† of men are full of dread:‡
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of fear.§
3 Cit. Before the times* of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing† danger; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
2 Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.
3 Cit. And so was I; I'll bear you company.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *are seen.* (†) First folio, *hearts.*
(‡) First folio, *feare.* (§) First folio, *dread.*

[a] Doth this news hold—] In the folio the colloquy on the entrance of the third citizen runs:—
"3. Neighbours, God speed.
1. Give you good morrow, Sir.
3. Doth *the* newes hold," &c.

[b] And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:] So the folio. The quartos, unmetrically,—
"And the queenes kindred hautie and proude."

[c] Last night, I heard, they lay at Northampton,
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop *of* York, *the young* Duke *of* York, Queen Elizabeth, *and the* Duchess *of* York.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Northampton,
At Stony-Stratford will they be‡ to-night:[c]
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.
Duch. Why, my young§ cousin, it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother: *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That, if this were a rule, he should be gracious.[d]
Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.[e]
Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,

(*) First folio, *dayes.* (†) First folio, *Pursuing.*
(‡) First folio, *they do rest* (§) First folio, *good.*

In the folio the places are reversed; a clear though minute indication that the quarto text was in parts a corrected one. See Malone's note in the Variorum edition, xix. pp. 88—9.

[d] That, if this were a rule, &c.] The folio reads,—
"That if his rule were true."

[e] The quartos have,—
"Why madame, so no doubt he is."

That should have nearer touch'd his growth than he did mine.[a]

DUCH. How, my pretty* York? I pr'ythee let me hear it.

YORK. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting[b] jest.

DUCH. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

YORK. Grandam, his nurse.

DUCH. His nurse! why she was dead ere thou wast born.

YORK. If 't were not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. ELIZ. A parlous boy:—go to, you are too shrewd.

ARCH. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. ELIZ. Pitchers have ears.

ARCH. Here comes your son,[c] lord marquis Dorset.

Enter DORSET.

What news, lord marquis?

DORS. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Q. ELIZ. How fares the prince?

DORS. Well, madam, and in health.

DUCH. What is the news then?

DORS. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey,[d] are sent to Pomfret,
With* them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

DUCH. Who hath committed them?

DORS. The mighty dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.

ARCH. For what offence?

DORS. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why or for what, these† nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.

Q. ELIZ. Ay me, I see the downfall of our‡ house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet§

(*) First folio, *yong.*

[a] That should, &c.] The folio reading is,—

"To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine."

[b] *A* biting *jest.*] The quartos spoil the jest by reading, *prettie.*

[c] Here comes your son, &c.] In the folio we read as follows:—

"*Enter a Messenger.*

ARCH. Here comes a Messenger. What Newes?
MES. Such newes my Lord, as greeves me to report.
QU. How doth the Prince?

(*) First folio, *And with.*
(†) First folio, *the.*
(‡) First folio, *ruine of my.*
(§) First folio, *Iutt.*

MES. Well Madam, and in health.
DUT. What is thy Newes?"

[d] Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, &c.] Perhaps Capell's rhythmical arrangement of these lines might be adopted with advantage.

"Lord Rivers, and lord Grey,
Are sent to Pomfret, prisoners; and with them,
Sir Thomas Vaughan."

Upon the innocent and awless throne:—
Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

DUCH. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self:—O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death* no more!

(*) First folio, *earth.*

a Madam, farewell.
DUCH. Stay, I will go with you.
Q. ELIZ. You have no cause.]

Q. ELIZ. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

DUCH. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. ELIZ. You have no cause.[a]

ARCH. My gracious lady, go,
[*To the* QUEEN.
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep; and so betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come,* I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.(2)
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *Go.*

In the quartos the dialogue run thus:—
"Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuarie.
Dut. Ile go along with you."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

Trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE *of* WALES, GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *and others.*

BUCK. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.(1)

GLO. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

PRINCE. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

GLO. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit;
Nor* more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

PRINCE. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

GLO. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and his* Train.

MAY. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

PRINCE. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.—[a]
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:—
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

BUCK. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Enter HASTINGS.

PRINCE. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

HAST. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

BUCK. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

CAR. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven* forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep† a sin.

BUCK. You are too senseless-obstinate,[b] my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional,
Weigh it but with the grossness[c] of this age:(2)
You break not sanctuary in seizing him;
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary-men;
But sanctuary-children, ne'er till now.

CAR. My lord, you shall o'errule my mind for once.—
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

HAST. I go, my lord.

PRINCE. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[*Exeunt* CARDINAL *and* HASTINGS.

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

GLO. Where it seems‡ best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

PRINCE. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

GLO. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which since succeeding ages have re-edified.

PRINCE. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

BUCK. Upon record, my gracious lord.

PRINCE. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 't were retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending§ day.

GLO. [*Aside.*] So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

PRINCE. What say you, uncle?

GLO. I say, without characters, fame lives long.—

(*) First folio, *No.*

(†) First folio, *great.*

(‡) First folio, *think'st.*

(§) First folio, *generall ending day.*

[a] And thank you all.] Here, in all modern editions, we find stage direction, "*Exeunt* Mayor, &c.;" but query, upon what authority, and with what necessity, is this important official so abruptly dismissed?

[b] *Too* senseless-*obstinate*,—] A misprint probably for *needs*-*less*-obstinate.

[c] Grossness of this age:] The quarto, 1622, reads, "*greatness* of *his* age;" Warburton, "*the greenness* of *his* age;" and Mr. Collier's annotator, "the *goodness* of *his* age." See note on the passage in the Illustrative Comments to Act III.

Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.[a] [*Aside.*

PRINCE. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this* conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham—

BUCK. What, my gracious lord?

PRINCE. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

GLO. [*Aside.*] Short summers lightly[b] have a forward spring.

BUCK. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and the* CARDINAL.

PRINCE. Richard of York! how fares our loving† brother?

YORK. Well, my dread‡ lord; so must I call you now.

PRINCE. Ay, brother,—to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late[c] he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

GLO. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

YORK. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

GLO. He hath, my lord.

YORK. And therefore is he idle?

GLO. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

YORK. Then he is more beholden to you than I?

GLO. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

YORK. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

GLO. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

PRINCE. A beggar, brother?

YORK. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

GLO. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

YORK. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

GLO. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

YORK. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

GLO. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

YORK. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

GLO. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

YORK. I would, that I might thank you as* you call me.

GLO. How?

YORK. *Little.*

PRINCE. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

YORK. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

BUCK. With what a sharp provided[d] wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

GLO. My lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

YORK. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

PRINCE. My lord protector needs† will have it so.

YORK. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

GLO. Why, what should you fear?

YORK. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

PRINCE. I fear no uncles dead.

GLO. Nor none that live, I hope.

PRINCE. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Sennet. Exeunt* PRINCE, YORK, HASTINGS, CARDINAL, *and* Attendants.

(*) First folio, *his*. (†) First folio, *Noble*.
(‡) First folio, *deare*.

a Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.]

On what expression does the equivocation of Gloucester depend? Johnson thinks he alludes to the line,—

"So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long."

In which he conceals under a proverb, his design of hastening the Prince's death. Mason conceives the ambiguity to lie in the words "live long," and Warburton adopts the extraordinary change of,—

"——— *formal-wise Antiquity*"!

(*) First folio repeats, *as*. (†) First folio omits, *needs*.

May he not refer to the double sense of the word *character* which signifies both the signs by which we communicate ide and the good or evil qualities which distinguish us? For account of the *Vice*, see note (5), p. 658, Vol. I.

b Lightly—] *Commonly, usually.*

c Too late—] That is, too *recently*, too *lately*.

d Provided *wit*—] A wit furnished him beforehand. Bucki ham suspects the young prince had been instigated by the Qu to mock his uncle Gloucester,—

"Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously

BUCK. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
GLO. No doubt, no doubt: O, 't is a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He 's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
BUCK. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby,
Thou 'rt sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
CATE. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.
BUCK. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?*
CATE. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
BUCK. Well then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.][a]
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show† him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off your‡ talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,(3)
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
GLO. Commend me to lord William; tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend,§ for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
BUCK. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.
CATE. My good lords both, with all the heed I may.‖
GLO. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
CATE. You shall, my lord.
GLO. At Crosby-place,* there shall you find us both. [*Exit* CATESBY.
BUCK. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
William† lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
GLO. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:—[b]
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and‡ the moveables
Whereof the king my brother stood§ possess'd.
BUCK. I 'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.
GLO. And look to have it yielded with all willingness.‖
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) Quartos, *what will he.* (†) First folio, *tell.*
(‡) First folio, *the.* (§) First folio, *Lord.*
(‖) First folio, *can.*

[a] About the coronation.] These two lines are only found in the folio. In the quartos, the speech is in other respects slightly varied,—

"Well, then no more but this:
Go, gentle Catesby, and as it were afarre off,
Sound thou lord Hastings how he stands affected
Unto our purpose, if he be willing,
Encourage him," &c.

[b] Chop off his head, man;—somewhat *we will* do:—] This is the spirited version of the quarto text: the folio sadly mars Gloucester's energy by reading,—

"*Chop off his head; Something* wee will *determine.*"

SCENE II.—*Before* Lord Hastings' *House.*

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. What ho! My lord!— [*Knocking.*
HAST. [*Within.*] Who knocks at the door?
MESS. A messenger from the lord Stanley.[c]
HAST. [*Within.*] What is 't o'clock?
MESS. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

HAST. Cannot thy master¶ sleep these tedious nights?
MESS. So it should seem** by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.††
HAST. And‡‡ then?
MESS. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm:
Besides, he says, there are two councils held; §§
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
If you will presently take horse with him,

(*) First folio, *Crosby-House.* (†) First folio omits, *William.*
(‡) First folio inserts, *all.* (§) First folio, *was.*
(‖) First folio, *kindness.* (¶) First folio, *my lord Stanley*
(**) First folio, *appeares.* (††) Quartos, *lordship.*
(‡‡) First folio, *What.* (§§) First folio, *kept.*

[c] A messenger from the lord Stanley.] In the folio, the scene begins,—

"MESS. My Lord, my Lord.
HAST. Who knockes?
MESS. One from the Lord Stanley."

And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

HAST. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:*
His honour and myself are at the one;
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting† instance:
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond‡
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

MESS. My gracious lord, I'll § tell him what you say. [*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

CATE. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

HAST. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

CATE. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

HAST. How! *wear the garland!* dost thou mean the crown?

CATE. Ay, my good lord.

HAST. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Ere I will ‖ see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

CATE. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,—
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

HAST. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my enemies:¶
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it to the death.

CATE. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

HAST. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—
That they, who* brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
I tell thee, Catesby,[a]—

CATE. What, my lord.

HAST. Ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on 't.

CATE. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

HAST. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, that think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

CATE. The princes both make high account of you,—
[*Aside.*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

HAST. I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on,† where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

STAN. My lord, good morrow;—good morrow, Catesby;—
You may jest on, but by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

HAST. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours;[b]
And never, in my life I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than[c] 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

STAN. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast;
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
But come, my lord, shall we to the Tower?

HAST. I go; but stay, hear you not the news?[d]
This day those men you talk of are beheaded.

(*) First folio, *Councell.* (†) First folio, *without.*
(‡) First folio, *simple.* (§) First folio, *Ile goe, my Lord, and.*
(‖) First folio, *Before Ile.* (¶) First folio, *adversaries.*

[a] I tell thee, Catesby,—] In the folio there is no break in Hastings' speech, which stands,—

"*Well*, Catesby, ere a fort-night make me older,
Ile send," &c.

[b] *As dear* as you do *yours;*] The quartos' reading, which certainly expresses the speaker's meaning more lucidly than the curt lection of the folio,—

"My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours."

(*) First folio, *which.* (†) Quartos, *What my L.*

[c] *And never, in my* life *I do protest,*
Was it more precious to me than *'t is now:*]

The folio has,—

"And never in my *dayes*, I doe protest,
Was it *so* precious to me, *as* 't is now."

[d] Hear you not the news?] The folio reads,—

"What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
HAST. Come, come, have with you:
Wot you what, my Lord,
To-day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded."

STAN. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.—
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

HAST. Go you before, I'll follow presently.
[*Exeunt* STANLEY *and* CATESBY.
Well met![a] how goes the world with thee?
PURS. The better that your lordship please to ask.
HAST. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when I met thee* last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.
PURS. God hold it to your honour's good content!
HAST. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me. [*Throwing him his purse.*
PURS. I thank your honour. [*Exit.*

Enter a Priest.

PR. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour. [my heart.
HAST. I thank thee, good sir John, with all I am beholden to you for your last exercise;[b]
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.[c]

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

BUCK. How now, lord chamberlain, what, talking with a priest?[d]
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.
HAST. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those† men you talk of came into my mind.—
What, go you to the Tower, my lord?
BUCK. I do, but long, my lord, I shall not stay:[e]
I shall return before your lordship thence.

HAST. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.
BUCK. [*Aside.*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, shall we go along?*
[HAST. I'll wait upon your lordship.][f]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, *with a guard, conducting* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *to execution.*

RAT. Come, bring forth the prisoners.[g]
RIV. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
GREY. God keep† the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.[h]
RIV. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up‡ our guiltless blood to drink.
GREY. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
[When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,][i]
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
RIV. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!
RAT. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your lives is out.[k]
RIV. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us all§ embrace:
And take our leave until we meet in heaven.[l]
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *thou met'st me.* (†) First folio, *The.*

[a] Well met!] The folio has,—
"Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow."

[b] For your last exercise;] This is given somewhat differently in the folio,—
"PRIEST. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honor.
HAST. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise," &c.

[c] I will content you.] In the folio, we have,—
"PRIEST. Ile wait upon your Lordship;"
but as the words are immediately after given to Hastings, Theobald, Malone, and others conceive, what is highly probable, they were inserted twice by mistake.

[d] How now, lord chamberlain, what, talking with a priest?] The folio has,—
"What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?"
What, go you to the Tower, my lord?

(*) First folio, *will you goe?* (†) First folio, *blesse.*
(‡) First folio, *to thee.* (§) First folio, *here.*

BUCK. I do, but long, my lord, I shall not stay:]
In the folio we read,—
"What, goe you toward the Tower?
BUC. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there."

[f] I'll wait upon your lordship.] A line omitted in the quartos.

[g] Come, bring forth the prisoners.] This line is not in the folio.

[h] Blood-suckers.] After this, in the folio, are the following lines:—
"VAUGH. You live, that shall cry woe for this heereafter.
RAT. Dispatch, the limit of your Lives is out."

[i] When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,—] A line not found in the quartos.

[k] Come, come, dispatch, &c.] The folio has,—
"Make haste, the houre of death is expiate."

[l] And take our leave *until we meet in heaven.*] The folio reads —"Farewell, until we meet *againe* in Heaven."

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the* Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the* BISHOP *of* ELY, CATESBY, LOVEL, *and others, sitting at a table:* Officers *of the Council attending.*

HAST. My lords, at once,* the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation:
In God's name, say,† when is this‡ royal day?
BUCK. Are§ all things fitting‖ for that‡ royal time?
STAN. They are;¶ and wants but nomination.
ELY. To-morrow then I guess a happy time.**
BUCK. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?
ELY. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.[a]
BUCK. Who? I, my lord? we know each other's faces;
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine,
Than I of yours; nor I no more of his, than you of mine:[b]—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
HAST. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he delivered

(*) First folio, *Now Noble Peeres.* (†) First folio, *speake.*
(‡) First folio, *the.* (§) First folio, *Is.*
(‖) First folio, *ready.* (¶) Old text, *It is.*
(**) First folio, *I judge a happie day.*

[a] Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.] This line is thus lamely printed in the quartos:—

"Why you my Lo: me thinks you should soonest know his mind.

[b] — than you of mine:—] In the folio, the foregoing stands as follows:—

"We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine."

His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble* lords, may name the time,
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

ELY. Now in good† time, here comes the duke himself.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

GLO. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow:
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

BUCK. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean your voice,—for crowning of the king.

GLO. Than my lord Hastings no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them.

ELY. Marry and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit* ELY.

GLO. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Takes him aside.*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head ere give consent,
His master's son, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

BUCK. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

STAN. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP *of* ELY.

ELY. Where is my lord protector?‡ I have sent for these strawberries.

HAST. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid* good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
That can less hide[a] his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

STAN. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood† he show'd to-day?

HAST. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, if he were, he would have shown it in his looks.

STAN. Ay, pray God he be not, I say.[b]

Re-enter GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

GLO. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,[c]
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

HAST. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble‡ presence
To doom the offenders: whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

GLO. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill,§
See‖ how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
This is that¶ Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

HAST. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

GLO. *If!* thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of *ifs!*—Thou art a traitor!—
Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same!—
Some see it done;—[d]
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.
[*Exeunt all, except* HASTINGS, CATESBY, *and* LOVEL.

HAST. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;[e]
But I disdain'd it and did scorn to fly.

---

*) First folio, *Honorable.* (†) First folio, *In happie.*
(‡) First folio, *the Duke of Gloster.*

[a] That can less hide—] In the folio,—
"Can lesser hide," &c.

[b] Ay, pray God he be not, I say.] A line not found in the folio.

[c] —what they deserve,—] This is lamely printed in the quartos,—
"*I* pray you all, what do they deserve," &c.

[d] Some see it done;—] The folio has,—
"Lovel and Ratcliffe, looke that it be done;"

(*) First folio, *that he bids.* (†) First folio, *livelyhood.*
(‡) First folio, *princely.* (§) First folio, *their evil.*
(‖) First folio, *Looke.* (¶) First folio, *And this is.*

but, as Ratcliff was engaged at the time in attending the execution of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, he could not be present in the Tower. The inconsistency is avoided in the quartos; and probably arose in the folio from the actor who personated Ratcliff being cast to "double" with that character the part of an attendant on the duke of Gloucester.

[e] Stanley did dream, &c.] The folio reads,—
"Stanley did dreame, the Bore did *rowse our Helmes,*
And I did scorne it, and disdaine to flye."

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As 'twere* triumphing at† mine enemies,
How they‡ at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

CATE. Dispatch, my lord;§ the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

HAST. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair‖ looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

[LOV. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

HAST. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—][a]
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.(4)

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. The* Tower *Walls.*

Enter GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in rusty armour,*(5) *marvellous ill-favoured.*

GLO. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert¶ distraught and mad with terror?

BUCK. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side;
[Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,][b]
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
To grace my stratagems,—[c]

GLO. Here comes the mayor!

Enter the Lord Mayor *and* CATESBY.

BUCK. Let me alone to entertain him. Lord mayor!—

GLO. Look to the drawbridge there!

BUCK. The reason we have sent for you—

GLO. Catesby, overlook the walls.

BUCK. Hark! I hear a drum.

GLO. Look back! defend thee,—here are enemies!

BUCK. God and our innocency defend us!

GLO. Be patient; they are friends: Ratcliff and Lovel.[d]

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF, *with* HASTINGS' *head.*

LOV. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

GLO. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless man,
That breath'd upon this* earth a christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.†

BUCK. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.—
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Wer't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me and my good lord of Gloster?

MAY. Had he done so?

GLO. What! think ye we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we should, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

MAY. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death; [ceeded,
And you, my good lords,‡ both, have well pro-
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

(*) First folio, *too.* (†) First folio, *how.*
(‡) First folio, *To-day.* (§) First folio, *Come, come, dispatch.*
(‖) First folio, *good.* (¶) First folio, *were.*

a That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—] This and the three lines preceding it are found only in the folio.

b Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,—] A line not given in the quartos.

c To grace my stratagems,—] The folio reads, "*At any time* to grace," &c.; and adds, "But what, is Catesby gone?" to which Gloucester replies, "He is, and see he brings the Maior along."

(*) First folio, *the.* (†) First folio, *suspects.*
(‡) First folio, *your good Graces.*

d Be patient; they are friends: Ratcliff and Lovel.] This short episode with the Lord Mayor is thus varied in the folio:—

"BUCK. Lord Maior.
RICH. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.
BUCK. Hearke, a Drumme.
RICH. Catesby, o're-looke the Walls.
BUCK. Lord Maior, the reason we have sent.
RICH. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.
BUCK. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard us"

I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.
GLO. Yet had not we determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat* against our meaning,* hath† prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.
MAY. But, my good lord, your grace's word‡ shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.
GLO. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.
BUCK. But§ since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit* Lord Mayor.
GLO. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—
There, at your meet'st advantage‖ of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his lustful¶ eye, or savage heart,
Without control, listed** to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France;
And, by true computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
But†† touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

(*) First folio, *Something—meanings.* (†) Old text, *have.*
(‡) First folio, *words.* (§) First folio, *Which.*
(‖) First folio, *meetest vantage.* (¶) First folio, *raging.*
(**) First folio, *lusted.* (††) First folio, *Yet.*

BUCK. Fear* not, my lord, I'll play the orator.
As if the golden fee for which I plead,
Were for myself.[a]
GLO. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.
BUCK. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.
[*Exit.*
[GLO. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—
Go thou [*To* CATESBY.] to friar Penker;†—bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.][b]
[*Exeunt* LOVEL, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.
Now will I in,‡ to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice,§ that no manner of person
Have any time recourse unto the princes.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

SCRIV. This‖ is the indictment of the good lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be this day¶ read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I** spent to write it o'er,
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought†† me;
The precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,(6)
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Why‡‡ who's so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so blind,§§ but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. Court of* Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *meeting.*

GLO. How now, how now! what say the citizens?

(*) First folio, *Doubt.* (†) First folio, *Peuker.*
(‡) First folio, *goe.* (§) First folio, *order.*
(‖) First folio, *Here.* (¶) First folio, *to day.*
(**) First folio inserts, *have.* (††) First folio, *sent.*
(‡‡) First folio omits, *Why.* (§§) First folio, *bold.*

[a] Were for myself.] The folio adds,—
"And so, my Lord adue."

[b] At Baynard's castle.] This and the two foregoing lines are not in the quartos.

[c] That no manner of person—] In the folio,—"No manner person."

BUCK. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.
GLO. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?
BUCK. I did; with [his contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France:][a]
The unsatiate greediness of his desire,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France;
[And his resemblance, being not like the duke.][b]
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory drew toward end,
I bade* them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*
GLO. And did they so?
BUCK. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;[c]
But, like dumb statuas, or breathing stones,
Gaz'd† on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was,—the people were not wont‡
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, *God save king Richard!*
[And thus I took the vantage of those few,—][d]
Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I;
This general applause and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.
GLO. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?
BUCK. No, by my troth, my lord.[e]
GLO. Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?
BUCK. The mayor is here at hand; intend[f] some fear;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord
For on that ground I'll build* a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.
GLO. I go; and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.
BUCK. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks. [*Exit* GLOUCESTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby,—what says your lord to my request?[g]
CATE. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit† would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
BUCK. Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again;‡
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,§
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.
CATE. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*
BUCK. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling‖ on a lewd day-bed,¶
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping to engross his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof;
But, sure,[h] I fear, we shall not win him to it.

(*) First folio, *bid.* (†) First folio, *Star'd.*
(‡) First folio, *used.*

[a] His contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France:]
Omitted in the quartos.

[b] And his resemblance, being not like the duke.] This line also is found only in the folio.

[c] —they spake not a word;] Omitted in the quartos.

[d] And thus I took the vantage of those few,—] A line omitted in the quartos.

[e] No, by my troth, my lord.] Only in the quartos.

(*) First folio, *make.* (†) First folio, *suites.*
(‡) First folio, *the gracious Duke.* (§) First folio, *Aldermen.*
(‖) Old text, *lulling.* (¶) First folio, *Love-Bed.*

[f] Intend—] That is, *pretend.*

[g] Now, Catesby,—what says your lord to my request?] So the folio. In the quartos, Buckingham is made to say,—
"Here comes his servant: how now Catesby, what says he?"

[h] *But,* sure, *I fear,*—] Mr. Collier's annotator reads very plausibly,—
"But *sore* I fear."

MAY. Marry, God forbid* his grace should say us nay!

BUCK. I fear, he will: here Catesby comes again;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

CATE. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

BUCK. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOUCESTER *in a gallery above, between two* Bishops. CATESBY *returns.*

MAY. See, where he stands between two clergymen![a]

BUCK. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
[And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.—][b]
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right christian zeal.

GLO. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,[c]
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect† the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

BUCK. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

GLO. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

BUCK. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

GLO. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land? [resign

BUCK. Know then, it is your fault that you
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
[Your state of fortune and your due of birth,][d]
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
The noble isle doth want her* proper limbs;
Her* face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her* royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;—
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit† come I to move your grace.

GLO. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
[If, not to answer,—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.][e]
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you, were there need.)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,

(*) First folio, *defend*. (†) First folio, *Deferr'd*.

a See, where he stands between two clergymen!] The folio slightly varies this to,—

"See where his Grace stands, tweene two Clergiemen!"

b And, see, &c.] The lines in brackets are found only in the folio.

(*) First folio, *His*. (†) First folio, *Cause*

c *I* rather *do beseech* you *pardon me*,—] So the quartos: the folio reads, I *doe* beseech *your Grace to* pardon me.

d Your state of fortune and your due of birth,—] A line omitted in the quartos.

e Definitively thus I answer you.] This and the preceding nine lines are not in the quartos.

And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

BUCK. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For first was he contráct to lady Lucy,—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow,—
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loath'd bigamy:[a]
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.

[a] Loath'd bigamy:] *Bigamy*, Blackstone remarks, which differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once, consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow, and was made unlawful and infamous by a canon of the Council of Lyons, A.D. 1274.

Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course. [you.

MAY. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat

BUCK. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

CATE. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

GLO. Alas, why would you heap those cares* on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss,
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

BUCK. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, whê'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you;—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.[a]
[*Exeunt* BUCK. *and* Cit.

CATE. Call them† again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

GLO. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again; I am not made of stone,‡
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
[*Exit* CATESBY.
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, *and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whê'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows,* and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

MAY. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

GLO. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

BUCK. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

ALL. Amen.

BUCK. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

GLO. Even when you please, since† you will have it so.

BUCK. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

GLO. Come, let us to our holy work again:—
[*To the* Bishops.
Farewell, my cousin;‡—farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *this Care.* (†) First folio, *him.*
(‡) First folio, *Stones.*

[a] Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.] The quartos give this line with an oath:—
"Come citizens, zounds Ile intreat no more."

(*) First folio, *doth know.* (†) First folio, *for.*
(‡) First folio, *Cousins.*

To which Richard answers,
"O do not sweare, my lord of Buckingham."

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. *Before the* Tower.

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, *the* DUCHESS *of* YORK, *and* MARQUIS *of* DORSET; *on the other,* ANNE DUCHESS *of* GLOUCESTER, *leading* LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S *young daughter.*

DUCH. Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet?[a]

Q. ELIZ. Sister, well met! whither away so fast?

ANNE. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,

---

[a] Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet?] The opening of this scene is thus exhibited in the folio text:—

"DUCH. YORKE. Who meets us heere?
My Neece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my Life, shee's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
ANNE. God give your Graces both, a happie
And a ioyfull time of day.
QU. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?
ANNE. No farther then the Tower," &c.

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the tender * princes there.

Q. ELIZ. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:
And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—

Enter BRAKENBURY.

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How fares the prince? [a]

BRAK. Well, madam, and in health; but by your leave,
I may not suffer you to visit him;
The king hath straightly charg'd the contrary.

Q. ELIZ. *The king!* who's that?

BRAK. I cry you mercy,† I mean the lord protector.

Q. ELIZ. The lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds betwixt ‡ their love and me?
I am their mother; who should keep§ me from them?

DUCH. I am their father's mother, and‖ will see them.

ANNE. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother;
Then fear not thou; I'll bear thy blame,[b]
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

BRAK. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit* BRAK.

Enter STANLEY.

STAN. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

[*To the* DUCHESS *of* GLOUCESTER.

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. ELIZ. O,¶ cut my lace asunder!
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.[c]

DORS. Madam, have comfort: how fares your grace?

Q. ELIZ. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence,*
Death and destruction dog thee at the† heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

STAN. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam:—
Take all the swift advantage of the time; ‡
You shall have letters from me to my son
To meet you on the way and welcome you: [d]
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

DUCH. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous!

STAN. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

ANNE. And I in § all unwillingness will go.—
O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!‖ (1)
Anointed let me be with deadly poison,¶
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen,

Q. ELIZ. Alas!** poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

ANNE. No! why?—When he that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead†† saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—*Be thou*, quoth I, *accurs'd*,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (*if any be so mad*)
As‡‡ miserable by the life§§ of thee,
As‖‖ thou hast made me by my dear lord's death.
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,

(*) First folio, *gentle.* (†) First folio omits, *I cry you mercy.*
(‡) First folio, *betweene.* (§) First folio, *shall barre.*
(‖) First folio, *I.* (¶) First folio, *Ah.*

[a] How fares the prince? &c.] So the quartos; the corresponding passage in the folio reads:—

"How doth the Prince, and my young sonne of Yorke?
LIEU. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them,
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary."

[b] *Then* fear not thou;] The folio reads, Then *bring me to their sights.*

[c] Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.] In the folio, Anne here exclaims,—

(*) First folio, *gone.* (†) First folio, *thy.*
(‡) First folio, *howres.* (§) First folio, *with.*
(‖) First folio, *Braines.* (¶) First folio, *Venome*
(**) First folio, *Goe, goe.* (††) First folio, *deare.*
(‡‡) First folio, *More.* (§§) Quartos, *death.*
(‖‖) First folio, *Then.*

"Despightfull tidings, O unpleasing newes."

And Dorset resumes,—

"Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your Grace?"

[d] *To meet you on the way*, and welcome you:] So the quartos. in the folio,—

"*In your behalfe*, to meet you on the way."

E'en in so short a space,* my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which ever since hath kept† mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy'd‡ the golden dew of sleep,
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.[a]
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt,§ shortly be rid of me.

Q. ELIZ. Alas, poor soul! I pity thy complaints.[b]

ANNE. No more than from‖ my soul I mourn for yours.

Q. ELIZ. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory!

ANNE. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

DUCH. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!— [*To* DORSET.
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!— [*To* ANNE.
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! [*To* Q. ELIZABETH.
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

[Q. ELIZ. Stay yet;[c] look back with me unto the Tower.—
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets. RICHARD, *crowned;*[d] BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a* Page, *and others.*

K. RICH. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,[e]
Give me thy hand. [RICH. *ascends the throne.*
Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—
But shall we wear these honours* for a day,
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

BUCK. Still live they, and for ever may they† last!

K. RICH. O,‡ Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:—
Young Edward lives;—think now what I would say.§

BUCK. Say on, my gracious sovereign.[f]

K. RICH. Why, Buckingham, I say I would be king.

BUCK. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.‖

K. RICH. Ha! am I king? 'T is so:—but Edward lives.

BUCK. True, noble prince.

K. RICH. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live,—*true, noble prince!*—
Cousin, thou wert¶ not wont to be so dull:—
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

BUCK. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. RICH. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

BUCK. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,[g]
Before I positively speak herein:**
I will resolve your grace immediately.[h]

[*Exit* BUCK.

CATE. The king is angry; see, he bites†† his lip. [*Aside.*

K. RICH. I will converse with iron-witted fools, [*Descends from his throne.*
And unrespective boys; none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes:—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy,—

PAGE. My lord?

K. RICH. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would‡‡ tempt unto a close exploit of death?

PAGE. I know a discontented gentleman,

(*) First folio, *Within so small a time.*
(†) First folio, *hitherto hath held.*
(‡) First folio, *Did I enioy.*
(§) Quartos omit, *no doubt.*
(‖) First folio, *with.*
(¶) First folio, *wast.*
(**) First folio, *in this.*
(††) First folio, *gnawes.*
(‡‡) First folio, *Will.*

[a] But have been waked by his timorous dreams.] In the folio,—
"But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd."

[b] Alas, *poor* soul! *I pity thy* complaints.] So the quarto: the folio version reads,—
"Poore *heart adieu,* I pittie thy *complaining.*"

[c] Stay yet; &c.] This speech is omitted in the quartos.

[d] RICHARD, *crowned;*] "Enter Richard in pompe" is the stage direction of the folio.

[e] Cousin of Buckingham,—] The folio adds,—
"BUCK. My gracious Soveraigne."

[f] *Say on, my* gracious sovereign.] The folio reads,—
"Say on my *loving Lord.*"

[g] *Give me some breath, some* little *pause,* my *lord,*—] So the quarto: the folio has,—
"Give me some *litle* breath, some pawse, *deare* Lord."

[h] *I will resolve* your grace immediately.] In the folio,—
"I will resolve *you herein presently.*"

Whose humble means match not his haughty mind: *
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. Go, call him hither presently.[a]—

[*Exit* Page.

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel: †
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath? *

Enter Stanley.

How now, what news with you?[b]

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Catesby?

(*) First folio, *spirit.* (†) First folio, *counsailes.*

(*) First folio adds, *Well, be it so.*

[a] *Go, call him hither* presently.] That is, *immediately.* The folio has, "I partly know the man: goe call him hither, Boy."

[b] How now, what news with you?] The abrupt exclamation of the quarto: the folio reads, *How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news?* But Stanley's answer in the latter edition seems preferable to the quarto, which has,—

"My lord, I hear the marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where he abides."

CATE. My lord?

K. RICH. Rumour it abroad,[a]
That Anne, my wife, is sick, and like to die;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean born* gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—(2)
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my wife† is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.— [*Exit* CATESBY.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, *with* TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

TYR. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. RICH. Art thou, indeed?

TYR. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.‡

K. RICH. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

TYR. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. RICH. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:—
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

TYR. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. RICH. Thou sing'st sweet music. Come§ hither, Tyrrel;
Go, by this token:—rise, and lend thine ear:
[*Whispers.*
There is no more but so:—say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.[b]

TYR. 'Tis done, my gracious lord.

K. RICH. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep?

TYR. You shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

BUCK. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late request that you did sound me in.

K. RICH. Well, let that pass.* Dorset is fled to Richmond.

BUCK. I hear that† news, my lord.

K. RICH. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—well, look to‡ it.

BUCK. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
The which you promised I should possess.[c] (3)

K. RICH. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

BUCK. What says your highness to my just demand?§

K. RICH. As I remember‖—Henry the sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps—perhaps—¶

BUCK. My lord,—[d]

K. RICH. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

BUCK. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. RICH. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont; at which name, I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

BUCK. My lord,—

K. RICH. Ay, what's o'clock?

BUCK. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. RICH. Well, but what's o'clock?

(*) First folio, *poore.* (†) First folio, *Queene.*
(‡) First folio, *Lord.* (§) First folio, *Hearke, come.*

[a] K. RICH. *Catesby?*
CATE. My lord?
K. RICH. *Rumour it abroad, That Anne, my wife, is sick,* and like to die;]
So the quarto: the folio reads,—
"RICH. *Come hither* Catesby, rumor it abroad,
That Anne my Wife is *very grievous* sicke."

[b] *And I will love thee, and prefer thee* too.] The folio reads, "preferre thee *for it;*" and in place of the three lines that follow makes Tyrrel answer only,—
"I will dispatch it straight."

(*) First folio, *rest.* (†) First folio, *the.*
(‡) First folio, *unto.* (§) First folio, *request.*
(‖) First folio, *I doe remember me.*
(¶) First folio, *perhaps,* once only.

[c] The *which you promised I* should *possess.*] In the folio,—
"Which you *have* promised I *shall* possesse."

[d] BUCK. My lord,—] The characteristic and dramatic portion of the scene that follows is entirely omitted in the folio, where Buckingham is made to say,—
"May it please you to resolve me in my suit?"—
and the King immediately answers,—
"Thou troublest me," &c.

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.
K. Rich. Tut, tut,* thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt* K. Richard *and* Train.

Buck. Is it even so?[a] repays he my true† service
With such‡ contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody deed§ is done,—
The most arch-act‖ of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless* piece of butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting† with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
Lo, thus, quoth Dighton, *lay those tender‡ babes,—*
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, *girdling one another*
Within their innocent alabaster§ arms:
Their lips like four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.(4)[b]
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,‖ quoth Forrest, *almost chang'd my mind;*
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.
And here he comes:—

(*) First folio omits, *Tut, tut.* (†) First folio, *deepe.*
(‡) Quartos insert, *deepe.* (§) First folio, *Act.*
(‖) First folio, *deed.*

[a] Is it even so?] The folio reads, "*And is it thus?*"

[b] *Their lips* like *four red roses on a stalk,*
Which, *in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.*]

(*) First folio, *peece of ruthfull.* (†) First folio, *Melted.*
(‡) First folio, *the gentle.*
(§) First folio, *Alablaster innocent.* (‖) First folio, *one.*

The folio lection is,—

"Their lips *were* foure red Roses on a stalke,
And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.

Enter KING RICHARD.

All hail,* my sovereign liege!†
K. RICH. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news? [charge
TYR. If to have done the thing you gave in
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done, my lord.‡
K. RICH. But didst thou see them dead?
TYR. I did, my lord.
K. RICH. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?
TYR. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But how, or in what place,[a] I do not know.
K. RICH. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at§ after-supper,
And ‖ thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell, till then.
[TYR. I humbly take my leave.][b]
[*Exit* TYRREL.
K. RICH. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the¶ world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

CATE. My lord,—
K. RICH. Good news or bad,** that thou com'st in so bluntly? [Richmond;
CATE. Bad news, my lord: Ely†† is fled to
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
K. RICH. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.‡‡
Come,—I have heard§§ that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads ‖‖ impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury and herald for a king!
Go muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *health.*
(†) First folio, *Lord.*
(‡) First folio omits, *my lord.*
(§) First folio, *and.*
(‖) First folio, *When.*
(¶) First folio, *this.*
(**) First folio, *Good or bad newes.*
(††) First folio, *Mourton.*
(‡‡) Quarto, *army.*
(§§) First folio, *learn'd.*
(‖‖) First folio, *leds.*

[a] *But* how, or in what place,—] In the folio, But *where* (*to say the truth.*)

[b] I humbly take my leave.] Omitted in the quartos.

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. MAR. So; now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.—
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret; who comes here? [*Retires.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* DUCHESS *of* YORK.

Q. ELIZ. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown* flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!
Q. MAR. [*Aside.*] Hover about her! say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.
DUCH. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. MAR. [*Aside.*] Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.
Edward, for Edward, pays a dying debt.
Q. ELIZ. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?
Q. MAR. [*Aside.*] When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.
DUCH. Blind sight, dead life,† poor mortal-living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
[Brief abstract and record of tedious days,][c]
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!
Q. ELIZ. O,‡ that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!

(*) First folio, *unblowed.*
(†) First folio, *Dead life, blind sight.*
(‡) First folio, *Ah.*

[c] Brief abstract and record of tedious days,—] This line is omitted in the quartos.

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
O,* who hath any cause to mourn but I? †
[*Sitting down by her.*
Q. MAR. [*Coming forward.*] If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory, ‡
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
[*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—[a]
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a Henry, § till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.
DUCH. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st || to kill him.
Q. MAR. Thou hadst a Clarence too, till ¶ Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;[b]
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!
DUCH. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. MAR. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd ** my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match †† not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd ‡‡ my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic §§ play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to* say, The dog is dead!
Q. ELIZ. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.
Q. MAR. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two sweet † babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a breath, a bubble;[c]
A sign of dignity, a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children? ‡ wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues to thee and cries[d]—*God save the queen?*
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:[e]
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd § about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert, ||
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my weary neck, ¶
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance;
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

(*) First folio, *Ah.*
(†) First folio, *wee.*
(‡) First folio, *signeurie.*
(§) First folio, *Husband.*
(||) First folio, *hop'st.*
(¶) First folio, *And.*
(**) First folio, *kill'd.*
(††) First folio, *Matcht.*
(‡‡) First folio, *stab'd.*
(§§) First folio, *franticke.*

[a] Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:] This line is omitted in the folio.

[b] That foul defacer of God's handy-work;] Here, in the folio, follow these two lines—

"That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping soules:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth."

[c] ——— a breath, a bubble;
A sign of dignity, a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;]
The folio text arranges these lines thus:—

(*) First folio, *and.*
(†) First folio, *faire.*
(‡) First folio, *two Sonnes.*
(§) First folio, *whirl'd.*
(||) Old text, *art,—wast.*
(¶) First folio, *wearied head.*

"——— a garish Flagge
To be the ayme of every dangerous Shot
A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble."

[d] *Who sues* to thee *and* cries—] In the folio,
"Who sues, *and kneeles* and *sayes.*"

[e] For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care: &c.] The folio reads:—

"For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:
For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
For she being feared of all, now fearing one:
For she commanding all, obey'd of none."

Q. ELIZ. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Q. MAR. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer* than they were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.
Q. ELIZ. My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!
Q. MAR. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit* Q. MARGARET.
DUCH. Why should calamity be full of words?
Q. ELIZ. Windy attorneys to their client† woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate‡ joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope; though what they do§ impart
Help not at all,‖ yet do they ease the heart.
DUCH. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
I hear his drum,¶—be copious in exclaims.

Drums and Trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD *and his* Train, *marching.*

K. RICH. Who intercepts me in my expedition?
DUCH. O, she that might have intercepted thee,—
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,—
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.
Q. ELIZ. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown, [right,
Where** should be graven,†† if that right were
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor‡‡ sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?
DUCH. Thou toad! thou toad! where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

(*) First folio, *sweeter.* (†) First folio, *Clients.*
(‡) First folio, *intestine.* (§) First folio, *will.*
(‖) First folio, *nothing els.*
(¶) First folio, *The Trumpet soũnds.*
(**) First folio, *Where't.* (††) First folio, *branded.*
(‡‡) Quartos, *two.*

Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?] This inquiry is distributed in the folio between the two ladies:—

"Qu. Where is *the gentle* Rivers, Vaughan, Gray?
Dut. Where is kinde Hastings?"

b Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.] The following unimportant lines here occur in the folio:—

"Dut. O let me speake.
Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare."

c *In* anguish, pain, *and agony.*] In the folio, "in *torment* and *in* agony."

Q. ELIZ. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?[a]
K. RICH. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!—
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
DUCH. Art thou my son?
K. RICH. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.
DUCH. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. RICH. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
Which* cannot brook the accent of reproof.[b]
DUCH. I will be mild and gentle in my speech.†
K. RICH. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.
DUCH. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain, and agony.[c]
K. RICH. And came I not at last to comfort you?
DUCH. No, by the holy rood! thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,[d]
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in‡ thy company?
K. RICH. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour,(5) that call'd your grace
To break fast once, forth of my company.
If I§ be so disgracious in your sight,‖
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.
DUCH. O, hear me speak; for I shall never see thee more.[e]

(*) First folio, *That.* (†) First folio, *words.*
(‡) First folio, *with.* (§) Quartos, *it.*
(‖) First folio, *eye.*

d *Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,*—] The folio reads, "subtle, *slye, and* bloody," and adds a line,—

"*More milde, but yet more harmfull; Kinde in hatred.*"

e DUCH. O, hear me speak; for I shall never see thee more.
K. RICH. Come, come, you are too bitter.]

In the folio:—

"Dut. I prythee heare me speake.
Rich. You speake too bitterly.
Dut. Heare me a word:
For I shall never speake to thee againe."

K. Rich. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon* thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy† curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *never more behold.* (†) First folio, *grievous.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say *Amen* to all.* [*Going.*
K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak† a word with you.
Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to murder:‡ for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd from§ bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter!
K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.[a]
Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.
K. Rich. Her life is only‖ safest in her birth.
Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.
K. Rich. Lo, at their birth good stars were opposite.
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad¶ friends were contrary.
K. Rich. All unavoided[b] is the doom of destiny.
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.
[K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.
Q. Eliz. *Cousins*, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd** their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.][c]
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours were by me wrong'd![*]
Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?
K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle† lady.
Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?
K. Rich. No, to the‡ dignity and height of honour,§
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows‖ with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.
K. Rich. What do you think?
Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.
Q. Eliz. Say¶ then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen; who else should be?
Q. Eliz. What, thou?
K. Rich. Even so: how think you of it?
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That would I** learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,

(*) First folio, *her.* (†) First folio, *talke.*
(‡) First folio, *slaughter.* (§) First folio, *of.*
(‖) First folio, *safest onely.* (¶) First folio, *ill.*
(**) Old text, *lanch'a.*

(*) First folio, *and yours by me were harm'd.*
(†) Quartos, *mightie.* (‡) First folio, *Unto the.*
(§) First folio, *Fortune.* (‖) First folio, *sorrow.*
(¶) First folio, *Well.* (**) First folio, *I would.*

[a] *She is* of royal blood.] So the quarto; the folio has, "She is *a Royall Princesse.*"

[b] *All* unavoided *is the doom*, &c.] That is, All *unavoidable.*

[c] Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.] The lines within brackets are not in the quartos.

Edward and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; [which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,] [a]
And bid her dry* her weeping eyes therewith.†
If this inducement force‡ her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble acts; [b]
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; yea,§ and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. RICH. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. ELIZ. There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

[K. RICH. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. ELIZ. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate [c] thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. RICH. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours gives leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter, wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset, brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.

What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan,* with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chástised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. ELIZ. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?] [d]

K. RICH. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. ELIZ. Which she shall purchase with still-lasting war.

K. RICH. Say that the king, which may command,[e] entreats.

Q. ELIZ. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.

K. RICH. Say she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. ELIZ. To wail† the title, as her mother doth.

K. RICH. Say I will love her everlastingly.

Q. ELIZ. But how long shall that title, *ever*, last?

K. RICH. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. ELIZ. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. RICH. So‡ long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

Q. ELIZ. As long as hell and Richard likes of it.

K. RICH. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.§

Q. ELIZ. But she, your subject, loaths such sovereignty.

K. RICH. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. ELIZ. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

(*) First folio, *wipe*. (†) First folio, *withall*.
(‡) First folio, *move*. (§) First folio, *I*.

[a] —— which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,—]
These words are omitted in the quartos.

[b] *A* story *of thy noble* acts;] So the quartos: the folio has, a *Letter* of thy Noble *deeds*."

[c] *She cannot choose but* hate *thee*,—] A misprint probably, as

(*) Old text, *Loue*. (†) First folio, *vaile*.
(‡) First folio, *As*. (§) First folio, *low*.

Mason and Steevens surmised, for "*—have* thee," or, as Tyrwhitt conjectured, for "*—love* thee."

[d] Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?] The fifty-five lines inclosed in brackets are found only in the folio. See note (a), p. 534, and the Introductory Notice.

[e] Say that *the king*, which *may command*,—] In the folio,—"*Tell her*, the King *that* may command,—" &c.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms, tell her* my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Madam,† your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.[a]

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear—

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy‡ honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory:§
If something thou wilt‖ swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that¶ dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself mis-usest.[b]

K. Rich. Why then, by God,**—

Q. Eliz. God's** wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd†† to break an oath by‡‡ Him,
The unity the king thy brother[c] made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow, §§
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two[d] tender play-fellows‖‖ for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a¶¶ prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?[e]

K. Rich. The time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents* thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in† their age:
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd‡ plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times mis-us'd o'er-past.§

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt‖
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
[Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours![f]]
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding! if, with pure¶ heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to this land and me,
To thee, herself, and many a christian soul,[g]
Death,** desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear†† mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond‡‡ in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But§§ thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I'll‖‖ bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall¶¶ breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

(*) First folio, *plainly to her, tell.*
(†) First folio omits, *Madam.*
(‡) First folio, *Lordly.*
(‖) First folio, *would'st.*
(**) First folio, *Heaven—Heavens.*
(††) First folio, *didd'st feare.*
(‡‡) First folio, *with.*
(§§) First folio, *head.*
(‖‖) First folio, *Bed-fellowes.*
(¶¶) First folio, *the.*

[a] Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.] In the folio, the Queen's answer precedes Richard's speech, which is accidentally omitted in the quartos.

[b] K. Rich. Then, by myself,—
Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself mis-usest.]
In the folio, which reads, "Thy Selfe, *is selfe misus'd,*" this oath and the Queen's *repartee* immediately follow the line,—
"Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd."

[c] *The unity the king* thy brother *made,*
Had not been *broken, nor my* brother slain.]
In the quartos, *thy,* in the first line, is misprinted *my:* the folio reads,—
"The unity the King *my husband* made
Thou had'st not broken, nor my *Brothers died.*"

[d] Two *tender play-fellows*—] *Two* in this passage is unquestionably an error for *too.*

[e] What canst thou swear by now?] Omitted in the quartos.

[f] Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!] This line is not in the quarto.

[g] *Without her, follows to* this land and me,
To thee, herself, *and many a christian soul,*—]
In the folio, the arrangement is slightly altered.—
"Without her, follows to *my selfe, and thee;*
Her selfe, the Land," &c.

(*) First folio, *Fathers.*
(†) First folio, *with.*
(‡) First folio, *barren.*
(§) First folio, *ill-us'd repast.*
(‖) First folio, *Affayres.*
(¶) First folio, *deere.*
(**) Quarto, *Sad.*
(††) Quarto, *good.*
(‡‡) First folio, *peevish found.*
(§§) First folio, *Yet.*
(‖‖) First folio, *I bury.*
(¶¶) First folio, *will.*

K. RICH. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Q. ELIZ. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
[And you shall understand from me her mind.][a]
K. RICH. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.
[*Kissing her. Exit* Q. ELIZABETH.
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.*

[How now! what news?][b]
RAT. My gracious* sovereign, on the western [coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore†
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.
K. RICH. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk:—
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?
CATE. Here, my good lord.
K. RICH. Catesby, fly to the duke.
[CATE. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.
K. RICH. Ratcliff,‡ come hither:][c] post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither—Dull unmindful villain, [*To* CATESBY.
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?
CATE. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver§ him.
K. RICH. O, true, good Catesby;—bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power‖ he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
CATE. I go. [*Exit.*
RAT. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?
K. RICH. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go?
RAT. Your highness told me, I should post before.
K. RICH. My mind is chang'd.—

Enter STANLEY.

Stanley, what news with you?
STAN. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
K. RICH. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?
STAN. Richmond is on the seas.
K. RICH. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate! what doth he there?
STAN. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. RICH. Well, as you guess?
STAN. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
K. RICH. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?
STAN. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
K. RICH. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes?
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
STAN. No, mighty liege;* therefore mistrust me not.
K. RICH. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-cónducting the rebels from their ships?
STAN. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north. [the north,
K. RICH. Cold friends to me: what do they in
When they should serve their sovereign in the west? [king:
STAN. They have not been commanded, mighty
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.
K. RICH. Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:
But I'll not trust thee.
STAN. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be false.
K. RICH. Go then, and muster men: but leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
STAN. So deal with him as I prove true to you.
[*Exit* STANLEY.

(*) First folio, *Most mightie.* (†) First folio, *our shores.*
(‡) Old text, *Catesby.* (§) First folio inserts, *to.*
(‖) First folio inserts, *that.*

[a] And you shall understand from me her mind.] The quartos omit this line.

(*) First folio, *my good Lord.*

[b] How now! what news?] Omitted in the quarto.
[c] [I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.
K. RICH. Ratcliff, come hither:] Not in the quartos.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advértisèd,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more* confederates, are in arms.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 MESS. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 MESS. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
K. RICH. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*Striking him.*
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.
3 MESS. The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.
K. RICH. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
3 MESS. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.†

Enter a fourth Messenger.

4 MESS. Sir Thomas Lovel and lord marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. RICH. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter CATESBY.

CATE. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news; that the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.
K. RICH. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* Lord Stanley's *House.*

Enter STANLEY *and Sir* CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.[a]

STAN. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—
That, in the sty of this most bloody* boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds† my present aid.
So get thee gone; commend me to thy lord:
Tell him‡ the queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
CHRIS. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.
STAN. What men of name resort to him?
CHRIS. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many more of noble fame§ and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
STAN. Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand:
These letters‖ will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *moe.* (†) First folio, *Lord.*

a Sir Christopher Urswick.] Chaplain to Margaret, countess of Richmond, and afterwards grand almoner to Henry the Seventh, by whom he was held in great esteem. He died in 1521, at Hackney, of which place he was rector, where a monument still remains to his memory.

(*) First folio, *the most deadly.* (†) First folio, *holds off.*
(‡) First folio, *Withall say, that.*
(§) First folio, *other of great name.* (‖) First folio, *My Letter.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff, *and the* Guard, *with* Buckingham, *led to execution.*

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,*
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
This is All-souls' day, fellows,† is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.‡

Buck. Why, then All-souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children or* his wife's allies:
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most;†
This, this All-souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on‡ their masters' bosom:§
Now‖ Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
When he, quoth she, *shall split thy heart with sorrow,*
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame,[a]
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *Gray and Rivers.* (†) First folio, *Fellow.*
(‡) First folio omits, *my lord.*

(*) First folio, *and.* (†) First folio, *whom most I trusted.*
(‡) First folio, *in.* (§) First folio, *bosomes.*
(‖) First folio, *Thus.*

[a] *Come,* sirs, convey *me to the block of shame,*—] The folio reading is,—
"Come *leade* me *Officers,*" &c.

SCENE II.—*A Plain near* Tamworth.

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, *Sir* JAMES BLUNT, *Sir* WALTER HERBERT, *and others, with* Forces, *marching.*

RICHM. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms,—this foul swine
Lies* now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war!

OXF. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,†
To fight against that bloody‡ homicide.

HERB. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

BLUNT. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear;
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

RICHM. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Bosworth Field.

Enter KING RICHARD, *and* Forces; *the* DUKE *of* NORFOLK, EARL *of* SURREY, *and others.*

K. RICH. Here pitch our tents,§ even here in Bosworth field.—
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

SUR. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. RICH. My lord of Norfolk,—

NOR. Here, most gracious liege.

K. RICH. Norfolk, we must have knocks, ha! must we not?

NOR. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. RICH. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;
[Soldiers *begin to set up the* KING's *tent.*
But where to-morrow?—Well, all 's one for that.—
Who hath descried the number of our foe?*

NOR. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. RICH. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.—
Up with my tent there!—Valiant gentlemen,[a]
Let us survey the vantage of the field;†—
Call for some men of sound direction:—
Let's want‡ no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, *Sir* WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, *Sir* JAMES BLUNT, *and other* Officers. *Some of the* Soldiers *pitch* RICHMOND's *tent.*

RICHM. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track§ of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
[My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:][b]
The earl of Pembroke keep|| his regiment;
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou goest;[c]—
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

BLUNT. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

RICHM. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful scroll.¶

BLUNT. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;

(*) First folio, *Is.* (†) First folio, *men.*
(‡) First folio, *this guilty.* (§) First folio, *Tent.*

a *Up with* my *tent* there!—Valiant *gentlemen,*—] The corresponding line in the folio is:—
"Up with *the* Tent: *Come Noble* Gentlemen."

b And you, Sir Walter Herbert, &c.] This and the preceding line are found only in the folio.

c *Good* Blunt, before thou goest;—] The folio reads,—"Good *Captaine do for me.*"

(*) First folio, *the Traitors.* (†) First folio, *ground.*
(‡) First folio, *lacke.* (§) First folio, *Tract.*
(||) First folio, *keepes.* (¶) First folio, *Note.*

[And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!][a]
RICHM. Good night, good captain Blunt.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;[b]
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air* is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

K. RICH. What is 't o'clock?
CATE. It's supper time, my lord;
It's six† o'clock.
K. RICH. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?
CATE. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. RICH. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
NOR. I go, my lord.
K. RICH. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
NOR. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. RICH. Ratcliff,—
RAT. My lord?
K. RICH. Send out a pursuivant-at-arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:—[c]
[*To* CATESBY.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff,—
RAT. My lord?
K. RICH. Saw'st thou‡ the melancholy lord Northumberland?
RAT. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.
K. RICH. So; I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?
RAT. It is, my lord.

(*) First folio, *Dew.* (†) First folio, *nine.*
(‡) First folio omits, *thou.*

[a] And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!] Omitted in the quartos.

[b] Give me some ink and paper in my tent;] In the folio, this and the three following lines are introduced into Richmond's previous speech after the words,—"Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard."

[c] A watch·—] Probably, a *watch-light,* or candle marked in sections to denote the lapse of time.

K. RICH. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.
[KING RICHARD *retires into his tent.*
Exeunt RATCLIFF *and* CATESBY.

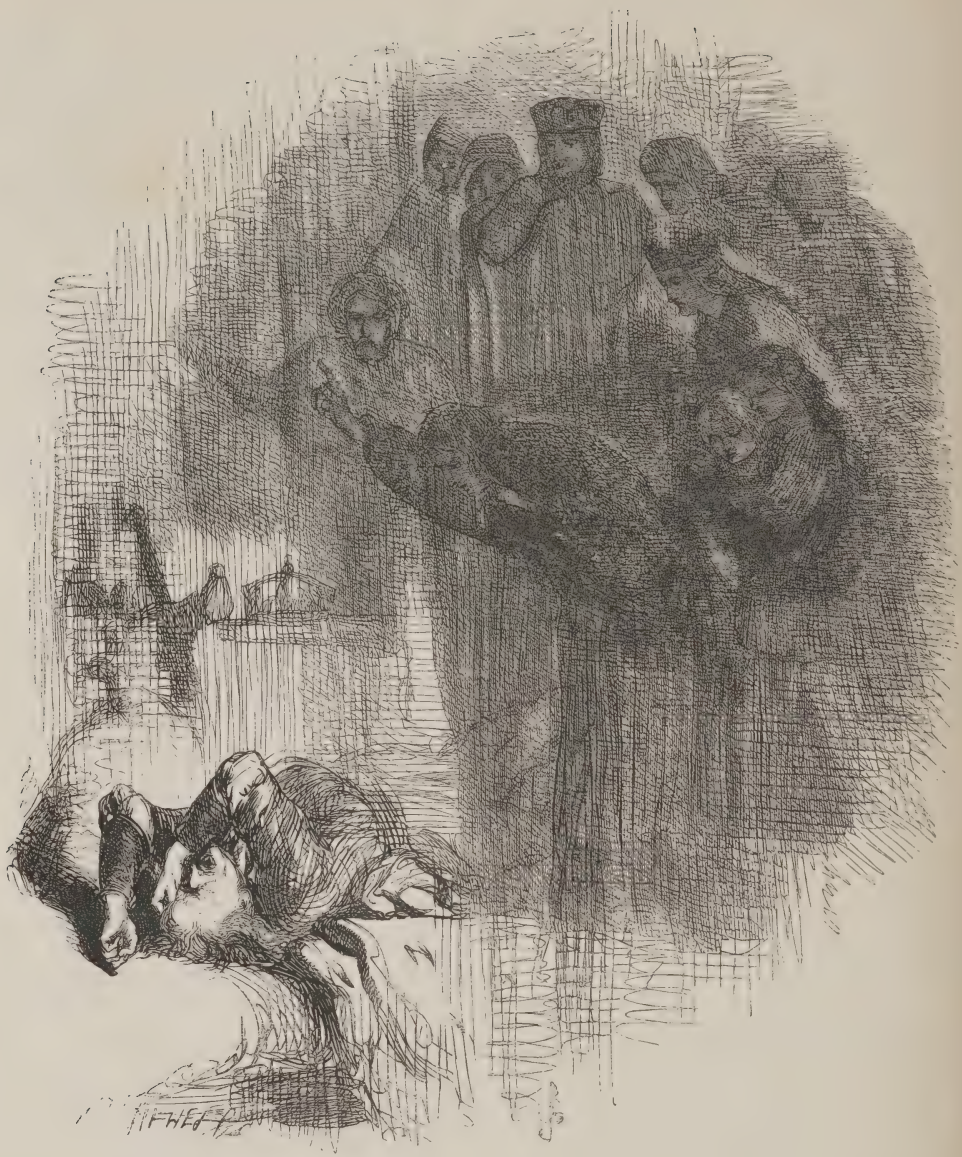
RICHMOND'*s tent opens, and discovers him, and his* Officers, *&c.*

Enter STANLEY.

STAN. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
RICHM. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving* mother?
STAN. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war,[d]
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.(1)
Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon;
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu:—be valiant, and speed well!
RICHM. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts,† to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.—
[*Exeunt* Officers, *&c. with* STANLEY.
O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye!
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,

(*) First folio, *Noble.* (†) First folio, *noise.*

[d] *And* mortal-staring *war,*—] Query, *mortal-stabbing?*



Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still!

[*Sleeps.*

The Ghost *of* Prince Edward, *son to* Henry *the* Sixth, *rises between the two tents.*

Ghost. [*To* K. Rich.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury; despair, therefore, and die!—

[*To* Richmond.] Be cheerful, Richmond, for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost *of* King Henry *the* Sixth *rises.*

Ghost. [*To* K. Rich.] When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly* holes:

(*) First folio omits, *deadly.*

Think on the Tower and me; despair, and die!
Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die!—
[*To* RICHMOND.] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy* sleep; live, and flourish!

The Ghost *of* CLARENCE *rises.*

GHOST. [*To* K. RICH.] Let me sit heavy on† thy soul to-morrow!
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine;
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; despair, and die!—
[*To* RICHMOND.] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! live and flourish!

The Ghosts *of* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *rise.*

RIV. [*To* K. RICH.] Let me sit heavy on† thy soul to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!
GREY. [*To* K. RICH.] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
VAUGH. [*To* K. RICH.] Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance![a] despair, and die!—
ALL. [*To* RICHMOND.] Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him!—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost *of* HASTINGS *rises.*

GHOST. [*To* K. RICH.] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings; despair, and die!—
[*To* RICHMOND.] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts *of the two young* Princes *rise.*

GHOSTS. [*To* K. RICH.] Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower;
Let us be lead‡ within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid§ thee despair and die!—

[*To* RICHMOND.] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish!

The Ghost *of* QUEEN ANNE *rises.*

GHOST. [*To* K. RICH.] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,(2)
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; despair, and die!—
[*To* RICHMOND.] Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee!

The Ghost *of* BUCKINGHAM *rises.*

GHOST. [*To* K. RICH.] The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
[*To* RICHMOND.] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard fall in height of all his pride!

[*The* Ghosts *vanish.* KING RICHARD *starts out of his dream.*

K. RICH. Give me another horse!—bind up my wounds!—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now* dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What, do I fear myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes; I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? great reason: why?
Lest I revenge. What, myself, upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,

(*) First folio omits, *thy.* (†) First folio, *in.*
(‡) First folio, *laid.* (§) First folio, *soule bids.*

[a] Let fall thy lance!] Mr. Collier's annotator reads, we believe rightly,—

"Let fall thy *pointless* lance!" &c.

(*) First folio, *not.*

And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury,* in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng† to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair:—there is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

(*) First folio, *perjury*, once only.
(†) First folio inserts, *all*.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord,—
K. Rich. Who's there?
Rat. My lord; 'tis I.[a] The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!—
What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.[b]

[a] My lord; 'tis I.] The old texts read,—"*Ratcliffe*, my Lord, 'tis I." Capell expelled the redundant word; but it has been reinserted by subsequent editors.

[b] No doubt, my lord.] Richard's speech, and Ratcliff's answer, are omitted in the folio.

K. RICH. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—
RAT. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. RICH. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond!
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,*
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.
[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD *and* RATCLIFF.

Enter OXFORD *and others.*

LORDS. Good morrow, Richmond!
RICHM. Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
LORDS. How have you slept, my lord?
RICHM. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure, had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory.[a]
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
LORDS. Upon the stroke of four.
RICHM. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.— [*Advances to the* Troops.
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,—
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil†
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat‡ to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, bold* and cheerfully;
God, and Saint George! (3) Richmond, and victory!
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, *and* Forces.

K. RICH. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
RAT. That he was never trained up in arms.
K. RICH. He said the truth; and what said Surrey then? [*purpose.*
RAT. He smil'd and said, *The better for our*
K. RICH. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is. [*Clock strikes.*
Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day?
RAT. Not I, my lord.
K. RICH. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—
Ratcliff,—
RAT. My lord?
K. RICH. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

NOR. Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts in the field.
K. RICH. Come, bustle, bustle;—caparison my horse;—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.—
My forward shall be drawn out all† in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;

(*) First folio, *Ease-dropper.* (†) First folio, *soyle.*
(‡) First folio, *sweare.*

(*) Old text, *boldly.* (†) First folio omits, *out all.*

[a] *And* cried on victory.] This has been needlessly changed to "cried *out* victory," or printed, "—cried—On! victory!" To *cry on* anything was a familiar expression formerly; thus, in "Hamlet," Act V. Sc. 2, "This quarry *cries on* havoc;" and in "Othello," Act V. Sc. 1, "—whose noise is this that *cries on* murder?"

Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?

NOR. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.
[*Giving a scroll.*

K. RICH. [Reads.]
Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,*
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
A thing devised by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto† his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,[a]
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures‡ and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you§ unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?[b]
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark! I hear their drum.
[*Drum afar off.*
Fight,‖ gentlemen of England!—fight, bold¶ yeomen![4]
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!—
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;—
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!—

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
MESS. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. RICH. Off with his son George's head!
NOR. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. RICH. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards! set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, *and* Forces; *to him* CATESBY.

CATE. Rescue! my lord of Norfolk, rescue! rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. RICH. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
CATE. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.
K. RICH. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die!
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him:—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter, from opposite sides, KING RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *they fight, and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then re-enter* RICHMOND, *with* STANLEY *bearing the crown, and divers other* Lords, *and* Forces.

RICHM. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead![4]
STAN. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!
Lo here this† long-usurped royalty,‡

(*) First folio, *so.* (†) First folio, *to.*
(‡) Old text, *Adventures.* (§) First folio, *you to.*
(‖) First folio, *Right.* (¶) Old text, *boldly.*

[a] Conscience is but a word that cowards use,—] The folio reads, "*For* conscience is a word," &c.

(*) First folio, *helpes.* (†) First folio, *these.*
(‡) Old text, *Royalties.*

[b] *At our* mother's *cost?*] It should be, "our *brother's* cost." Shakespeare fell into the error by following a particular edition of Holinshed, wherein *brother* is misprinted *moother*.

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it,* and make much of it.

RICHM. Great God of Heaven, say *Amen* to all!—
But, tell me is young George Stanley living?

STAN. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town,
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.[a]

RICHM. What men of name are slain on either side?

STAN. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

RICHM. Inter their bodies as becomes† their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath‡ frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not,—*Amen?*
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division.—
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their* heirs (God, if thy will be so,)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate[b] the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives agen;
That she may long live here, God say *Amen!*

[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio omits, *enjoy it.* (†) Old text, *become.* (‡) First folio, *have.*

[a] *Whither, if* it please you, *we may* now *withdraw us.*] The folio reads,—

"Whither (if *you please*) we may withdraw us."

[b] Mr. Collier, upon the authority of his MS. annotator, changes "Abate" to *Rebate*, and lauds the "emendation" as indisputable.

(*) First folio, *thy.*

This, however, is only one of innumerable instances where the "old corrector," by the needless ejection of an ancient and appropriate word, betrays the modern character of his handy-work. "Abate" here means, *to blunt, to disedge.* So Florio, in *voce*, "Spontare,"—"*to abate the edge or point of any thing or weapon, to blunt, to unpoint.*"

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*Enter* GLOUCESTER.] In the broad outlines of Richard's person and character, Shakespeare has closely adhered to the description of the usurper, by Sir Thomas More, as he found it in the Chronicles of Hall and Holinshed.

"Richarde the third sonne [of Richard Plantagenet duke of York], of whom we now entreate, was in witte and courage egall with either of them, in bodye and prowesse farre under them both [his brothers Edward and Clarence], litle of stature, ill fetured of limmes, croke backed, his left shoulder much higher then his right, hard favoured of visage, and such as is in states called warlye, in other menne otherwise;* he was malicious, wrathfull, envious, and from afore his birth ever frowarde. It is for trouth reported, that the Duches his mother had so muche a doe in her travaile, that she coulde not bee delivered of hym uncutte, and that hee came into the worlde with the feete forwarde, as menne bee borne outwarde, and (as the fame runneth) also not untothed: whether menne of hatred reporte above the trouthe, or elles that nature chaunged her course in hys beginnynge, whiche in the course of his lyfe many thynges unnaturallye committed. None evill captaine was hee in the warre, as to whiche, his disposicion was more metely then for peace. Sundrye victories hadde he, and sometime overthrowes, but never in defaulte as for his owne persone, either of hardinesse or polytike order. Free was he called of dispence, and sommewhat above his power liberall, with large giftes he get hym unstedfaste frendeshippe, for whiche hee was faine to pil and spoyle in other places, and get hym stedfast hatred. He was close and secrete, a deepe dissimuler, lowlye of counteynaunce, arrogant of heart, outwardely coumpinable where he inwardely hated, not letting to kisse whom he thoughte to kyll, dispitious and cruell, not for evill will alway, but ofter for ambicion and either for the suretie or encrease of his estate. Frende and fooe was muche what indifferent, where his advauntage grewe, he spared no mannes deathe whose life withstode his purpose. He slewe with his owne handes king Henry the sixt, being prisoner in the Tower as men constantly saye, and that without commaundemente or knowledge of the kyng, which woulde undoubtedly yf he had entended that thing, have appointed that bocherly office to some other, then his owne borne brother. Some wise menne also wene, that his drifte covertly convayde lacked not in helpyng furth his brother of Clarence to his death, whiche he resisted openly, howbeit somewhat (as menne demed) more faintly then he that wer hartely minded to his welth. And they that thus deme, think that he long time in king Edwardes life, fore-thought to be kyng in case that the king his brother (whose life he looked that evil dyete shoulde shorten) shoulde happen to decease (as in dede he did) while his chyldren were yonge. And thei deme that for thys intente he was gladde of his brothers death the Duke of Clarence, whose life must nedes have hindered him so entendynge, whither the same Duke of Clarence hadde kepte him true to his Nephew the yonge king or enterprised to be kyng himselfe. But of al this pointe is there no certaintie and whoso divineth uppon conjectures, may as wel shote to farre as to short."—SIR T. MORE, *Life of kyng Rycharde the thirde.* Lond. fo. 1557, fo. 37.

* "Such as in estates is called a warlyke visage, and emonge common persones a crabbed face."—HALL.

(2) SCENE II.—

Dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.]

An allusion to the once prevalent superstition that the body of a murdered person always bled at the touch or on the approach of the murderer:—"For as in a secret murther, if the deade carcase be at any time thereafter handled by the murtherer, it will gush out of bloud, as if the blud wer crying to the heaven for revenge of the murtherer."—K. JAMES, *Demonologie*, 4to. 1597, p. 80.

At Hertford assizes, 4 Car. I. the following was taken by Sir John Maynard, serjeant-at-law, from the deposition of the minister of the parish where a murder was committed:—"That the body being taken out of the grave thirty days after the party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants (suspected of murdering her) being required, each of them touched the dead body, whereupon the brow of the dead, which before was of a livid and carrion colour, began to have a dew or gentle sweat arise on it, which increased by degrees, till the sweat ran down in drops on the face, the brow turned to a lively and fresh colour, and the deceased opened one of her eyes and shut it again three several times; she likewise thrust out the ring or marriage finger three times and pulled it in again, and the finger dropt blood on the grass."—*See the Gentleman's Magazine, Sept.* 1731.

(3) SCENE II.—*Crosby-place.*] So called because built by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman, upon ground leased to him in 1466, for ninety-nine years by Alice Ashfield, prioress of St. Helen's. In the year 1470, being then an alderman, he was elected sheriff, and in that character went out to meet Edward IV. on that monarch's coming to London, 21st May, 1471. On this occasion he received the honour of knighthood. His effigy in the neighbouring church of St. Helen bears the Yorkish collar of roses and suns; and his attachment to that house explains why Gloucester held his "divided councils" in Crosby-place. "For by little and little," says Holinshed, "all folke with drewe from the Tower, and drew unto Crosbies in Bishopsgate Street, where the Protector kept his household."

The mansion was spacious and very beautiful. Its noble hall, still existing, is fifty feet long, twenty-seven broad, and forty feet high, and its roof is considered to be one of the finest specimens of timber-work known. Among the distinguished possessors of Crosby-place, was Sir Thomas More, who here wrote his "Life of King Richard the Third."

(4) SCENE IV.—*I'll chop thee in the malmsey-butt in the next room.*] Though the ancient chroniclers concur in

alleging Clarence to have been drowned in a butt of malmsey wine, the story is now believed to be apocryphal. In the "Mirror for Magistrates," he is made to relate his murder thus :—

"And, covertly, within the tower they calde
A guest to geve such verdite as they should:
Who, what with feare and what with favour thralde,
Durst not pronounce but as my brethren would:
And though my false accusers never could
Prove ought they sayd, I guiltlesse was condemned:
Such verdites passe where iustice is contemned.

This feat atchived, yet could they not for shame
Cause mee bee kild by any common way,
But like a wolfe the tyrant Richard came,
(My brother nay my butcher I may say)
Unto the tower when all men were away,
Save such as were provided for the feate:
Who in this wise did strangely mee entreate.

His purpose was with a prepared string
To strangle mee: but I bestird mee so,
That by no force they could mee therto bring,
Which caused him that purpose to forgo:
Howbeit they bound mee, whether I would or no,
And in a but of malmsey standing by,
Newe christned mee, because I should not cry."

(5) Scene IV.—

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!]

The authority upon which Shakespeare imputed to Richard the murder of his brother Clarence, was not merely the popular tradition of his own day, but the statements of the old chroniclers upon whom he relied for historic information. Walpole conjectured, from a passage in the "Chronicle of England," that the real cause of Gloucester's animosity to Clarence was the latter's unwillingness to share with him that moiety of the estate of the great Earl of Warwick, to which Gloucester became entitled on his marriage with the younger sister of the Duchess of Clarence. Mr. Sharon Turner, however, observes that there is a Patent Roll which records "great grievances" at this time existing between Clarence and the Queen's brother, Lord Rivers. The Act of his Attainder charges him with purposing treason against the Queen and her son and great part of the nobles of the land; and his confiscated estates were chiefly given to Lord Rivers, and the stewardship and marriage of his heir to the Queen's son, the Marquis of Dorset. The parties, therefore, who most profited by Clarence's death, were really the friends of the Queen and the political opponents of the Duke of Gloucester.

"In the .xvii. yere of kyng Edward, there fel a sparcle of privy malice, betwene the kyng and his brother, the duke of Clarence. Whether it rose of old grudges before tyme passed, or were it newly kyndled and set a fyre by the Quene or her bloud, which were ever mistrustyng and prively barkynge at the kynges lignage, or were he desirous to reigne after hys brother: to men that have thereof made large inquisicion, of suche as were of no small authoritie in those dayes, the certayntie therof was hyd, and coulde not truely be disclosed, but by coniectures, which as often deceyve the imaginacions of fantastical folke, as declare treuth to them in their conclusion. The fame was that the kyng or the Quene, or bothe, sore troubled with a folish Prophesye, and by reason therof. began to stomacke and grevously to grudge agaynst the duke. The effect of which was, after king Edward should reigne, one whose first letter of hys name shoulde be a G., and because the devel is wont with such wytchcraftes to wrappe and illaqueat the myndes of men, which delyte in such develyshe fantasyes, they sayd afterward that that Prophesie lost not hys effect, when after kyng Edward, Glocester usurped hys kyngdome.

Other allege this to be the cause of his death: That of late, the old rancor betwene them beyng newly revived (The which betwene no creatures can be more vehement then betwene bretherne, especially when it is fermely radi cate), the duke beyng destitute of a wyfe, by the meanes of lady Margaret duches of Burgoyn, hys syster, procured to have the lady Marye, daughter and heyre to duke Charles her husbande, to bee geven to hym in matrimony: which mariage kynge Edward (envyenge the felicitie of hys brother) bothe agaynesayed and disturbed. Thys privy displeasure was openly appeased, but not inwardly forgotten, nor outwardly forgeven, for that, not withstandyng a servaunt of the Dukes was sodainly accused (I can not say of treuth, or untruely suspected by the Dukes enemyes) of poysonyng, sorcery, or inchauntment, and thereof condempned, and put to taste the paynes of death. The duke, whiche myght not suffer the wrongfull condemnacion of hys man (as he in his conscience adiudged) nor yet forbere, nor paciently suffer the unjust handelyng of hys trusty servaunt, dayly dyd oppugne, and wyth yll woordes murmur at the doyng thereof. The king much greved and troubled with hys brothers dayly querimonye, and continuall exclamacion, caused hym to be apprehended, and cast into the Towre, where he beynge taken, adjudged for a Traytor, was prively drouned in a But of Malvesey.

But sure it is, that although kyng Edward were consentyng to his death and destruccion, yet he muche did bothe lamente hys infortunate chaunce, and repent hys sodayne execucion. In asmuche, that when any person sued to hym for Pardon or remission, of any malefactor condempned to the punyshment of death, he woulde accustomably saye, and openly speke, O infortunate brother for whose lyfe not one creatoure woulde make intercession, openly spekyng, and apparantly meanynge, that by the meanes of some of the nobilitie, he was circumvented, and brought to his confusion."—Hall.

ACT II.

(1) Scene I.—*I thank my God for my humility.*] Milton, in his "Iconoclastes," has this observation :—

"The deepest policy of a Tyrant hath bin ever to counterfet Religious. And *Aristotle* in his Politics, hath mentiond that special craft among twelve other tyrannical *Sophisms*. Neither want wee examples. * * * From Stories of this nature both Ancient and Modern which abound, the Poets also, and som English, have bin in this point so mindfull of *Decorum*, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person, then of a Tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse Author, wherein the King might be less conversant, but one whom wee well know was the Closet Companion of these his solitudes, *William Shakespeare;* who introduces the Person of Richard the third speaking in as high a strain of pietie and mortification, as is utterd in any passage of this Book; and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place, *I intended*, saith he, *not onely to oblige my Freinds, but mine Enemies.* The like saith *Richard, Act.* 2. *Scen.* 1.

I doe not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soule is any jott at odds,
More then the Infant that is borne to-night;
I thank my God for my humilitie.

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the whole Tragedie, wherein the Poet us'd not much licence in departing from the truth of History, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but of Religion. ΕΙΚΟΝΟΚΛΑΣΤΕΣ. *The Author I. M.*, Lond. 4to. 1649, p. 11.

(2) SCENE IV.—*Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.*] "These tidynges came hastely to the quene before mydnighte, by a very sore reporte that the kynge her sonne was taken and that her brother and her other sonne and other her frendes were arested and sent, no man wyste whether. With this heavy tidynges the quene bewayled her chyldes ruyne, her frendes mischaunce, and her owne infortune, curssyng the tyme that ever she was persuaded to leave the gatherynge of people to brynge up the kynge with a great powre, but that was passed, and therfore now she toke her younger sonne the duke of Yorke and her doughters, and went out of the palays of Westminster into the sanctuary, and there lodged in the abbotes place, and she and all her chyldren and compaignie were regestred for sanctuarye-persons. The same night there came to doctor Rotheram Archebyshop of Yorke and lorde Chauncelour, a messenger from the lorde Chambrelayne to Yorke place besyde Westminster: the messenger was broughte to the bisshoppes bedsyde and declared to him that the dukes were gone backe with the young kyng to Northampton, and declared further, that the lorde Hastynges his maister sent hym worde that he shoulde feare nothyng, for all should be well. (Wel quod the Archebishop) be it as wel as it wyl, it wyll never be so wel as we have sene it, and then the messenger departed. Wherupon the bishop called up all his servauntes and toke with hym the great seale and came before day to the quene, about whom he found much hevynesse, rumble, haste, busynesse, conveighaunce, and cariage of her stuffe into sanctuarye, every man was busy to carye, beare and conveigh stuffe, chestes and fardelles, no man was unoccupied, and some caried more then they were commaunded to another place.

The quene sat alone belowe on the rushes all desolate and dismayde, whom the Archebishoppe comforted in the best maner that he coulde, shewyng her that the matter was nothyng so sore as she tooke it for, and that he was putte in good hope and out of feare by the message sent to hym from the lord Hastynges. 'A wo worth hym' quod the quene, 'for it is he that goeth about to destroy me and my blodde.' 'Madame,' quod he, 'be of good comforte and I assure you, yf they croune any other kynge then your sonne whom they now have, we shal on the morow croune his brother whom you have here with you. And here is the greate seale, which in likewyse as your noble husband delivered it to me, so I deliver it to you to the use of your sonne,' and therwith delivered her the greate seale and departed home in the dawning of the day. And when he opened his wyndowes and loked on the Temys, he might see the river full of boates, of the duke of Gloucester his servauntes watchyng, that no person should go to sanctuary, nor none should passe unserched." —HALL.

ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—*Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.*] London was anciently called *Camera Regis*;—a name of which Buckingham took advantage in his speech to the citizens upon the death of Hastings:—"The prince by this noble citye as his *special chamber*, and the well renowned citye of this realme, much honorable fame receiveth among all other nacions."* The best explanation of the term is given in Ben Jonson's "Part of King James's Entertainment in passing to his coronation, through the City of London, on Thursday the 15th of March 1603:—

At Fen-Church.

The scene presented it self in a square and flat upright, like to the side of a city: the top thereof, above the vent and crest, adorned with houses, towers and steeples, set off in prospective. Upon the battlements in a great capital letter was inscribed,

LONDINIUM:

According to Tacitus, *Annal.* lib. 14. * * * Beneath that in a less and different character, was written

CAMERA REGIA,

which title immediately after the Norman conquest it began to have; and by the indulgence of successive princes, hath been hitherto continued. In the frieze over the gate it seemeth to speak this verse:

PAR DOMUS HÆC CŒLO,
SED MINOR EST DOMINO.

Taken out of Martial (lib. 8. epig. 36) and implying that though this city (for the state and magnificence) might by hyperbole be said to touch the stars, and reach up to heaven, yet was it far inferior to the master thereof, who was his Majesty; and in that respect unworthy to receive him. The highest person advanced therein, was

MONARCHIA BRITANNICA;

and fitly; applying to the abovementioned title of the city, THE KING'S CHAMBER, and therefore here placed as in the proper seat of the empire."

(2) SCENE I.—

You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional,
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age.]

Buckingham's reasons against the young duke of York's right to enjoy the privilege of sanctuary, were first set forth by Sir Thomas More, and were copied by Hall and Holinshed, from one or other of whom the poet took them:—

"'Womanish feare, naie womanish frowardnes' (quod the duke of Buckingham) * * * 'I ensure you faithfully for my mynde, I will rather (maugre her stomacke) fetche hym away then leave him there till her frowardnesse or fond feare conveie him awaye. And yet will I break no sanctuary, for verely sithe the privilege of that place and other of that sorte have so long continued, I would not goe about to breake it, but if they were now to begynne I would not be he that should make them. Yet wyll not I say nay but it is a deede of pitie that such men as the chaunce of the sea or their evill debters have brought into povertie, should have some place of refuge to kepe in their bodies out of the daunger of their cruell creditours. And if it fortune the croune to come in question, as it hath done before this tyme, while eche parte taketh other for traytours, I thinke it necessarye to have a place of refuge for bothe: But as for theves and murtherers whereof these places be full, and whiche never falle from their crafte after they once falle therunto, it is pytee that ever Sanctuary

* Sir Thomas More's Life of King Richard III. fo. 63.

should serve them, and in especiall wylful murtherers whom God commaundeth to be taken from the aulter and to be put to death. * * * Nowe loke how fewe sanctuary menne there be whome necessitie or misfortune compelled to go thether. And then see on the other syde what a sort there be commonly therein of suche whome wylful unthriftynes hath brought to naught? What a rable of theves, murtherers, and malicious heinous traitours be, and that in twoo places specially; the one at the elbow of the cytee and the other in the very bowels. I dare well a vowe it, if you waye the good that they do, with the hurt that commeth of them, ye shall finde it muche better to lose bothe then to have bothe. And this I saye, although they were not abused (as they now be and so long have bene) that I feare me ever they will be, while men be afeard to set to their hands to the amendmente, as though God and saincte Peter were the patrons of ungracious livynge. Nowe unthriftes riot and ronne in debte upon boldnes of these places; yea, and riche men ronne thyther with poore mens goodes: there they buylde, there they spend and bid their creditours goo whystle. Mens wyves ronne thither with their husbandes plate and saye they dare not abyde with their husbandes for betynge; theves brynge thither stollen goodes and lyve thereon. There devise they new robberies nightely, and steale out and rob, reave and kylle menne, and come againe into those places as though those places gave them not onely a savegard for the harme that they have dooen but a licence also to do more mischief. * * * Where a manne is by lawfull meanes in peril there nedeth he the tuition of some speciall privilege which is the onely grounde of all sanctuaries; from which necessitee this noble prince is farre, whose love to his kynge, nature and kinred proveth: whose innocencie to all the worlde, his tender youth affirmeth, and so sanctuarye, as for hym is not necessary, ner none he can have. Men come not to sanctuary as they come to baptisme, to require it by his godfathers; he must aske it himselfe that must have it; and reason, sithe no maune hath cause to have it but whose conscience of his owne faute maketh him have nede to require it. What will then hath yonder babe, which yf he had discretion to require it, if nede were, I dare say would be now right angry with them that kepe him there. * * * And if nobody may be taken out of sanctuary because he saieth he will abide there, then yf a child will take sanctuary because he feareth to go to schoole, his master must lette him alone. And as simple as that example is, yet is there lesse reason in our case then in it, for there, though it be a childish feare, yet is there at the least some feare, and herein is no feare at all. *And verily I have hearde of sanctuary menne, but I never hearde before of sanctuary children:* and therefore as for the conclusion of my minde, whosoever may deserve to have nede of it, if thei thynke it for their suretee, let them kepe it. * * * And he that taketh one out of sanctuarye to doe him goode, I saie plainly, he breaketh no sanctuary.'"—HALL.

(3) SCENE I.—*For we to-morrow hold divided councils.*] This is correspondent with historical fact:—

"And when they were thus at a point betweene themselves [Richard and Buckingham] they went about to prepare for the coronation of the young king, as they would have it seeme. And that they might turne both the eies and minds of men from perceiving of their drifts otherwhere, the lords being sent for from all parts of the realme, came thicke to that solemnitie. But the protector and the duke, after that they had sent the lord cardinall, the archbishope of Yorke then lord chancellor, the bishop of Elie, the lord Stanleie, and the lord Hastings then lord chamberlaine, with manie other noble men to common and devise about the coronation in one place, as fast were they in an other place, contriving the contrarie, and to make the protector king.

To which councell albeit there were adhibited verie few, and they were secret: yet began there here and there abouts, some maner of muttering among the people, as though all should not long be well, though they neither wist what they feared, nor wherefore; were it, that before such great things, mens hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without winde swelleth of himselfe sometime before a tempest; or were it that some one man, happilie somewhat perceiving, filled manie men with suspicion, though he shewed few men what he knew. Howbeit somewhat the dealing it selfe made men to muse on the matter, though the councell were close. For by little and little all folke withdrew from the Tower, and drew unto Crosbies in Bishops gates street, where the protector kept his houshold. The protector had the resort, the king in maner desolate.

While some for their businesse made sute to them that had the dooing, some were by their freends secretlie warned, that it might happilie turne them to no good to be too much attendant about the king without the protectors appointment, which remooved also diverse of the princes old servants from him, and set new about him. Thus manie things comming togither, partlie by chance, partlie of purpose, caused at length not common people onelie, that woond with the wind, but wise men also, and some lords eke to marke the matter and muse thereon; so farre foorth that the lord Stanleie that was after earle of Derbie, wiselie mistrusted it, and said unto the lord Hastings, that he much misliked these two severall councels. 'For while we' (quoth he) 'talke of one matter in the tone place, little wot we wherof they talke in the tother place.'"—HOLINSHED.

(4) SCENE IV.—

Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.]

The leading incidents connected with the sudden impeachment and execution of Hastings, are borrowed, probably through Holinshed, from the following relation of them by Sir Thomas More:—

Many Lordes assembled in the tower, and there sat in counsaile, devising the honourable solempnite of the kinges coronacion, of which the time appointed then so nere approched; that the pageauntes and suttelties were in making day and night at Westminster, and much vitaile killed therfore, that afterward was cast away. These lordes so sytting togyther comoning of thys matter, the protectour came in among them, fyrst aboute ix. of the clock, saluting them curtesly, and excusing hymself that he had bene so long, saieng merely that he had bene a slepe that day. And after a little talking with them, he sayd unto the Bishop of Elye: my lord you have very good strawberies at your gardayne in Holberne, I require you let us have a messe of them. Gladly my lord, quod he, woulde God I had some better thing as redy to your pleasure as that. And therewith in al the hast he sent hys servant for a messe of strauberies. The protectour sette the lordes fast in comoning, and thereupon prayeng them to spare hym for a little while, departed thence. And sone after one hower betwene x. and xi. he returned into the chamber among them, al changed with a wonderful soure angrye countenaunce, knitting the browes, frowning and froting and knawing on hys lippes, and so sat hym downe in hys place: al the lords much dismaied and sore merveiling of this manner of sodaine chaunge, and what thing should him aile. Then when he had sitten still a while, thus he began: what were they worthy to have, that compasse and ymagine the distruccion of me, being so nere of blood unto the kyng and protectour of his riall persone and his realme. At this question, al the lordes sat sore astonied, musyng much by whome thys question should be ment, of which every man wyst himselfe clere. Then the lord chamberlen, as he for the love betwene them thoughte he might be boldest with him, aunswered and sayd, that thei wer worthye to bee punished as heighnous traitors whatsoever they were. And al the other affirmed the same. That is (quod he) yonder sorceres my brothers wife and other with her, meaning the quene. At these wordes many of the other Lordes were gretly abashed that favoured her. But the lord Hastings was in his minde better content, that it was moved by her, then by any other whom he loved better. Albeit hys harte somewhat grudged, that he was not afore,

made of counsell in this mater as he was of the takyng of her kynred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before, devised to bee byhedded at Pountfreit this selfe same day, in which he was not ware that it was by other devised, that himself should the same day be behedded at London. Then said the protectour: ye shal al se in what wyse that sorceres and that other witch of her counsel, Shoris wife wyth their affynite, have by their sorcery and witchcraft wasted my body. And therwyth he plucked up hys doublet sleve to his elbow upon his left arme, where he shewed a werish withered arme and small, as it was never other. And therupon every mannes mind sore misgave them, well perceiving that this mater was but a quarel. For wel thei wist, that the quene was to wise to go about any such folye. And also if she woold, yet wolde she of all folke leste make Shoris wyfe of counsaile, whom of al women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king her husband had most loved. And also no man was ther present but wel knew that his arme was ever such since his birth. Natheles the lorde Chamberlen (which from the death of king Edward kept Shoris wife, on whom he somewhat doted in the kinges life, saving as it is said he that while forbare her of reverence towarde hys king, or els of a certaine kinde of fidelite to hys frend) aunswered and sayd: certainly my lorde if they have so heinously done, thei be worthy heinouse punishmente. What, quod the protectour, thou servest me I wene with *iffes* and with *andes*, I tel the thei have so done, and that I will make good on thy body, traitour. And therwith as in a great anger, he clapped his fiste upon the borde a great rappe. At which token given, one cried treason without the chambre. Therwith a dore clapped, and in come ther rushing men in harneys as many as the chambre might hold. And anon the protectour sayd to the lorde Hastinges: I arest the, traitour. What me, my Lorde, quod he. Yea the, traitour, quod the protectour. And a nother let flee at the Lorde Standley which shronke at the stroke and fel under the table, or els his hed had bene clefte to the tethe; for as shortely as he shranke, yet ranne the blood about hys eares. Then were they al quickly bestowed in diverse chambres, except the lorde Chamberlen, whom the protectour bade spede and shryve hym a pace, for by saynt Poule (quod he) I wil not to dinner til I se thy hed of. It boted him not to aske why, but hevely he toke a priest at adventure, and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the protectour made so much hast to dyner: which he might not go to til this wer done for saving of his othe. So was he brought forthe into the grene beside the chappel within the tower, and his head laid down upon a long log of tymbre, and there striken of, and afterward his body with the hed entred at Windsore beside the body of kinge Edward, whose both soules our lord pardon."—MORE.

(5) SCENE V.—*Enter* GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*] An historical fact. "Nowe flewe the fame of thys lordes death through the cytie and farther about, lyke a wynde in every mans eare, but the Protectour immediately after dyner (entendyng to set some colour upon the matter) sent in all the haste for many substancial men out of the cytie into the Towre, and at their comming him selfe with the Duke of Buckyngham stode, harnessed in olde evill favoured briganders, such as no man would wene that they would have vouchesafed to have put on their backes, excepte some sodeyne necessitie had constraigned them. Then the lord protector shewed them, that the lord Hastynges and other of his conspiracy had contrived to have sodeynly destroyed hym and the Duke of Buckyngham there the same daie in counsail, and what they entended farther, was yet not well knowen, of whiche their treason he had never knowlege before .x. of the clocke the same forenone, which sodeyn feare drave them to put on suche harnesse as came next to their handes for their defence, and so God holpe them, that the mischiefe turned upon them that woulde have done it, and thus he required them to report. Every man answered fayre, as though no man mistrusted the matter, which of trueth no man beleved."—HALL.

(6) SCENE VI.—*And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd.*] So Hall, who follows Sir Thomas More:—"Nowe was thys proclamacion made within twoo houres after he was beheaded, and it was so curiously endyted and so fayre writen in Parchment in a fayre sette hande, and therewith of it selfe so long a processe, that every chyld might perceyve that it was prepared and studyed before (and as some men thought, by Catesby) for all the tyme betwene hys death and the proclamacion proclaimyng, coulde skant have suffyced unto the bare wrytyng alone, albeit that it had bene on paper and scribeled furthe in haste at adventure. So that upon the proclaimyng thereof, one that was scolemayster at Paules standyng by and comparyng the shortenesse of the tyme with the length of the matter sayed to theim that stoode aboute hym, here is a gaye goodly cast, foule cast awaye for hast. And a marchaunte that stoode by hym sayed that it was wrytten by inspiracyon and prophesye."—HALL.

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—*Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!*] The ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or one who attempted to deprive a lawful monarch of his realm, was to crown him with a coronet of iron made red-hot. In Goulart's "Admirable and Memorable Histories," 1607, it is related that John, the son of Vaivode Stephen, after defeating the army of Hungarian peasants, called Croisadoes, in 1514, caused their general to be stript naked, and the executioner to set a crown of "hot burning iron" upon his head. Other instances of this horrible torture, which was, probably, first derived from the Northern nations, are referred to in the notes to the Variorum Shakespeare, Edit. 1821, p. 153, Vol. XIX.

(2) SCENE II.—*The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.*] Edward, Earl of Warwick, the unhappy son of Clarence, was imprisoned by Gloucester at Sherif-hutton Castle; whence, the day after the battle of Bosworth, he was removed, by the order of Richmond, to the Tower. There he remained in captivity until the year 1499, when he was barbarously executed on Tower Hill. Owing to his long confinement, and the consequent neglect of his education, he is said by the historians to have become idiotic at the time of his death:—"Edouardus Varvici comes in carcere ab incunabulis extra hominum ferarumque conspectum nutritus, qui gallinam ab ansere non facile internoscerit, cum nullo suo delicto supplicium quærere posset, alieno ad id tractus est."—POLYDORE VIRGIL.

(3) SCENE II.—

The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
The which you promised I should possess.]

"At Northhampton the duke met with the protector himselfe with three hundred horses, and from thence still continued with him partner of all his devises, till that after his coronation, they departed (as it seemed) verie great freends at Glocester. From whense as soone as the duke came home, he so lightlie turned from him, and so highlie conspired against him, that a man would marvell whereof the change grew. And surelie the occasion of their variance is of diverse men diverselie reported.

Some have I heard say, that the duke a little before his coronation, among other things, required of the protector the duke of Hereford's lands, to the whiche he pretended himselfe just inheritor. And forsomuch as the title which he claimed by inheritance, was somewhat interlaced with the title to the crowne by the line of King Henrie before deprived, the protector conceived such indignation, that he rejected the dukes request with many spitefull and minatorie words. Which so wounded his heart with hatred and mistrust, that he never after coulde endure to ooke aright on king Richard, but ever feared his owne life."—HOLINSHED.

(4) SCENE III.—
Their lips like four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.]
It is thought that Shakespeare had here in his mind an old ballad of "The most cruel Murther of Edward V." &c. which is printed in "The Golden Garland of Princely Delight:"—

"When these sweet children thus were lain in bed,
And to the Lord their hearty prayers had said,
Sweet slumbring sleep then closing up their eyes,
Each folded in the other's arms then lies."

(5) SCENE IV.—*Humphrey Hour.*] This expression has been controverted; Steevens conjectured the poet designed to mark the hour at which the good Duchess was as hungry as the followers of Duke Humphrey, and he quotes a passage from Decker's pamphlet, "The Guls Hornbooke," 1609, in explanation of the phrase, "dining with Duke Humphrey," the meaning of which it now familiar to everybody. Malone supposes *Humphrey Hour* "is merely used in ludicrous language for *hour*, like *Tom Troth*, for *truth*, and twenty more such terms." We apprehend Steevens's surmise is nearer the true solution, and that *Humphrey hour* was nothing more than a cant phrase for *eating hour*.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE III.—
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.]
"The lorde Stanleie was afraid, least if he should seeme openlie to be a fautor, or aider to the earle his sonne in law, before the day of the battell, that king Richard, which yet utterly did not put him in diffidence and mistrust, would put to some cruell death his sonne and heir apparant, George lord Strange, whome king Richard (as you have heard before) kept with him as a pledge or hostage, to the intent that the lord Stanleie his father should attempt nothing prejudiciall to him."—HOLINSHED.

(2) SCENE III.—
Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee.]
Malone observes that Shakespeare was probably thinking of Sir Thomas More's animated description of Richard:—
"I have heard by credible report of such as were secrete with his chamberers, that after this abhominable deede done, he never hadde quiet in his minde, hee never thought himself sure. Where he went abrode, his eyen whirled about, his body privily fenced, his hand ever on his dager, his countenance and maner like one alway ready to strike againe, he tooke ill rest a nightes, lay long wakyng and musing, sore wemed with care and watch, rather slumbred then slept, troubled wyth fearful dreames, sodainly sommetyme sterte up, leape out of his bed and runne about the chamber, so was his restles herte continually tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his abhominable dede."—MORE.

(3) SCENE III.—*God, and Saint George!*] "*Saint George* was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy. The author of the old Arte of Warre, printed in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, formally enjoins the use of this cry among his military laws, p. 84:—
'*Item*, that all souldiers entring into battaile, assault, skirmish, or other faction of armes, shall have for their common cry and word, *Saint George, forward, or upon them, Saint George*, whereby the souldiour is much comforted, and the enemy dismaied by calling to minde the ancient valour of England, which with that name has so often been victorious; and therefore he, who upon any *sinister zeale*, shall *maliciously* omit so fortunate a name, shall be *severely punished* for his obstinate *erroneous* heart, and perverse mind.'"

(4) SCENE V.—*The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead!*] The old chroniclers furnish a very long but spirited account of the decisive battle which terminated Richard's career. We append some extracts:—
"In the meane ceason kyng Richard (whiche was appoynted nowe to finyshe his last laboure by the very devine justice and providence of God, whiche called hym to condigne punyshement for his scelerate merites and mysceheveous desertes) marched to a place mete for twoo battayles to encountre by a village called Bosworth, not farre from Leycester, and there he pitched his felde, refreshed his souldioures and toke his rest. The fame went that he had the same night a dreadfull and a terrible dreame, for yt semed to hym beynge a slepe, that he sawe diverse ymages like terrible develles whiche pulled and haled hym, not sufferynge hym to take any quyet or rest. The whiche straunge vision not so sodenly strake his heart with a sodeyn feare, but it stuffed his hed, and troubled his mynde with many dreadfull and busy Imaginacions. For incontynent after, his heart beynge almost damped, he pronosticated before the doubtfull chaunce of the battaile to come, not usynge the alacrite and myrth of mynde and of countenaunce as he was accustomed to do before he came toward the battaile. And leaste that it might be suspected that he was abasshed for feare of his enemyes, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recyted and declared to his famylyer frendes in the morenynge hys wonderfull visyon and terrible dreame. But I thynke this was no dreame, but a punction and pricke of his synfull conscyence."
After detailing the speeches first of king Richard, and then of Richmond, Hall proceeds:—
"He had scantly finyshed his saienge, but the one armye espyed the other, lord how hastely the souldioures buckled their healmes, how quikly the archers bent ther bowes and frushed their feathers, how redely the byllmen shoke their bylles and proved their staves, redy to approche and joyne when the terrible trompet should sound the bluddy blast to victorie or deathe. Betwene both armies ther was a great marrysse which therle of Richemond left on his right hand, for this entent that it should be on that syde a defence for his parte, and in so doyng he had the sonne at his backe and in the faces of his enemies. When kynge Richard saw the earles compaignie was passed the marresse, he commaunded with al hast to sett upon them, then the trompettes blew and the

souldiours showted, and the kyngs archers couragiously let fly there arrowes; the erles bowmen stode not still but paied them home againe. The terrible shot ons passed, the armies joyned, and came to hand strokes, where nother swerde nor byll was spared, at whiche encounter the lord Stanley joyned with therle. The earl of Oxforde in the meane season feryng lest while his compaignie was fightyng, thei should be compassed and circumvented with the multitude of his enemies, gave commaundement in every ranke that no man should be so hardy as go above .x. fote from the standard, whiche commaundement ons knowen thei knyte themselves together, and ceased a littel from fightyng. * * * While the two forwardes thus mortallye fought, eche entendyng to vanquishe and convince the other, kyng Richard was admonished by his explorators and espialles, that therle of Richmond accompaignied with a small nomber of men of armes was not farre of, and as he approched and marched toward him, he perfitely knew his personage by certaine demonstracions and tokens whiche he had learned and knowen of other. And being inflamed with ire and vexed with outrageous malice, he put his spurres to his horse, and rode out of the syde of the range of his battaile, levyng the avant gardes fightyng, and lyke a hungery lion ran with spere in rest toward hym. Therle of Richmonde perceyved wel the king furiusly commyng towarde hym, and by cause the whole hope of his welth and purpose was to be determined by battaill, he gladlye proferred to encountre with him body to body and man to man. Kyng Richard sett on so sharpely at the first brount that he overthrew therles standarde, and slew Sir William Brandon his standarde bearer (whiche was father to Sir Charles Brandon by kynge Hery the .VIII. created duke of Suffolke) and matched hand to hand with Sir Jhon Cheinye, a man of great force and strength which would have resisted hym, and the saied Jhon was by hym manfully overthrowen, and so he makyng open passage by dent of swerde as he went forwarde, therle of Richmond withstode his violence and kept hym at the swerdes poincte without avantage longer than his compaignions other thought or judged, which beyng almost in dispaire of victorie, were sodainly recomforted by Sir William Stanley, whiche came to succours with .iii. thousande tall men, at whiche very instant kynge Richardes men were dryven backe and fledde, and he him selfe manfully fyghtynge in the mydell of his enemies was slaine and brought to his death as he worthely had deserved."—HALL.

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

"The part of 'Richard III.' has become highly celebrated in England from its having been filled by excellent performers, and this has naturally had an influence on the admiration of the piece itself, for many readers of Shakspeare stand in want of good interpreters of the poet to understand him properly This admiration is certainly in every respect well founded, though I cannot help thinking there is an injustice in considering the three parts of 'Henry the Sixth' as of little value compared with 'Richard the Third.' These four plays were undoubtedly composed in succession, as is proved by the style and the spirit in the handling of the subject: the last is definitely announced in the one which precedes it, and is also full of references to it: the same views run through the series; in a word, the whole make together only one single work. Even the deep characterization of Richard is by no means the exclusive property of the piece which bears his name: his character is very distinctly drawn in the two last parts of 'Henry the Sixth;' nay, even his first speeches lead us already to form the most unfavourable anticipations of his future conduct. He lowers obliquely like a dark thunder-cloud on the horizon, which gradually approaches nearer and nearer, and first pours out the devastating elements with which it is charged when it hangs over the heads of mortals. Two of Richard's most significant soliloquies which enable us to draw the most important conclusions with regard to his mental temperament, are to be found in 'The Last Part of Henry the Sixth.' As to the value and the justice of the actions to which passion impels us, we may be blind, but wickedness cannot mistake its own nature; Richard, as well as Iago, is a villain with full consciousness. That they should say this in so many words, is not perhaps in human nature: but the poet has the right in soliloquies to lend a voice to the most hidden thoughts, otherwise the form of the monologue would, generally speaking, be censurable.* Richard's deformity is the expression of his internal malice, and perhaps in part the effect of it: for where is the ugliness that would not be softened by benevolence and openness? He, however, considers it as an iniquitous neglect of nature, which justifies him in taking his revenge on that human society from which it is the means of excluding him. Hence these sublime lines:

> And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
> Be resident in men like one another,
> And not in me. I am myself alone

Wickedness is nothing but selfishness designedly unconscientious; however it can never do altogether without the form at least of morality, as this is the law of all thinking beings,—it must seek to found

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* What, however, happens in so many tragedies, where a person is made to avow himself a villain to his confidants, is most decidedly unnatural. He will, indeed, announce his way of thinking, not, however, under damning names, but as something that is understood of itself, and is equally approved of by others.

its depraved way of acting on something like principles. Although Richard is thoroughly acquainted with the blackness of his mind and his hellish mission, he yet endeavours to justify this to himself by a sophism: the happiness of being beloved is denied to him; what then remains to him but the happiness of ruling? All that stands in the way of this must be removed. This envy of the enjoyment of love is so much the more natural in Richard, as his brother Edward, who besides preceded him in the possession of the crown, was distinguished by the nobleness and beauty of his figure, and was an almost irresistible conqueror of female hearts. Notwithstanding his pretended renunciation, Richard places his chief vanity in being able to please and win over the women, if not by his figure at least by his insinuating discourse. Shakspeare here shows us, with his accustomed acuteness of observation, that human nature, even when it is altogether decided in goodness or wickedness, is still subject to petty infirmities. Richard's favourite amusement is to ridicule others, and he possesses an eminent satirical wit. He entertains at bottom a contempt for all mankind: for he is confident of his ability to deceive them, whether as his instruments or his adversaries. In hypocrisy he is particularly fond of using religious forms, as if actuated by a desire of profaning in the service of hell the religion whose blessings he had inwardly abjured.

"So much for the main features of Richard's character. The play named after him embraces also the latter part of the reign of Edward IV., in the whole a period of eight years. It exhibits all the machinations by which Richard obtained the throne, and the deeds which he perpetrated to secure himself in its possession, which lasted, however, but two years. Shakspeare intended that terror rather than compassion should prevail throughout this tragedy: he has rather avoided than sought the pathetic scenes which he had at command. Of all the sacrifices to Richard's lust of power, Clarence alone is put to death on the stage: his dream excites a deep horror, and proves the omnipotence of the poet's fancy: his conversation with the murderers is powerfully agitating; but the earlier crimes of Clarence merited death, although not from his brother's hand. The most innocent and unspotted sacrifices are the two princes: we see but little of them, and their murder is merely related. Anne disappears without our learning any thing farther respecting her: in marrying the murderer of her husband, she had shown a weakness almost incredible. The parts of Lord Rivers, and other friends of the queen, are of too secondary a nature to excite a powerful sympathy; Hastings, from his triumph at the fall of his friend, forfeits all title to compassion; Buckingham is the satellite of the tyrant, who is afterwards consigned by him to the axe of the executioner. In the background the widowed Queen Margaret appears as the fury of the past, who invokes a curse on the future: every calamity which her enemies draw down on each other, is a cordial to her revengeful heart. Other female voices join, from time to time, in the lamentations and imprecations. But Richard is the soul, or rather the dæmon, of the whole tragedy. He fulfils the promise which he formerly made of leading the murderous Machiavel to school. Notwithstanding the uniform aversion with which he inspires us, he still engages us in the greatest variety of ways by his profound skill in dissimulation, his wit, his prudence, his presence of mind, his quick activity, and his valour. He fights at last against Richmond like a desperado, and dies the honourable death of a hero on the field of battle. Shakspeare could not change this historical issue, and yet it is by no means satisfactory to our moral feelings, as Lessing, when speaking of a German play on the same subject, has very judiciously remarked. How has Shakspeare solved this difficulty? By a wonderful invention he opens a prospect into the other world, and shows us Richard in his last moments already branded with the stamp of reprobation. We see Richard and Richmond in the night before the battle sleeping in their tents; the spirits of the murdered victims of the tyrant ascend in succession, and pour out their curses against him, and their blessings on his adversary. These apparitions are properly but the dreams of the two generals represented visibly. It is no doubt contrary to probability that their tents should only be separated by so small a space; but Shakspeare could reckon on poetical spectators who were ready to take the breadth of the stage for the distance between two hostile camps, if for such indulgence they were to be recompensed by beauties of so sublime a nature as this series of

spectres and Richard's awakening soliloquy. The catastrophe of 'Richard the Third' is, in respect of the external events, very like that of 'Macbeth:' we have only to compare the thorough difference of handling them to be convinced that Shakspeare has most accurately observed poetical justice in the genuine sense of the word, that is, as signifying the revelation of an invisible blessing or curse which hangs over human sentiments and actions."—SCHLEGEL.

"The character of Richard the Third, which had been opened in so masterly a manner in the 'Concluding Part of Henry the Sixth,' is, in this play, developed in all its horrible grandeur. It is, in fact, the picture of a demoniacal incarnation, moulding the passions and foibles of mankind, with superhuman precision, to its own iniquitous purposes. Of this isolated and peculiar state of being Richard himself seems sensible, when he declares—

> I have no brother, I am like no brother:
> And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
> Be resident in men like one another,
> And not in me; I am myself alone.

"From a delineation like this, Milton must have caught many of the most striking features of his Satanic portrait. The same union of unmitigated depravity and consummate intellectual energy characterises both, and renders what would otherwise be loathsome and disgusting, an object of sublimity and shuddering admiration.

"Richard, stript as he is of all the softer feelings, and all the common charities of humanity, possessed of

> neither pity, love, nor fear,

and loaded with every dangerous and dreadful vice, would, were it not for his unconquerable powers of mind, be insufferably revolting. But, though insatiate in his ambition, envious and hypocritical in his disposition, cruel, bloody, and remorseless in all his deeds, he displays such an extraordinary share of cool and determined courage, such alacrity and buoyancy of spirit, such constant self-possession, such an intuitive intimacy with the workings of the human heart, and such matchless skill in rendering them subservient to his views, as so far to subdue our detestation and abhorrence of his villany, that we at length contemplate this fiend in human shape with a mingled sensation of intense curiosity and grateful terror.

"The task, however, which Shakspeare undertook was, in one instance, more arduous than that which Milton subsequently attempted; for, in addition to the hateful constitution of Richard's moral character, he had to contend also against the prejudices arising from personal deformity, from a figure

> ———curtail'd of it's fair proportion,
> Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
> Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before it's time
> Into this breathing world, scarce half made up.

and yet, in spite of these striking personal defects, which were considered, also, as indicatory of the depravity and wickedness of his nature, the poet has contrived, through the medium of the high mental endowments just enumerated, not only to obviate disgust, but to excite extraordinary admiration.

"One of the most prominent and detestable vices, indeed, in Richard's character, his hypocrisy, connected, as it always is, in his person, with the most profound skill and dissimulation, has, owing to the various parts which it induces him to assume, most materially contributed to the popularity of this play, both on the stage and in the closet. He is one who can

> ———frame his face to all occasions,

and accordingly appears, during the course of his career, under the contrasted forms of a subject and a

monarch, a politician and a wit, a soldier and a suitor, a sinner and a saint; and in all with such apparent ease and fidelity to nature, that while to the explorer of the human mind he affords, by his penetration and address, a subject of peculiar interest and delight, he offers to the practised performer a study well calculated to call forth his fullest and finest exertions. He, therefore, whose histrionic powers are adequate to the just exhibition of this character, may be said to have attained the highest honours of his profession; and, consequently, the popularity of 'Richard the Third,' notwithstanding the moral enormity of its hero, may be readily accounted for, when we recollect that, the versatile and consummate hypocrisy of the tyrant has been embodied by the talents of such masterly performers as Garrick, Kemble, Cooke, and Kean.

"So overwhelming and exclusive is the character of Richard, that the comparative insignificancy of all the other persons of the drama may be necessarily inferred; they are reflected to us, as it were, from his mirror, and become more or less important, and more or less developed, as he finds it necessary to act upon them; so that our estimate of their character is entirely founded on his relative conduct, through which we may very correctly appreciate their strength or weakness.

"The only exception to this remark is in the person of Queen Margaret, who, apart from the agency of Richard, and dimly seen in the darkest recesses of the picture, pours forth, in union with the deep tone of this tragedy, the most dreadful curses and imprecations; with such a wild and prophetic fury indeed, as to involve the whole scene in tenfold gloom and horror.

"We have to add that the moral of this play is great and impressive. Richard, having excited a general sense of indignation, and a general desire of revenge, and, unaware of his danger from having lost, through familiarity with guilt, all idea of moral obligation, becomes at length the victim of his own enormous crimes; he falls not unvisited by the terrors of conscience, for, on the eve of danger and of death, the retribution of another world is placed before him; the spirits of those whom he had murdered reveal the awful sentence of his fate, and his bosom heaves with the infliction of eternal torture."—DRAKE.

Act V. Sc. 1.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

This play was first printed in the folio of 1623, and is supposed, upon the slight foundation of two or three doubtful allusions to contemporary events, to have been written in 1603. The fact of its having been played before the Court on St. Stephen's night, December 26, 1604, which is gathered from Tylney's account of the expenses of The Revels from the end of October, 1604, to the end of the same month, 1605:—

"By his Mates. plaiers. On St. Stivens Night in the Hall, A Play called Mesur for Mesur"—

proves it to have been written before that date, and this really is all that is known with certainty respecting the period of its production. The plot appears to have been taken from Whetstone's drama, in two parts, called "The right excellent and famous Historye of Promos and Cassandra," &c. 1578, of which the "Argument" is as follows:—

"In the cyttie of Julio (sometimes vnder the dominion of Coruinus Kinge of Hungarie and Boemia) there was a law, that what man so euer committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should weare some disguised apparel during her life, to make her infamouslye noted. This seuere lawe, by the fauour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded vntill the time of Lord Promos auctority; who conuicting a yong gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very vertuous and beawtiful gentlewoman to his sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos: Promos regarding her good behauiours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke; and, doying good that euill might come thereof, for a time he repryu'd her brother; but, wicked man, tourning his liking vnto vnlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour raunsome for her brothers life. Chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunsome: but in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hir brother (pleading for life) vpon these conditions she agreede to Promos; first that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos, as feareles in promisse as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe sygned her conditions: but worse then any infydel, his will satisfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other; for, to keepe his auethoritye vnspotted with fauour, and to preuent Cassandraes clamors, he commaunded the gayler secretly to present Cassandra with her brothers head. The gayler, with the outcryes of Andrugio [*sic*], abhorryng Promos lewdenes, by the prouidence of God prouided thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felon's head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brothers, by the gayler who was set at libertie) was so agreeued at this trecherye, that, at the pointe to kyl her selfe, she spared that stroke to be auenged of Promos: and deuisyng a way, she concluded to make her fortunes knowne vnto the kinge. She (executinge this resolution) was so highly fauoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos: whose judgement was, to marrye Cassandra to repaire her crased honour; which donre, for

his hainous offence he should lose his head. This maryage solempnised, Cassandra, tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the common weale before her special ease, although he fauoured her much,) would not graunt her sute. Andrugio (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the griefe of his sister, bewrayde his safetye, and craued pardon. The kinge, to renowne the vertues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos. The circumstances of this rare historye in action lyuelye foloweth."

Whetstone was indebted for the story, of which he afterwards introduced a prose narrative in his "Heptameron of Civil Discourses" 1582, to Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*,—Parte Seconda, Deca. viii. Novella 5:—

"Juriste è mandato da Massamiano Imperadore in Ispruchi, ove fà prendere un giovane violatore di una vergine, e condannalo a morte: la sorella cerca di liberarlo: Juriste da speranza alla donna di pigliarla per moglie, e di darle libero il fratello: ella con lui si giace, e la notte istessa Juriste fà tagliar al giovane la testa, e la manda alla sorella. Ella ne fà querela all' Imperadore, il quale fà sposare ad Juriste la donna; poscia lo fà dare ad essere ucciso: la donna lo libera, e con lui si vive amorevolissimamente."

Persons Represented.

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*
ANGELO, *the Deputy.*
ESCALUS, *an Ancient Lord.*
CLAUDIO, *a Young Gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a Fantastic.*
Two other like Gentlemen.
Provost.
THOMAS, } *Two Friars.*
PETER, }
A Justice.
ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*
FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*
POMPEY, *Servant to* Mistress Overdone.
ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *Sister to* Claudio.
MARIANA, *betrothed to* Angelo.
JULIET, *beloved of* Claudio.
FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*
Mistress OVERDONE, *a Bawd.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—VIENNA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Escalus!

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work.[a] The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
[*Giving it.*
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.—
[*Exit an* Attendant.
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,

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[a] ——Then no more remains,
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work.]

Malone was perhaps right in suspecting some omission here; though the transposition of a single word will restore the passage to sense: we might read

——"Then no more remains,
But that, [*Tendering his Commission.*] to your sufficiency,
And, as your worth is able, let them work."

And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?
ESCAL. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.
DUKE. Look where he comes.

Enter ANGELO.

ANG. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.
DUKE. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them* on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues; nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.[a] But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advértise:
Hold, therefore.—Angelo,
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission. [*Giving it.*
ANG. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.
DUKE. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.
ANG. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.
DUKE. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand.
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
ANG. The heavens give safety to your purposes!
ESCAL. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!
DUKE. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*
ESCAL. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.
ANG. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.
ESCAL. I'll wait upon your honour.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *they*.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter LUCIO *and two* Gentlemen.

LUCIO. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 GENT. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 GENT. Amen.

LUCIO. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 GENT. *Thou shalt not steal?*

LUCIO. Ay, that he razed.

1 GENT. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There 's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 GENT. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

LUCIO. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

2 GENT. No? a dozen times at least.

1 GENT. What, in metre?

LUCIO. In any proportion or in any language.

1 GENT. I think, or in any religion.

LUCIO. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as for example,—thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

[a] Use.] *Use* formerly signified *interest of money*.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears ›tween us.[a]

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the ›ts and the velvet: thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good ›lvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee. had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be led, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with ost painful feeling of thy speech: I will out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes!

1 Gent. I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—[b]

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

[a] There went but a pair of shears between us.] An early ›verbial saying to the effect, that there was little difference ›ween them; they were both of a piece. "The thanksgiving" which the same speaker refers just before as distasteful to ›ry soldier, because it prays for peace, appears to have been ›erlooked by all the commentators. It is found in ancient ›uals in the very words of the text, "Heaven grant us its ›ce." And in a collection of devotions, entitled *Preces Privatæ*, published and established by the authority of Queen Elizabeth in 1564, the title directs that "the Acts of Thanksgiving in Eating shall always be concluded by these short prayers."—"Deus servet Ecclesiam—Regem vel Reginam custodiat—Consiliarios ejus regat—Populum universum tueatur—*et Pacem nobis donet perpetuam.* Amen."

[b] I have purchased, &c.] This, in the old copies, forms part of Lucio's speech, though it obviously belongs to the first Gentleman

LUCIO. Judge.

2 GENT. To three thousand dollars[a] a year.

1 GENT. Ay, and more.

LUCIO. A French crown more.

2 GENT. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error,—I am sound.

LUCIO. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.

1 GENT. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

MRS. OV. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2 GENT. Who's that, I pray thee?

MRS. OV. Marry, sir, that's Claudio; signior Claudio.

1 GENT. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

MRS. OV. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

LUCIO. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

MRS. OV. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

LUCIO. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 GENT. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 GENT. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

LUCIO. Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt* LUCIO *and* Gentlemen.

MRS. OV. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter POMPEY.(1)

How now! what's the news with you?

POM. Yonder man is carried to prison.

MRS. OV. Well; what has he done?

POM. A woman.

MRS. OV. But what's his offence?

POM. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river

MRS. OV. What, is there a maid with child by him?

POM. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: you have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

MRS. OV. What proclamation, man?

POM. All houses in the suburbs[b] of Vienna must be plucked down.

MRS. OV. And what shall become of those in the city?

POM. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

MRS. OV. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

POM. To the ground, mistress.

MRS. OV. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

POM. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

MRS. OV. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw.

POM. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and* Officers.[c]

CLAUD. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

PROV. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

CLAUD. Thus can the demi-god Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The sword of heaven;[d] on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Re-enter LUCIO *and* Gentlemen.

LUCIO. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

CLAUD. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:

---

a *To three thousand* dollars *a year.*] The same sorry play on "dollar" and *dolour* occurs in "The Tempest," Act II. Sc. 1, and in "King Lear," Act II. Sc. 4.

b All houses in the suburbs, &c.] Some critics would read, "All *bawdy*-houses," &c., needlessly; for "*suburb* houses," like "*suburb* wenches," were all "in an ill name."

c Enter Provost, &c.] This is marked in the folio as a new scene, but wrongly, as there is no change of locality. In the same text, too, Lucio and the two Gentlemen are set down as if entering with the Provost, &c.; but this was only in accordance with the old stage practice of indicating at the beginning of a scene all the characters required to take part in it.

d The sword of heaven;] The old text reads,—"The *words* of heaven;" but Claudio is apparently contrasting the capriciousness of earthly punishments with the ever just award of Heaven. This ingenious and easy alteration was suggested by Dr. Roberts, of Eton.

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

LUCIO. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality* of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

CLAUD. What but to speak of would offend again.

LUCIO. What, is't murder?

CLAUD. No.

LUCIO. Lechery?

CLAUD. Call it so.

PROV. Away, sir! you must go.

CLAUD. One word, good friend.—Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*

LUCIO. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—Is lechery so looked after?

CLAUD. Thus stands it with me:—upon a true contráct,
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation[a] lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us.(2) But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

LUCIO. With child, perhaps?

CLAUD. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in;—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'tis surely for a name.

LUCIO. I warrant it is; and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

CLAUD. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:—
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone[b] and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

LUCIO. I pray she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

CLAUD. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

LUCIO. Within two hours.

CLAUD. Come, officer; away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Monastery.*

Enter DUKE *and* FRIAR THOMAS.

DUKE. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of Love
Can pierce a cómplete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

FRI. T. May your grace speak of it?

DUKE. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,

(*) Old text, *mortality.*

[a] *Save that we do the* denunciation *lack*, &c.] *Denunciation* here means neither more nor less than *annunciation* or *pronunciation*. In Todd's edition of Johnson's Dictionary, under *Denunciation*, an example is quoted from Hall's *Cases of Conscience*, which places this beyond question;—"This publick and reiterated *denunciation* of banns before matrimony," &c.

[b] —— *for in her youth*
There is a prone *and speechless dialect*, &c.]
The word *prone*, in the sixteenth century, bore more than one meaning, which it has now lost. In its primitive sense it signifies bending forward, and metaphorically—to be much inclined to certain actions or passions; but in the "Lucrece," as Malone observes, Shakespeare uses it as equivalent to ardent, headstrong, &c.:—

"O that *prone* lust should stain so pure a bed!"

and again in "Cymbeline,"—"I never saw any one so *prone*," &c. In the lines we are now considering, however, the poet has obviously intended it to imply a power of bending or inclining another by the exertion of a strong yet silent personal influence.

Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.[a]
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo—
A man of stricture and firm abstinence—
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

FRI. T. Gladly, my lord.

DUKE. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,—
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,—*
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;†
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes[b] more mock'd, than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

FRI. T. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd;
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

DUKE. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do in slander.[c] And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear

(*) Old text, *weedes*. (†) Old text, *slip*.

a Where . . . *and* witless bravery keeps.] That is, *where senseless ostentation dwells. And* is added from the second folio.

b Becomes—] The old text reads,—

"—— in time the rod
More mock'd, than fear'd."

For *becomes* we are indebted to Pope, who probably derived it from the corresponding passage in Davenant's "Law against Lovers," a piece made up from "Measure for Measure" and "Much Ado about Nothing,"—

"Till it in time *become* more," &c.

c Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do in slander.]

So the old text, corruptly without doubt. Hanmer attempted to obtain sense by reading,—

"Never in the *sight*,
To do *it* slander."

We should prefer,—

"And yet my nature never *win* the fight
To *die* in slander."

Like a true friar. More* reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Nunnery.*

Enter Isabella *and* Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly; I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio. [*Without.*] Ho! peace be in this place!
Isab. Who's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be,—as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isab. Why her *unhappy* brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! for what?
Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.[a]
Lucio. 'Tis true. I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin

(*) Old text, *Moe.*

[a] *Sir, make me not your* story.] Davenant in his play, "A Law against Lovers," reads here *scorne* for *story*, and Mr. Collier's annotator adopts the same alteration. We retain the old lection, not for the reason assigned by Steevens, that *make me*, according to a common mode of phraseology in the poet's day, might mean, "*invent not* your story," but because *story* may without much licence be used to signify *jest* or *laughing-stock*.

With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

ISAB. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

LUCIO. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,[a] 'tis thus:—
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison,[b] even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

ISAB. Some one with child by him!—My cousin Juliet?

LUCIO. Is she your cousin?

ISAB. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.

LUCIO. She it is.

ISAB. O, let him marry her!

LUCIO. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence,
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn,
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out* were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He—to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo; and that's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

ISAB. Doth he so seek his life?

LUCIO. Has censur'd him[c] already:
And, as I hear, the provost hath a warrant
For his execution.

ISAB. Alas! what poor ability 's in me
To do him good?

LUCIO. Assay the power you have.

ISAB. My power! Alas, I doubt,—

LUCIO. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe[d] them.

ISAB. I'll see what I can do.

LUCIO. But speedily.

ISAB. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother; soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

LUCIO. I take my leave of you.

ISAB. Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt severally.*

(*) Old text, *giving-out.*

[a] Fewness and truth,—] That is, in few words and true.

[b] Foison,—] *Foison*, as signifying *plenty, abundance*, was used metaphorically for *Autumn*.

[c] Censur'd him—] Pronounced judgment on him. Judged him.

[d] *Would* owe *them*.] That is, would *have* or *possess* them.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* Angelo's *House.*

Enter Angelo, Escalus, *a* Justice, Provost, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little, [man,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentle-
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!

Let but your honour know,—
Whom I believe to be most straight in virtue,—
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your* blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not some time in your life,
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,[a]
And pull'd the law upon you.

ANG. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What 's open made to justice,
That justice seizes: what know the laws,
That thieves do pass on[b] thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For[c] I have had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

ESCAL. Be it as your wisdom will.

ANG. Where is the provost?

PROV. Here, if it like your honour.

ANG. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit* Provost.

ESCAL. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice,[d] and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW *and* Officers, *with* FROTH *and* POMPEY.

ELB. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a common-weal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

ANG. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

ELB. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

ANG. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

ELB. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

ESCAL. This comes off well: here's a wise officer.

ANG. Go to:—what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

POM. He cannot, sir: he's out at elbow.

ANG. What are you, sir?

ELB. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

ESCAL. How know you that?

ELB. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

ESCAL. How! thy wife?

ELB. Ay, sir;—whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

ESCAL. Dost thou detest her therefore?

ELB. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

ESCAL. How dost thou know that, constable?

ELB. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

ESCAL. By the woman's means?

ELB. Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

POM. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

ELB. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

ESCAL. [*To* ANGELO.] Do you hear how he misplaces?

POM. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing—saving your honour's reverence—for stewed prunes:—sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were,

(*) Old text, *our*.

a Which now you censure him,—] Here *for* must be understood:—"*for* which now you censure him."

b Pass on—] As Malone observes, *To pass on* is a forensic term; it occurs again in "King Lear," Act II. Sc. 7:—

"Though well we may not *pass upon* his life
Without the form of justice."

c For—] That is, *Because*.

d *Some run from brakes of* vice,—] The old text has, "brakes of *Ice*:" *vice* is an emendation of Rowe. If this be the true word, the allusion may be either to the instrument of torture termed a "brake;" or by "*brakes* of vice" may be meant, as Steevens conjectured, a number, a *thicket* of vices. It is by no means certain, however, that we have yet got either the poet's expression or meaning in this difficult passage.

in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence,—your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

ESCAL. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

POM. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right;—but to the point. As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again,—

FROTH. No, indeed.

POM. Very well;—you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

FROTH. Ay, so I did indeed.

POM. Why very well;—I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

FROTH. All this is true.

POM. Why, very well then,—

ESCAL. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

POM. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

ESCAL. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

POM. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas:—was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

FROTH. All-hallownd eve.

POM. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?—

FROTH. I have so: because it is an open room, and good for winter.[a]

POM. Why, very well, then: I hope here be truths.

ANG. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all.

ESCAL. I think no less; good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit* ANGELO.
Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

POM. *Once*, sir! there was nothing done to her once.

ELB. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

POM. I beseech your honour, ask me.

ESCAL. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

POM. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose.—Doth your honour mark his face?

ESCAL. Ay, sir, very well.

POM. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

ESCAL. Well, I do so.

POM. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

ESCAL. Why, no.

POM. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

ESCAL. He's in the right.—Constable, what say you to it?

ELB. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

POM. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

ELB. Varlet, thou liest! thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

POM. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

ESCAL. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?[b]—Is this true?

ELB. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her!—If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

ESCAL. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

ELB. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

ESCAL. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

ELB. Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to *continue* now, thou varlet; thou art to *continue*.

ESCAL. [*To* FROTH.] Where were you born, friend?

[a] An open room, and good for winter.] Master Froth may have been intended to blunder, otherwise we should have suspected *for* was a misprint.

[b] Justice, or Iniquity?] *Justice* and *Iniquity* were characters in the old Moralities.

FROTH. Here in Vienna, sir.

ESCAL. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

FROTH. Yes, an't please you, sir.

ESCAL. So.—[*To* POMPEY.] What trade are you of, sir?

POM. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

ESCAL. Your mistress' name?

POM. Mistress Overdone.

ESCAL. Hath she had any more than one husband?

POM. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

ESCAL. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

FROTH. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

ESCAL. Well, no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [*Exit* FROTH.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

POM. Pompey.

ESCAL. What else?

POM. Bum, sir.

ESCAL. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster: are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

POM. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

ESCAL. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

POM. If the law would allow it, sir.

ESCAL. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

POM. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

ESCAL. No, Pompey.

POM. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

ESCAL. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

POM. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after threepence a bay:[a] if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

ESCAL. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you:—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipped: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

POM. I thank your worship for your good counsel; [*Aside.*] but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.
[*Exit.*

ESCAL. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

ELB. Seven year and a half, sir.

ESCAL. I thought, by your* readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time; you say, seven years together?

ELB. And a half, sir.

ESCAL. Alas, it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

ELB. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

ESCAL. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

ELB. To your worship's house, sir?

ESCAL. To my house; fare you well.
[*Exit* ELBOW.

What's o'clock, think you?

JUST. Eleven, sir.

ESCAL. I pray you home to dinner with me.

JUST. I humbly thank you.

ESCAL. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

JUST. Lord Angelo is severe.

ESCAL. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—poor Claudio!—There is no remedy.—
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Provost *and a* Servant.

SERV. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

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[a] *Threepence* a bay:] Pope and Mr. Collier's annotator read,—"threepence *a day*;" but "a bay of building," which Coles in his Dictionary explains—*mensura viginti quatuor pedum*—was a common expression in reference to the measurement of a building's frontage. Pompey means he would rent the best house in the city after the rate of threepence for every twenty-four feet of frontage.

(*) Old text, *the.*

PROV. Pray you, do. [*Exit* Servant.] I'll know
His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

Enter ANGELO.

ANG. Now, what's the matter, provost?
PROV. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
ANG. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?
PROV. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
ANG. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.
PROV. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.
ANG. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

SERV. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.
ANG. Hath he a sister?
PROV. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.
ANG. Well, let her be admitted.
[*Exit* Servant.
See you the fornicatress be remov'd:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCIO.

PROV. Save your honour!
[*Offering to retire.*
ANG. Stay a little while.—[*To* ISAB.] You're welcome: what's your will?
ISAB. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
ANG. Well; what's your suit?
ISAB. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

ANG. Well; the matter?
ISAB. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
PROV. [*Aside.*] Heaven give thee moving graces!
ANG. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the fault,* whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
ISAB. O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honour!
[*Retiring.*
LUCIO. [*Aside to* ISAB.] Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.
ISAB. Must he needs die?
ANG. Maiden, no remedy.
ISAB. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.
ANG. I will not do't.
ISAB. But can you, if you would?
ANG. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
ISAB. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?
ANG. He's sentenc'd: 'tis too late.
LUCIO. [*Aside to* ISAB.] You are too cold.
ISAB. Too late! why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back[a] again. Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipp'd like him; but he, like you
Would not have been so stern.
ANG. Pray you, begone.
ISAB. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
LUCIO. [*Aside to* ISAB.] Ay, touch him; there's the vein.
ANG. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
ISAB. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,

[a] *May call it* back *again.*] The word *back*, perhaps accidentally omitted in the folio 1623, was inserted by the editor of the second folio.

(*) Old text, *faults.*

If He, which is the top of judgment,[a] should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made!

ANG. Be you content, fair maid,
It is the law, not I, condemns* your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him:—he must die to-morrow.

ISAB. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!—
He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister [you:
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

LUCIO. [*Aside.*] Ay, well said.

ANG. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
(Either new,* or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But ere† they live to end.

ISAB. Yet show some pity.

ANG. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother die to-morrow: be content;

(*) First folio, *condemne.*

(*) Old text, *now.* (†) Old text, *here.*

[a] *The* top of judgment,—] Mr. Dyce, in illustration of this expression, aptly quotes the following line from Dante's *Purgatorio*, c. VI. 28:—

"Chè *cima di giudicio* non s'avvalla," &c.

ISAB. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant!

LUCIO. [*Aside to* ISAB.] That's well said.

ISAB. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder.—Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority,—
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

LUCIO. [*Aside to* ISAB.] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent:
He's coming; I perceive't.

PROV. [*Aside.*] Pray heaven she win him!

ISAB. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:[a]
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

LUCIO. [*Aside to* ISAB.] Thou'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.

ISAB. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

LUCIO. [*Aside to* ISAB.] Art avis'd o' that? more on't.

ANG. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

ISAB. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of med'cine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

ANG. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis such sense,
That my sense breeds with it. [*To* ISAB.] Fare you well.

ISAB. Gentle my lord, turn back.

ANG. I will bethink me:—come again to-morrow. [turn back.

ISAB. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my lord,

ANG. How! bribe me!

ISAB. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.

LUCIO. [*Aside.*] You had marr'd all else.

ISAB. Not with fond shekels* of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere sunrise,—prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

ANG. Well; come to me to-morrow.

LUCIO. [*Aside to* ISAB.] Go to; 'tis well: away!

ISAB. Heaven keep your honour safe!

ANG. [*Aside.*] Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.[b]

ISAB. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

ANG. At any time 'fore noon.

ISAB. Save your honour!

[*Exeunt* ISABELLA, LUCIO, *and* Provost.

ANG. From thee,—even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most, ha?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there?[c] O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue; never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite: ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.

[*Exit.*

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[a] *We cannot weigh our brother with* ourself:] Warburton, perhaps rightly, reads *yourself*.

[b] For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.]
The following is Henley's interpretation of this somewhat obscure passage:—"The petition of the Lord's Prayer—'lead us not into temptation'—is here considered as crossing or intercepting the onward way in which Angelo was going; this appointment of his for the morrow's meeting being a premeditated exposure of himself to temptation, which it was the general object of prayer to thwart."

(*) Old text, *sickles*.

[c] Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there?]
"The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an Eastern method of expressing contempt."—HENLEY. So in 2 Kings, ch. x. v. 27:—"And they brake down the image of Baal, and brake down the house of Baal, and made it a draught house unto this day;" or, as the Douay version of 1609 reads,—"and made a jakes in its place unto this day."

SCENE III.—*A Room in a Prison.*

Enter, severally, DUKE, *disguised as a Friar, and* Provost.

DUKE. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
PROV. I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?
DUKE. Bound by my charity, and my blessed order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
PROV. I would do more than that, if more were needful.
Look; here comes one,—a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames[a] of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report; she is with child,
And he that got it, sentenc'd—a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Enter JULIET.

DUKE. When must he die?
PROV. As I do think, to-morrow.—
[*To* JULIET.] I have provided for you: stay a while,
And you shall be conducted.
DUKE. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
JULIET. I do, and bear the shame most patiently.
DUKE. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
JULIET. I'll gladly learn.
DUKE. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
JULIET. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
DUKE. So, then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
JULIET. Mutually.
DUKE. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
JULIET. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
DUKE. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven,[b] as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—
JULIET. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
DUKE. There rest.

a *Who, falling in the* flames *of her own youth, Hath blister'd her report.*] The old text, which reads *flawes*, was first corrected by Davenant, in his "Law against Lovers."

b *Showing we would not* spare *heaven,*—] This suspicious expression Capell interprets,—"spare to *offend* heaven." Mr. Collier's annotator, with more plausibility, changes it to "*serve* heaven," &c.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you![a] *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*
JULIET. *Must die to-morrow!* O, injurious love,[b]
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
PROV. 'T is pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Angelo's *House.*

Enter ANGELO.

ANG. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention,[c] hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sear'd* and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'T is not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now! who's there?
SERV. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
ANG. Teach her the way. [*Exit* SERV.] O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general,[d] subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

(*) Old text, *eard.*

[a] Grace go with you!] A benediction Ritson proposed to give to Juliet; regulating the dialogue thus,—

"JUL. Grace go with you!
DUKE. *Benedicite!*"

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?
ISAB. I am come to know your pleasure.
ANG. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot live.
ISAB. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*
ANG. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.
ISAB. Under your sentence?
ANG. Yea.
ISAB. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.
ANG. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means,
To make a false one.
ISAB. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
ANG. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather,—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life, or,* to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?
ISAB. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
ANG. I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.
ISAB. How say you?
ANG. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?
ISAB. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
ANG. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
ISAB. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,

(*) Old text, *and.*

[b] *O, injurious* love,—] Hanmer reads,—"injurious *law*," but *love* in this place appears to mean, *kindness*, or *mercy*, and need not be changed.

[c] Invention,—] That is, *imagination.*

[d] *The* general,—] The *multitude*, or *people.*

Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
ANG. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, crafty;[a] and that is not good.
ISAB. Let me* be ignorant and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
ANG. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed.—But mark me:
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
ISAB. So.
ANG. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
ISAB. True.
ANG. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss[b] of question—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding† law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?
ISAB. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have[c] been sick for ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.
ANG. Then must your brother die.
ISAB. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
ANG. Were not you, then, as cruel, as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?
ISAB. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin‡ to foul redemption.

ANG. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.
ISAB. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
ANG. We are all frail.
ISAB. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.[d]
ANG. Nay, women are frail too.
ISAB. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
ANG. I think it well;
And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one,—as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,—show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.
ISAB. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former language.
ANG. Plainly conceive, I love you.
ISAB. My brother did love Juliet;
And you tell me that he shall die for it.
ANG. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
ISAB. I know your virtue hath a licence in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
ANG. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
ISAB. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose! — Seeming, seeming!—

(*) First folio omits, *me*. (†) Old text, *all-building*. (‡) Old text, *kin*.

[a] *Or seem so*, crafty;] Meaning, "or seem so, *being* crafty." Davenant reads *craftily*, an emendation generally, and perhaps rightly, adopted by modern editors.

[b] *But in the* loss *of question*—] This may mean, *in the absence of topics for conversation;* but with Johnson we apprehend *loss* to be a misprint for *toss*. To *toss* an argument, or to *toss* logic is a phrase not yet quite obsolete.

[c] *That longing* have *been sick for*—] *Have*, in this passage, by a not unfrequent ellipsis, is used for *I have*.

[d] If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.]

The meaning is plain, though the language is perplexed:—If frailty is not man's common portion, if my brother, instead of being a mere *feodary* or *vassal*, like other men, possess it solely as his heritage, then let him die. *Feodary*, however, is explained by the commentators to mean an associate or companion, and the sense is said to be,—"If my brother alone offend, if he have no *feodary* (companion or associate), let him die." The words, "*Owe*, and *succeed*," which imply possession and inheritance, somewhat militate against this interpretation of the passage.

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I 'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

ANG. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will,
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I 'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[*Exit.*

ISAB. To whom should I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter, to CLAUDIO, *the* DUKE, *disguised as before, and* Provost.

DUKE. So, then, you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

CLAUD. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

DUKE. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences
That do* this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;(1)
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant,
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;

(*) Old text, *dost*.

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,[a]
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,*
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo,[b] and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged,[c] and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

CLAUD. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

ISAB. [*Without.*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

PROV. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

DUKE. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

CLAUD. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

ISAB. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

PROV. And very welcome.—Look, signior, here's your sister.

DUKE. Provost, a word with you.

PROV. As many as you please.

DUKE. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.[d]

[*Exeunt* DUKE *and* Provost.

CLAUD. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?

ISAB. Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger:[e]
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

CLAUD. Is there no remedy?

ISAB. None:—but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

CLAUD. But is there any?

ISAB. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

CLAUD. Perpetual durance?

ISAB. Ay, just; perpetual durance,—a restraint,
Though* all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

CLAUD. But in what nature?

ISAB. In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

CLAUD. Let me know the point.

ISAB. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

CLAUD. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

ISAB. There spake my brother! there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:

(*) Old text, *fire.*

(*) Old text, *through.*

[a] *Strange* effects,—] Johnson proposed to read, *affects*, that is, *affections, passions* of mind, perhaps rightly; but *effects*, in the sense of *results, consequences, conclusions*, affords a reasonable meaning.

[b] Serpigo,—] *Leprosy.* The folios read, *Sapego* and *Sarpego.*

[c]
—— for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld;]

With all respect for Johnson's defence of the old text, we must confess there appears much force in Warburton's objection to the logic of this passage; but his remedy, which is to read,—

"—— for *pall'd*, thy *blazed* youth
Becomes *assuaged*, and *both* beg," &c.

is not admissible. With much less violence to the original, and with advantage, perhaps, to the reasoning, we might read,—

"—— for all thy blessed youth
Becomes *engaged*, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld;"

taking *engaged* in the sense of enthralled by debt and lack of means; a sense it bears in the following passage,—

"I have *engag'd* myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means."
Merchant of Venice, Act III. Sc. 2.

[d] Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.] The first folio reads,—"Bring *them* to heare *me* speak, where I may be conceald" and the second,—"Bring *them* to speake, where I may be conceal'd, *yet heare them.*"

[e] *An everlasting* lieger:] A *lieger* meant an ambassador permanently resident at a foreign court.

Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew[a]
As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

CLAUD. The rev'rend[b] Angelo?

ISAB. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In rev'rend[b] guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,—
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed!

CLAUD. O, heavens! it cannot be.

ISAB. Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

CLAUD. Thou shalt not do't.

ISAB. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin!

CLAUD. Thanks, dear Isabel.

ISAB. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

CLAUD. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin·
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

ISAB. Which is the least?

CLAUD. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!

ISAB. What says my brother?

CLAUD. Death is a fearful thing.

ISAB. And shamed life a hateful.

CLAUD. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts*
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury,† and imprisonment

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[a] *And follies doth* emmew
As falcon doth the fowl—]

To *emmew* or *enmew* is a hawking technical, and as here used signifies, we believe, to paralyse and disable, as the falcon does the frightened bird over and around which it wheels preparatory to making the deadly swoop by which the prey is transfixed.

[b] *The* rev'rend *Angelo?* . . . rev'rend *guards!*] Of this passage Johnson remarks,—"The first folio has, in both places, *prenzie*, from which the other folios made *princely*, and every editor may make what he can." The word we adopt, though bearing upon the face of it little resemblance to *prenzie*, will be found upon transposing the letters to be not very dissimilar; while as regards the requirements of the sense, it seems preferable to *princely*, or *priestly*, or *precise*, each of which has found advocates, and a place in one or other of the modern editions.

(*) Old text, *thought*. (†) First folio, *periury*.

Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.
ISAB. Alas! alas!
CLAUD. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.
ISAB. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness[a]
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die! perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,—
No word to save thee.
CLAUD. Nay, hear me, Isabel.
ISAB. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*
CLAUD. O, hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE, *the* Provost *following.*

DUKE. Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one word.
ISAB. What is your will?
DUKE. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.
ISAB. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.
DUKE. [*Aside to* CLAUDIO.] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.
CLAUD. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

DUKE. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit* CLAUDIO.] Provost, a word with you.
PROV. What's your will, father?
DUKE. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.
PROV. In good time. [*Exit* Provost.
DUKE. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?
ISAB. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.
DUKE. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation,—he made trial of you only.—Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.
ISAB. Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.
DUKE. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?
ISAB. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.
DUKE. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by* oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-

[a] Wilderness—] *Wildness. Wilderness* in this sense is met with in many of the old poets.

(*) First folio omits, *by.*

dowry; with both, her combinate[a] husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

ISAB. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

DUKE. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake, and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

ISAB. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

DUKE. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

ISAB. Show me how, good father.

DUKE. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience: agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course and now follows all:—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.[b] The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

ISAB. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

DUKE. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

ISAB. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.[c]—*The Street before the Prison.*

Enter on one side, DUKE, *disguised as before on the other,* ELBOW, *and* Officers *with* POMPEY.

ELB. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

DUKE. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

POM. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

ELB. Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar!

DUKE. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

ELB. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

DUKE. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array* myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

POM. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

DUKE. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his.—Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

ELB. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

DUKE. That we were all, as some would seem to be,

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a Combinate *husband*,—] *Elected* or *contracted* husband.

b *And the corrupt deputy* scaled.] It is doubtful whether *scaled* in this place signifies *stripped* and *exposed*, or *reached*, or *brought to justice* by being metaphorically *weighed*. It may be indeed only a misprint for *sealed*, in the sense of *stamped*, as in "Richard III." Act I. Sc. 3:—

"Thou that wast *seal'd* in thy nativity
The slave of nature," &c

(*) Old text, *away*.

c Scene II.] In the old copies no change of scene is indicated, they merely give "*Exit*" [Isabella]; and when she has left the stage, the audience, as Mr. Dyce observes, were to suppose that the scene changed from the interior to the outside of the prison.

Free* from our faults, as[a] faults from seeming, free!

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.[b]

Pom. I spy comfort: I cry, bail! Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar! Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it† clutched? What reply, ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha!

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go, say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born.—Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.[c] I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. —Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

(*) First folio omits, *Free.* (†) Old copies omit, *it.*

[a] *Free from our faults,* as *faults from seeming,* free!] As this stands, the meaning is not very apparent. We might read,—

"Free from our faults, *or* faults from seeming, free!"

Would we were either exempt from faults altogether, as some pretend to be, or that they were not hidden by a semblance of virtue.

[b] His neck will come to your waist,—a cord,—] This desperate witticism depends on the hempen girdle which the duke, as a friar, wore.

[c] *Not the* wear.] Not the *fashion.*

POM. You will not bail me then, sir?

LUCIO. *Then*, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

ELB. Come your ways, sir; come.

LUCIO. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go.

[*Exeunt* ELBOW, *and* Officers, *with* POMPEY. What news, friar, of the duke?

DUKE. I know none; can you tell me of any?

LUCIO. Some say he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

DUKE. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

LUCIO. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

DUKE. He does well in't.

LUCIO. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

DUKE. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

LUCIO. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

DUKE. How should he be made, then?

LUCIO. Some report, a sea-maid spawned him: some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice: that I know to be true; and he is a motion ungenerative,[a] that's infallible.

DUKE. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

LUCIO. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

DUKE. I never heard the absent duke much detected[b] for women: he was not inclined that way.

LUCIO. O, sir! you are deceived.

DUKE. 'Tis not possible.

LUCIO. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

DUKE. You do him wrong, surely.

LUCIO. Sir, I was an inward[c] of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

DUKE. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

LUCIO. No,—pardon:—'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

DUKE. Wise! why, no question but he was.

LUCIO. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

DUKE. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

LUCIO. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

DUKE. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer* love.

LUCIO. Come, sir, I know what I know.

DUKE. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return (as our prayers are he may), let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

LUCIO. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

DUKE. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

LUCIO. I fear you not.

DUKE. O, you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

LUCIO. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

DUKE. Why should he die, sir?

LUCIO. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish.[d] I would the duke we talk of, were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again,

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[a] *A motion* ungenerative,—] The old text has,—"a motion *enerative*," corrected by Theobald.

[b] Detected *for women*:] That is, *accused* on account of women.

[c] *An* inward—] A *familiar*, an *intimate*.

(*) Old text, *deare*.

[d] A tun dish.] An old Warwickshire name for a funnel.

would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet[a] and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

DUKE. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?—
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, *and* Officers, *with* MISTRESS OVERDONE.

ESCAL. Go: away with her to prison!

MRS. OV. Good my lord, be good to me! your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord!

ESCAL. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

PROV. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

MRS. OV. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

ESCAL. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison! Go to: no more words. [*Exeunt* Officers, *with* MISTRESS OVERDONE. Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

PROV. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

ESCAL. Good even, good father.

DUKE. Bliss and goodness on you!

ESCAL. Of whence are you?

DUKE. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See,
In special business from his holiness.

ESCAL. What news abroad i' the world?

DUKE. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and* it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant[b] in any undertaking: there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accursed.[c] Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

ESCAL. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

DUKE. What pleasure was he given to?

ESCAL. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

DUKE. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

ESCAL. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed—justice.

DUKE. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

ESCAL. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

DUKE. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* ESCALUS *and* Provost.

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings

(*) Old text inserts, *as*.

[a] He's now past it: yet and I say to thee, &c.] Hanmer altered this to—

"He's *not* past it yet; and, I say to thee," &c.

[b] *As it is virtuous to be* constant in any undertaking:] Is it not plain the poet wrote, *inconstant?* What possible sense can be extracted from the passage as it stands?

[c] But security enough to make fellowships accursed.] The allusion, Malone says, is "to those legal securities into which *fellowship* leads men to enter for each other."

Most pond'rous and substantial things ! [a]
Craft against vice I must apply :
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despis'd ;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*

---

[a] Most pond'rous and substantial things!] This speech is disfigured by a cluster of errors: in the third line, for "know," which is an evident misprint, we propose to substitute *show;* in the thirteenth, "made," we think with Malone, is a typographical slip for *wade;* as "Making," in the next line, appears to be for *Masking.* Adopting these slight changes, and reading, "*So* draw," instead of "*To* draw," in the fifteenth line, the sense becomes perfectly intelligible :—

"He who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe ;
Pattern in himself to show
Grace to stand, and virtue go ;

That is, to show grace how to stand and virtue how to go.)

More nor less to others paying,
Than by self offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking !
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow !
O, what may man within him hide
Though angel on the outward side !
How may likeness wade in crimes !

(*Likeness* means *false seeming.*)

Masking, practice on the times !

(That is, *How may masking practice,* &c.)

So draw with idle spider's strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things !"

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Mariana's *House.*

MARIANA *discovered sitting : a* Boy *singing.*

SONG.

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.(1)

MARI. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away :
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
[*Exit* Boy.

Enter DUKE, *disguised as before.*

I cry you mercy, sir ; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical :
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

DUKE. 'Tis good ; though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.—
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day ? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

MARI. You have not been inquired after : I have sat here all day.

DUKE. I do constantly believe you.—The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

MARI. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Enter ISABELLA.

DUKE. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

ISAB. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise upon the heavy middle of the night to call upon him.[a]

DUKE. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

ISAB. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

DUKE. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

ISAB. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

DUKE. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this.—What, ho! within! come forth.

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

ISAB. I do desire the like.

DUKE. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

MARI. Good friar, I know you do, and have[b] found it.

DUKE. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

MARI. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt* MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

DUKE. O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests*
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Welcome! How agreed?

ISAB. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

DUKE. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

ISAB. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

MARI. Fear me not.

DUKE. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's† to sow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter PROVOST *and* POMPEY.

PROV. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

POM. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

PROV. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

POM. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

PROV. What ho, Abhorson! where's Abhorson, there?

---

[a] There have I made my promise upon the heavy middle of the night to call upon him.] This is printed thus, as verse, in the old copies,—

"There have I made my promise upon the
Heavy middle of the night to call upon him."

(*) First folio, *Quest.* (†) Old text, *Tithes.*

[b] And have found it.] We should perhaps read,—"and have oft found it," &c.

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you tomorrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir, fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally: a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for, surely, sir, a good favour[a] you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a *mystery?*

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

[a] Favour—] That is, *countenance, aspect.*

POM. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.[a]

Re-enter Provost.

PROV. Are you agreed?

POM. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

PROV. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

ABHOR. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

POM. I do desire to learn, sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare;[b] for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

PROV. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt* POMPEY *and* ABHORSON.

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine? [labour,

CLAUD. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

PROV. Who can do good on him?
Well, go; prepare yourself. [*Knocking without.*]
But hark, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort!—[*Exit* CLAUDIO.]
By and by!—
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.—

Enter DUKE, *disguised as before.*

Welcome, father.

DUKE. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night [late?
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of

PROV. None, since the curfew rung.

DUKE. Not Isabel?

PROV. No.

DUKE. They will, then, ere't be long.

PROV. What comfort is for Claudio?

DUKE. There's some in hope.

PROV. It is a bitter deputy.

DUKE. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke[c] and line of his great justice.
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd[d] with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.—[*Knocking without.*]
Now are they come.— [*Exit* Provost.
This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.
[*Knocking.*
How now! what noise? That spirit's possessed with haste,
That wounds the unsisting[e] postern with these strokes.

PROV. [*Without. Speaking to one at the door.*] There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

Re-enter Provost.

DUKE. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

PROV. None, sir, none.

DUKE. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

PROV. Happily,
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand: no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege[f] of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.—

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's* man.

DUKE. And here comes Claudio's pardon.[g]

MESS. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge,—that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

PROV. I shall obey him. [*Exit* Messenger.

DUKE. [*Aside.*] This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin,
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

(*) Old text, *Lords man.*

a —every true man's apparel fits your thief.] This is the division of the dialogue in the old copies. In modern editions, this speech of Pompey's forms part of Abhorson's, perhaps rightly.

b Yare;] *Ready, nimble.*

c Stroke—] Stroke means *rule*, and not, as it has always been understood, "a stroke of a pen."!

d Meal'd—] *Mingled, compounded.*

e Unsisting—] So the old text. Blackstone suggested it came from *sisto*, to stand still, and signified, "never at rest." It is more probably a misprint.

f Siege—] *Seat.*

g And here comes Claudio's pardon.] In the old copies this line is given to the Provost and the preceding one to the Duke; a manifest mistake.

When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?

PROV. I told you: lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

DUKE. Pray you, let's hear.

PROV. [Reads.] *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*
What say you to this, sir?

DUKE. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

PROV. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.[a]

DUKE. How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

PROV. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

DUKE. It is now apparent?

PROV. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

DUKE. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

PROV. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

DUKE. He wants advice.

PROV. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not moved him at all.

DUKE. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning,[b] I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

PROV. Pray, sir, in what?

DUKE. In the delaying death.

PROV. Alack! how may I do it,—having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

DUKE. By the vow of mine order I warrant you: if my instructions may be your guide, let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

PROV. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

DUKE. O death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

PROV. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

DUKE. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

PROV. To him, and to his substitutes.

DUKE. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing.

PROV. But what likelihood is in that?

DUKE. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

PROV. I know them both.

DUKE. The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ.[c] Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

---

[a] A prisoner nine years old.] That is, has been imprisoned for nine years.

[b] The boldness of my cunning—] In the *assurance* of my *sagacity.*

[c] By *chance, nothing of what is* writ.] That is, nothing of what is *truth,* or *gospel:* so in "Pericles," Act II. (Gower)—

"Thinks all is *writ* he spoken can."

From not understanding this sense of the word, some modern editors propose to read, with Warburton,—"nothing of what is *here* writ," and to make the Duke point to the letter in his hand. Mr. Collier indeed suggests the possibility that "writ" ought to be *right!*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter POMPEY.

POM. I am as well acquainted[a] here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger,(2) nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Threepile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young master Deepvow, and master Copperspur, and master Starvelackey, the rapier and dagger-man, and young Dropheir that killed lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoetie the great traveller, and wild Halfcan that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now *for the Lord's sake.*(3)

Enter ABHORSON.

ABHOR. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

POM. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, master Barnardine.

ABHOR. What, ho, Barnardine!

BARNAR. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? what are you?

POM. Your friend,* sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

BARNAR. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

ABHOR. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

POM. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

ABHOR. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

POM. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

ABHOR. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

POM. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE.

BARNAR. How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

ABHOR. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

BARNAR. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

POM. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

ABHOR. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter DUKE, *disguised as before.*

DUKE. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

BARNAR. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

DUKE. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

BARNAR. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

DUKE. But hear you,—

BARNAR. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

DUKE. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt* ABHORSON *and* POMPEY.

Enter Provost.

PROV. Now, sir; how do you find the prisoner?

DUKE. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

PROV. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclin'd,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

DUKE. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

PROV. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,

(*) Old text, *friends.*

[a] I am as well acquainted—] That is, as well furnished with acquaintance.

To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?
DUKE. Let this be done. [Claudio:
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting,
To yonder generation you shall find
Your safety manifested.[a]
PROV. I am your free dependant.
DUKE. Quick, despatch, and send the head to
Angelo. [*Exit* Provost.
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd* form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost *with* Ragozine's *head.*

PROV. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.
DUKE. Convenient is it. Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.
PROV. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*
ISAB. [*Without.*] Peace, ho, be here! [know,
DUKE. The tongue of Isabel.—She's come to
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither;
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

[a] Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting,
To yonder generation you shall find
Your safety manifested.]

The usual reading is that introduced by Hanmer,—

"Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To th' *under* generation, you shall find," &c.

(*) Old text, *weale-ballanc'd.*

Messrs. Knight, Collier, and Singer, however, have—

"Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation, you shall find," &c.

The meaning we take to be simply, *ere two days, you shall find your safety manifested to the outer world.*

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho! by your leave.
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other.
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.
Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes!
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity. [your eyes:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry

One of our covent,[a] and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.
Isab. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter, then, to friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:

[a] Covent,—] The older form of the word *convent*.

Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who 's here?

Enter LUCIO.

LUCIO. Good even.—
Friar, where's the provost?

DUKE. Not within, sir.

LUCIO. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit* ISABELLA.

DUKE. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

LUCIO. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman[a] than thou takest him for.

DUKE. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

LUCIO. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

DUKE. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

LUCIO. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

DUKE. Did you such a thing?

LUCIO. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

DUKE. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

LUCIO. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Angelo's *House.*

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

ESCAL. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

ANG. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver[b] our authorities there?

ESCAL. I guess not.

ANG. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

ESCAL. He shows his reason for that;—to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

ANG. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house.
Give notice to such men of sort and suit
As are to meet him.

ESCAL. I shall, sir: fare you well.

ANG. Good night.— [*Exit* ESCALUS.
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,[c]
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body that enforc'd
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;[d]
For my authority rears[e] of a credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right! we would, and we would not.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*An open Place without the City.*

Enter DUKE, *in his own habit, and* FRIAR PETER.

DUKE. These letters at fit time deliver me:
[*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction
And hold you ever to our special drift,

---

[a] Woodman—] A cant term for a wencher.
[b] Re-deliver—] The first folio has *reliver*; the second, *deliver*.
[c] Unpregnant,—] *Inapt, unable.*
[d] Yet reason dares her no;] The meaning seems to be, reason overawes, or frights her *not* to impeach me.
[e] *For my authority* rears *of a credent bulk*—] The old copies have,—
"For my authority *beares* of a credent bulke," &c.
which is plainly wrong. In modern editions the reading is,—
"For my authority bears *off* a credent bulk," &c.
or
"———————— bears so credent bulk," &c.
and Mr. Collier's annotator suggests,
"———————— bears *such* a credent bulk."
For the substitution of *rears* for *bears* we are responsible.

Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius'* house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus,† Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

F. PETER. It shall be speeded well.
[*Exit* F. PETER.

Enter VARRIUS.

DUKE. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Street near the City Gate.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

ISAB. To speak so indirectly I am loth:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part; yet I am advis'd to do it;
He says, to veil full[a] purpose.

MARI. Be rul'd by him.

ISAB. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic,
That's bitter to sweet end.

MARI. I would friar Peter—

ISAB. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter FRIAR PETER.

F. PETER. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded:
The generous[b] and gravest citizens
Have hent[c] the gates, and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring: therefore, hence, away!
[*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *Flavia's.* (†) Old text, *Valencius.*

a To veil full purpose.] Theobald, whose lection has been generally adopted, reads,—"to 'vailful purpose."

b Generous—] In the Latin sense, as in "Othello," Act III. Sc. 3,—
"——the *generous* islanders," &c.

c Hent—] From the Saxon *hentan*, to *take, catch*, or *lay hold of.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A public Place near the City Gate.*

MARIANA (*veiled*), ISABELLA, *and* FRIAR PETER, *at a distance. Enter from one side,* DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords; *from the other,* ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, *and* Citizens.

DUKE. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

ANG. *and* ESCAL. } Happy return be to your royal grace!

DUKE. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

ANG. You make my bonds still greater.
DUKE. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand:—
And good supporters are you.

FRIAR PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

F. PETER. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.
ISAB. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wronged, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!
DUKE. Relate your wrongs: in what? by whom? be brief.
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.
ISAB. O, worthy duke!
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me, here!
ANG. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice,—
ISAB. *By course of justice!*
ANG. And she will speak most bitterly and strange. [speak:
ISAB. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
Is it not strange and strange?
DUKE. Nay, it is ten times strange.
ISAB. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.
DUKE. Away with her!—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.
ISAB. O prince, I cōnjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.
DUKE. By mine honesty,
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er[a] I heard in madness.
ISAB. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.
DUKE. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?
ISAB. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio,
As then the messenger—
LUCIO. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.
ISAB. That's he, indeed.
DUKE. You were not bid to speak.
LUCIO. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
DUKE. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it; and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.
LUCIO. I warrant your honour. [to it.
DUKE. The warrant's for yourself: take heed
ISAB. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—
LUCIO. Right. [wrong
DUKE. It may be right; but you are i' the
To speak before your time.—Proceed.
ISAB. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—
DUKE. That's somewhat madly spoken.
ISAB. Pardon it:
The phrase is to the matter.
DUKE. Mended again: the matter;—proceed.
ISAB. In brief,—to set the needless process by,

[a] As e'er—] We agree in thinking with Malone that Shakespeare wrote:—
"As *ne'er* I heard in madness."

How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd[a] me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse[b] confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

DUKE. This is most likely!

ISAB. O, that it were as like as it is true![c]

DUKE. By heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice.[d] First, his integrity
Stands without blemish: next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself; if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

ISAB. And is this all?
Then, O, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up [woe,
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

DUKE. I know you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.—
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

ISAB. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick. [that Lodowick?

DUKE. A ghostly father, belike.—Who knows

LUCIO. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.

DUKE. Words against me! this a good friar,[e] belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

LUCIO. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. PETER. Bless'd be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

DUKE. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

F. PETER. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

LUCIO. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

F. PETER. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,—
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,—came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented.[f] First, for this woman,—
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

DUKE. Good friar, let's hear it.

[ISABELLA *is carried off guarded; and* MARIANA *comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial;[g] be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

MARI. Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.

DUKE. What, are you married?

MARI. No, my lord.

DUKE. Are you a maid?

MARI. No, my lord.

DUKE. A widow then?

MARI. Neither, my lord.

DUKE. Why, you are nothing then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife?

LUCIO. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

---

[a] Refell'd *me*,—] *Refuted* me.

[b] Remorse—] *Pity.*

[c] O, that it were as like as it is true!] Malone's explanation of this appears the right one;—"O, that it had as much of the *likeness*, or *appearance*, as it has of the *reality* of truth!"

[d] Practice.] *Conspiracy, collusion.*

[e] This a good friar,—] Meaning, "This *is* a good friar;" an habitual turn of expression in old language.

[f] Convented.] That is, *summoned, cited.*

[g] I'll be impartial;] Although *impartial* is sometimes used by our old writers for *most partial*, it means in this place no more than *neutral.*

DUKE. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

LUCIO. Well, my lord.

MARI. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid: [not
I have known my husband, yet my husband knows
That ever he knew me.

LUCIO. He was drunk then, my lord: it can be no better.

DUKE. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

LUCIO. Well, my lord.

DUKE. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

MARI. Now I come to't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

ANG. Charges she more than me?

MARI. Not that I know.

DUKE. No? you say your husband.

MARI. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

ANG. This is a strange abuse.[a]—Let's see thy face.

MARI. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

DUKE. Know you this woman?

LUCIO. Carnally, she says.

DUKE. Sirrah, no more!

LUCIO. Enough, my lord. [woman;

ANG. My lord, I must confess I know this
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years [her,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from
Upon my faith and honour.

MARI. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in's garden-house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

ANG. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive,
These poor informal[b] women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on; let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

DUKE. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths, [saint,
Though they would swear down each particular
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin: lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. PETER. Would he were here, my lord! for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

DUKE. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit* Provost.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,[c]
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.

ESCAL. My lord, we'll do it throughly.— [*Exit* DUKE.] Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

LUCIO. *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

ESCAL. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

LUCIO. As any in Vienna, on my word.

ESCAL. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an* Attendant.] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

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[a] A *strange* abuse.] Abuse here seems to imply *delusion*, or *deception*; as in "Macbeth," Act III. Sc. 4:—
"——— my strange and *self-abuse*."

[b] Informal—] *Deranged, infatuated.*

[c] *To hear this matter* forth,—] That is, to hear it *out*.

LUCIO. Not better than he, by her own report.

ESCAL. Say you?

LUCIO. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

ESCAL. I will go darkly to work with her.

LUCIO. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Re-enter Officers *with* ISABELLA.

ESCAL. [*To* ISABELLA.] Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

LUCIO. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here, with the provost.

ESCAL. In very good time:—speak not you to him till we call upon you.

LUCIO. Mum.

Re-enter DUKE, *disguised as a Friar, and* Provost.

ESCAL. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

DUKE. 'Tis false.

ESCAL. How! know you where you are?

DUKE. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

ESCAL. The duke's in us, and we will hear you speak:
Look you speak justly.

DUKE. Boldly, at least.—But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

LUCIO. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

ESCAL. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?—
Take him hence; to the rack with him!—We'll touse you
Joint by joint, but we will know his[a] purpose.—
What? unjust!

DUKE. Be not so hot; the duke dare
No more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial.[b] My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.(1) [to prison!

ESCAL. Slander to the state! Away with him

ANG. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

LUCIO. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman bald-pate: do you know me?

DUKE. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

LUCIO. O, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the duke?

DUKE. Most notedly, sir.

LUCIO. Do you so, sir? and was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

DUKE. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

LUCIO. O, thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

DUKE. I protest, I love the duke as I love myself.

ANG. Hark how the villain would close[c] now, after his treasonable abuses!

ESCAL. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal—away with him to prison!—where is the provost?—away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more.—Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion!

[*The* Provost *lays hand on the* DUKE.

DUKE. Stay, sir; stay a while.

ANG. What! resists he?—Help him, Lucio.

LUCIO. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's

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a —his purpose.] Capell reads, "—*this* purpose," and Mr. Collier's annotator, "—*your* purpose," but Boswell suggested that, after threatening the supposed Friar, Escalus addresses the close of the sentence to the bystanders.

b *Nor here* provincial.] Nor within the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the *province*

c Close—] So the old copies. In Mr. Collier's annotated folio, the word is changed to *gloze*, but most improperly; for "close" and not *gloze*, despite of all that can be adduced in favour of the latter, is the genuine word. In proof of this take the following unanswerable quotations:—

"It would become me better than to *close*
In terms of friendship with thine enemies."
Julius Cæsar, Act III. Sc. 1.

"This *closing* with him fits his lunacy."
Titus Andronicus, Act V. Sc. 2.

"I will *close* with this country peasant very lovingly."
WEBSTER'S *Works*, *Dyce's ed.* p. 281.

"Thus cunningly she *clos'd* with him, and he conceaves her thoughts."—WARNER'S *Albion's England*.

visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off? [*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the* DUKE.

DUKE. Thou art the first knave, that e'er made* a duke.—
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.—
Sneak not away, sir; [*To* LUCIO.] for the friar and you
Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him.

LUCIO. This may prove worse than hanging.

DUKE. [*To* ESCALUS.] What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down:—
We'll borrow place of him:— [*To* ANGELO.] sir, by your leave.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

ANG. O, my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes![a] Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

DUKE. Come hither, Mariana.—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

ANG. I was, my lord.

DUKE. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, *and* Provost.

ESCAL. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

DUKE. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advértising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

ISAB. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!

DUKE. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance[b] of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost. O, most kind maid!
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

ISAB. I do, my lord.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, *and* Provost.

DUKE. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent,—for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
Then, Angelo, thy fault[c] thus manifested,—
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage,—
We do condemn thee to the very block [haste.—
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
Away with him!

MARI. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

DUKE. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come. For his possessions,
Although by confiscation* they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

MARI. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

DUKE. Never crave him; we are definitive.

MARI. Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling.*

DUKE. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death!—[*To* LUCIO.] Now, sir, to you. [my part;

MARI. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

(*) Old text, *ere mad'st.*

(*) First folio, *confutation.*

[a] *Hath look'd upon my* passes!] *Passes*, if not a typographical mistake, as we have sometimes suspected it to be, for *lapses*, may mean *courses*, from the French *passées*.

[b] Remonstrance—] So the old text, and rightly, though Malone and other editors persist in reading *demonstrance*.

[c] —*thy* fault thus *manifested*,—] *Fault* is an emendation of Mr. Dyce. The old copies have *fault's*.

DUKE. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
MARI. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:
Hold up your hands, say nothing,—I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?
DUKE. He dies for Claudio's death.
ISAB. Most bounteous sir,
[*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.
MARI. Merely, my lord.
DUKE. Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault.—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
PROV. It was commanded so.
DUKE. Had you a special warrant for the deed?
PROV. No, my good lord; it was by private message.
DUKE. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.
PROV. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.
DUKE. What's he?
PROV. His name is Barnardine.
DUKE. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
[*Exit* Provost.
ESCAL. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

ANG. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter PROVOST, *with* BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, *muffled, and* JULIET.

DUKE. Which is that Barnardine?
PROV. This, my lord.
DUKE. There was a friar told me of this man.—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?
PROV. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.
[*Unmuffles* CLAUDIO.
DUKE. [*To* ISABELLA.] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: but fitter time for that.—
By this lord Angelo perceives he's safe:
Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye.—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits[a] you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.—
[*To* LUCIO.] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury,[b] an ass, a madman:
Wherein have I deserved* so of you,
That you extol me thus?
LUCIO. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.
DUKE. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman's† wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
—As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child,—let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.
LUCIO. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I

[a] *Your evil* quits *you well:*] That is, *requites* you well: you receive good for evil.
[b] Luxury,—] *Concupiscence.*

(*) Old text, *so deserv'd.*
(†) Old text, *woman.*

made you a duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

DUKE. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

LUCIO. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

DUKE. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
[*Exeunt* Officers *with* LUCIO.
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—Love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind that is more gratulate.—
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's* meet you all should know. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *that.*

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) Scene II.—*Enter* Pompey.] The original stage direction is "Enter Clown." Of this character Mr. Douce remarks,—"The clown in this play officiates as the tapster of a brothel; whence it has been concluded that he is not a domestic fool, nor ought to appear in the dress of that character. A little consideration will serve to shew that the opinion is erroneous, that *this* clown is *altogether* a domestic fool, and that he should be habited accordingly. In Act II. Sc. 1, Escalus calls him a *tedious fool,* and *Iniquity,* a name for one of the old stage buffoons. He tells him that he will have him *whipt,* a punishment that was very often inflicted on fools. In *Timon of Athens,* we have a *strumpet's fool,* and a similar character is mentioned in the first speech in *Antony and Cleopatra.* But if any one should still entertain a doubt on the subject, he may receive the most complete satisfaction by an attentive examination of ancient prints, many of which will furnish instances of the common use of the domestic fool in brothels."—*Illustrations of Shakespeare,* I. 151.

(2) Scene II.—

—— *this we came not to,*
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us.]

If *propagation* be the poet's word, its most literal meaning, that is, to increase or multiply, seems to furnish the real and natural sense of this much-disputed passage. The dowry of Julietta was "at use" in the coffer of her friends until her authorised marriage should require it to be paid. The *principal,* therefore, was a fixed sum, but the "propagation" of the "dower" expressed the increase of it as added to that principal by the extension of the time in which it lay at interest in the hands of the lady's friends. It is very probable that, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, this was not an uncommon contrivance for improving the portions of unmarried women; and, wherever it could be safely and legally adopted, it was a great protection to their property against the feudal claims of wardship. With respect to the sense of the word *propagation,* as implying the increase of money by interest, there is a pertinent illustration in "Twelfth Night," Act III. Sc. 1, where the Clown says to Viola,—

"Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?"

and she replies,—

"Yes, being kept together, and put to use."

Sometimes, however, the improvement of the dowry was not assured by the accumulation of periodical interest; but was left altogether dependent on the good will of a relation. There is an instance of this power being given, in the will of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, 1361; one of the bequests of which is to "Thomasine Belle, xl marks, [6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*] for her marriage, *or more, if she be well married.*" But, in the testament of Henry, the last Lord Grey of Codnor, dated Sept. 10th, 1492, there occurs an instance, perhaps still more to the purpose. The testator is directing the payment of several bequests to his illegitimate children, and he orders that his cousin, Sir Thomas Barrow, should pay 100*l.* to two of them, named Richard Grey, and "the Greater Harry;" or else, *that the land of his part stand still in feoffees'* hands, "till Two Hundred Marks [33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*] be raised and paid to the marriage of the said two children."

Still, after all the endeavours to impart a meaning to the word "propagation" in this passage, the expression is so peculiar that it will be suspected. Malone proposed to read, "for *prorogation;*" and Mr. Collier's annotator, "for *procuration.*" Query, is the disputed word a misprint for *propugnation?*—

"Only for *propugnation* [that is, *defence,* or *preservation*] of a dower,"—

Shakespeare uses the word in this sense elsewhere:—

"What *propugnation* is in one man's valour."
Troilus and Cressida, Act II. Sc. 2.

ACT III.

(1) Scene I.—

—— *merely, thou art death's fool.*]

Here, as in a passage of "Pericles," Act III. Sc. 2,—

"A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags
To please the *fool and death,*"—

Steevens and Douce conceive the general idea was suggested by the ancient dance of Machabre, or, as it is commonly called, Dance of Death; "that curious pageant of mortality which, during the middle ages, was so great a favourite as to be perpetually exhibited to the people either in the sculpture and painting of ecclesiastical buildings, or in the books adapted to the service of the church." * But, notwithstanding such eminent authority, it may well be questioned whether Shakespeare's allusion is not rather to some old stage representation, familiar to his auditory, where the Devil and the Fool; Death and the Fool; and Time and the Fool,—

"—— and Life, *Time's fool*"—*First Part of Henry IV.* Act V. Sc. 4.

were in turn brought into ludicrous collision for the entertainment of the spectators.

* Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare, I. 130.

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.]

In the edition of our poet's poems, printed in 1640, this beautiful song, with a second stanza,—

"Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee"—

is assigned to Shakespeare. Both stanzas, however, are given in Fletcher's play of "The Bloody Brother;" and as the first is evidently intended to be sung by a female, and the second as plainly designed for a man, it has been conjectured that the one was written by Shakespeare for the present scene, and the other added in "The Bloody Brother," by Fletcher. "The first," Mr. R. G. White remarks, "is animated purely by sentiment; the second, delicately beautiful as it is, is the expression of a man carried captive solely through his sense of beauty. The first breathes woman's wasted love; the second, man's disappointed passion. The first could not have been written by Fletcher; the second would not have been written by Shakespeare, as a companion to the first." *

(2) SCENE III.—*First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger.*] It was the custom of money-lenders in Shakespeare's time, as now, in making advances to improvident young men, to compel them to take a part of the loan in goods, frequently of the most worthless kind. The practice, no doubt, originated in a desire to evade the penalties for usury, and must have reached an alarming height, as the old writers make it a perpetual mark for satire. In Lodge's and Greene's "Looking Glasse for London and Englande," 1598, an unhappy victim who is urged by the usurer for repayment of his debt remonstrates thus, "I pray you sir consider that my losse was great by the commoditie I tooke up; you know sir I borrowed of you forty pounds, whereof I had ten pounds in money, and thirtie pounds in *Lute strings*, which when I came to sell againe, I could get but five pounds for them, so had I sir, but fifteene pounds for my fortie: In consideration of this ill bargaine, I pray you sir give me a month longer." That the commodity sometimes consisted partly or entirely of *brown paper*, is established by a profusion of passages from writers of the period; thus, in Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier," 1592:—"For the Marchant delivered the Yron, Tin, Lead, hops, Sugars, Spices, Oiles, *browne paper*, or whatsoever else, from sixe moneths to sixe moneths: whiche when the poore Gentleman came to sell againe, hee coulde not make threescore and ten in the hundred beside the usury."

Again, in his "Defence of Coney-catching," 1592:—"If he borrow a hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and three score in wares; as lute strings, hobby horses, or *brown paper*."

So, also, in Davenport's comedy, "A New Tricke to cheat the Divell," 1639:—

"——Th' have bin so bit already
With taking up *Commodities of browne paper*,
Buttons past fashion, silkes, and Sattins,
Babies, and Childrens Fiddles, with like trash
Tooke up at a deare rate, and sold for trifles."

(3) SCENE III.—*And are now for the Lord's sake.*] "Charity for the Lord's sake" was the form of supplication used by imprisoned debtors to the passers-by:—

"Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake*,
Like Ludgate prisoner, lo, I begging, make
My mone." DAVIES'S *Epigrams*, 1611.

In illustration of the custom and the language used, Mr. Singer adduces a curious passage from Baret's "Alvearie," 1573, under the word "*Interest*, or the borrowing of usurie money wherewith to pay my debt:"—"And therefore methinke it is prettily sayd in Grammar that *Interest* will be joyned with *Mea, Tua, Sua, Nostra, Vestra*, and *Cuia*, only in the ablative case, because they are pronouns possessives. For how great soever his possessions, goodes, or lands be that haunteth the company of this impersonall, if now perchance he be able to kepe three persons, at length he shall not be able to kepe one: yea he himselfe shall shortly become such an impersonall, that he shall be counted as nobody, without any countenance, credit, person, or estimation among men. And when he hath thus filched, and fleeced his *possessive* so long till he hath made him as rich as a new shorn sheepe, then will he turn him to commons *into Ludgate:* where for his ablative case he shall have a dative cage, *craving and crying at the grate, your worships' charitie* FOR THE LORDS SAKE."

* Shakespeare's Scholar, p. 165-6.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.]

In his review of Dr. Johnson's edition of Shakespeare, Kenrick introduced a metrical list of these forfeits, which he professed to quote from recollection of a table he had seen hung up in a barber's shop either at Malton, or Thirsk, in Yorkshire. Steevens boldly pronounced the version to be a forgery; but, although Dr. Kenrick's memory probably betrayed him in two or three particulars, there are some grounds for believing his list to be in the main a veritable relic of old times. It runs thus:—

RULES FOR SEEMLY BEHAVIOUR.

First come, first serve.—Then come not late;
And, when arrived, keep your state;
For he, who from these rules shall swerve,
Must pay the forfeits.—So, observe.

I.

Who enters here with boots and spurs,
Must keep his nook; for, if he stirs,
And gives, with armed heel, a kick,
A pint he pays for every prick.

II.

Who rudely takes another's turn,
A forfeit mug may manners learn.

III.

Who reverentless shall swear or curse,
Must lug seven farthings from his purse.

IV.

Who checks the barber in his tale
Must pay for each a pot of ale.

V.

Who will, or can, not miss his hat
While trimming, pays a pint for that.

VI.

And he who can, or will, not pay,
Shall hence be sent half trimm'd away;
For, will-he, nill-he, if in fault,
He forfeit must, in meal or malt.

But mark,—who is already in drink,
The cannikin must never clink.

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

"In 'Measure for Measure' Shakspeare was compelled, by the nature of the subject, to make his poetry more familiar with criminal justice than is usual with him. All kinds of proceedings connected with the subject, all sorts of active or passive persons, pass in review before us: the hypocritical Lord Deputy, the compassionate Provost, and the hard-hearted Hangman; a young man of quality who is to suffer for the seduction of his mistress before marriage, loose wretches brought in by the police, nay, even a hardened criminal, whom even the preparations for his execution cannot awaken out of his callousness. But yet, notwithstanding this agitating truthfulness, how tender and mild is the pervading tone of the picture! The piece takes improperly its name from punishment; the true significance of the whole is the triumph of mercy over strict justice; no man being himself so free from errors as to be entitled to deal it out to his equals. The most beautiful embellishment of the composition is the character of Isabella, who, on the point of taking the veil, is yet prevailed upon by sisterly affection to tread again the perplexing ways of the world, while, amid the general corruption, the heavenly purity of her mind is not even stained with one unholy thought: in the humble robes of the novice she is a very angel of light. When the cold and stern Angelo, heretofore of unblemished reputation, whom the Duke has commissioned, during his pretended absence, to restrain, by a rigid administration of the laws, the excesses of dissolute immorality, is even himself tempted by the virgin charms of Isabella, supplicating for the pardon of her brother Claudio, condemned to death for a youthful indiscretion; when at first, in timid and obscure language, he insinuates, but at last impudently avouches his readiness to grant Claudio's life to the sacrifice of her honour; when Isabella repulses his offer with a noble scorn; in her account of the interview to her brother, when the latter at first applauds her conduct, but at length, overcome by the fear of death, strives to persuade her to consent to dishonour;—in these masterly scenes, Shakspeare has sounded the depths of the human heart. The interest here reposes altogether on the represented action; curiosity contributes nothing to our delight, for the Duke, in the disguise of a Monk, is always present to watch over his dangerous representative, and to avert every evil which could possibly be apprehended; we look to him with confidence for a happy result. The Duke acts the part of the Monk naturally, even to deception; he unites in his person the wisdom of the priest and the prince. Only in his wisdom he is too fond of round-about ways; his vanity is flattered with acting invisibly like an earthly providence; he takes more pleasure in overhearing his subjects than governing them in the customary way of princes. As he ultimately extends a free pardon to all the guilty, we do not see how his original purpose, in committing the execution of the laws to other hands, of restoring their strictness, has in any wise been accomplished. The poet might have had this irony in view, that of the numberless slanders of the Duke, told him by the petulant Lucio, in ignorance

of the person whom he is addressing, that at least which regarded his singularities and whims was not wholly without foundation. It is deserving of remark, that Shakspeare, amidst the rancour of religious parties, takes a delight in painting the condition of a monk, and always represents his influence as beneficial. We find in him none of the black and knavish monks, which an enthusiasm for Protestantism, rather than poetical inspiration, has suggested to some of our modern poets. Shakspeare merely gives his monks an inclination to busy themselves in the affairs of others, after renouncing the world for themselves; with respect, however, to pious frauds, he does not represent them as very conscientious. Such are the parts acted by the monk in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and another in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and even by the Duke, whom, contrary to the well-known proverb, the cowl seems really to make a monk."—SCHLEGEL.

"Of 'Measure for Measure,' independent of the comic characters, which afford a rich fund of entertainment, the great charm springs from the lovely example of female excellence in the person of Isabella. Piety, spotless purity, tenderness combined with firmness, and an eloquence the most persuasive, unite to render her singularly interesting and attractive. To save the life of her brother, she hastens to quit the peaceful seclusion of her convent, and moves amid the votaries of corruption and hypocrisy, amid the sensual, the vulgar, and the profligate, as a being of a higher order, as a ministering spirit from the throne of grace. Her first interview with Angelo, and the immediately subsequent one with Claudio, exhibit, along with the most engaging feminine diffidence and modesty, an extraordinary display of intellectual energy, of dexterous argument, and of indignant contempt. Her pleadings before the lord deputy are directed with a strong appeal both to his understanding and his heart, while her sagacity and address in the communication of the result of her appointment with him to her brother, of whose weakness and irresolution she is justly apprehensive, are, if possible, still more skilfully marked, and add another to the multitude of instances which have established for Shakspeare an unrivalled intimacy with the finest feelings of our nature.

"The page of poetry, indeed, has not two nobler passages to produce, than those which paint the suspicions of Isabella, as to the fortitude of her brother, her encouragement of his nascent resolution, and the fears which he subsequently entertains of the consequences of dissolution.

"On learning the terms which would effect his liberation, his astonishment and indignation are extreme, and he exclaims with vehemence to his sister,—

> Thou shalt not do't;

but no sooner does this burst of moral anger subside, than the natural love of existence returns, and he endeavours to impress Isabella, under the wish of exciting her to the sacrifice demanded for his preservation, with the horrible possibilities which may follow the extinction of this state of being, an enumeration which makes the blood run chill."—DRAKE.

Act III. Sc. 2.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

"The Famous History of The Life of King Henry the Eight" was first printed, it is believed, in the folio of 1623. The date of its production is uncertain. Some editors, including Theobald and Malone, contend that it was written before the death of Elizabeth, and that the complimentary address to her successor—

> "Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when
> The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
> Her ashes new create another heir,
> As great in admiration as herself;
> So shall she leave her blessedness to one
> (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
> Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
> Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
> And so stand fix'd"—

was interpolated on the play being revived for presentation before King James. Messrs. Dyce, Collier, and others, on the contrary, conjecture it was produced after the accession of James, and in confirmation of this opinion adduce the following Memorandum from the Registers of the Stationers' Company:—

"12 Feb 1604 [1605].

"Nath. Butter] Yf he get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry 8th before he begyn to print it, and then procure the wardens hands to yt for the entrance of yt, he is to have the same for his copy."

This insertion, supposed by many to refer to Rowley's piece, "When you see me you know me," which was published in the same year, and is founded on events and characters in the reign of Henry the Eighth, they think pertains to the present play. Although both parties maintain their theory with confidence, the evidence, external or intrinsic, in favour of either appears too slight and speculative to warrant a decision. One fact seems established, namely, that there was a play upon the same subject at least as early as Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth," presumably before; for in Henslowe's Diary, pp. 189, 198, 221, &c., are notices regarding two pieces, consisting of a first and second part, written in 1601, the one entitled "The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey," and the other, "Cardinal Wolsey," on which an exceptional amount of money was expended for costume and decoration. There is a probability, too, that at one period "Henry the Eighth" bore a double title, and was known as "Henry the Eighth, or All is True." The grounds for supposing so are these. On the 29th of June, 1613, the Globe theatre on Bankside was totally destroyed, owing to the thatch of the roof being fired by the wadding of some "chambers," or small cannon, discharged during a performance. According to Howes, the continuator of Stow's Chronicle, this catastrophe occurred at the representation of "Henry the Eighth." The same fact is recorded in a MS. letter from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated the very day after the fire:— * * * * "No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbege his companie were acting at y^e^ Globe the play of Hen = 8. and there shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd, and fastened upon the thatch of the house and there burned so furiously, as it consumed the whole house and all in lesse then two houres;" &c.—MSS. Harl. 7002. But Sir Henry Wotton, writing on the 2d of July in the same year, and describing this calamity, says it took place during the acting of "a *new play*, called, *All is true*, representing some principal pieces of the Reign of Henry the 8th."—*Reliquiæ* (edit. 1672, p. 425). There appears to be no doubt that the play in question, which Sir Henry terms *new*, probably because it was revived with *new* dresses, *new* prologue, epilogue, &c. &c., was our author's "Henry the Eighth," and the discrepancy as to the title might have arisen from the circumstance, just hinted at, of its having originally borne a double one.

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolsey.
Cardinal Campeius.
Capucius, *Ambassador from the* Emperor Charles V.
Cranmer, *Archbishop of* Canterbury.
Duke *of* Norfolk.
Duke *of* Buckingham.
Duke *of* Suffolk.
Earl *of* Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, King's Secretary, *afterwards* Bishop *of* Winchester.
Bishop *of* Lincoln.
Lord Abergavenny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guilford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Secretaries *to* Wolsey.
Cromwell, *Servant to* Wolsey, *afterwards* King's Secretary.
Griffith, *Gentleman-Usher to* Queen Katharine.
Gentleman *of the* King's.
Gentleman *of the* Queen's.
Three Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, *Physician to the* King.
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor *to the* Duke *of* Buckingham.
Brandon, *and a* Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper *of the Council Chamber.*
Porter, *and his* Man.
Page *to* Gardiner.
A Crier.

Queen Katharine, *Wife to* King Henry; *afterwards divorced.*
Anne Bullen, *her Maid of Honour; afterwards* Queen.
An Old Lady, *Friend to* Anne Bullen.
Patience, *Woman to* Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*Chiefly in* London *and* Westminster; *once at* Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, and high-working,[a] full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend,)
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.[b]

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[a] *Sad,* and high-working,—] The old, and every modern copy, read—

"Sad, high, and working;"

but see,—

"Then let not this Divinitie in earth
(Deare Prince) be sleighted, as she were the birth
Of idle Fancie; *since she workes so hie.*"
Epistle Dedicatorie to Chapman's "Iliads of Homer."

[b] Upon his wedding-day.] The conjecture of Johnson and Farmer, that Ben Jonson furnished the prologue and epilogue to this play, is strongly borne out, not only by their general style and structure, but by particular expressions in them also. As Johnson observes, there is in Shakespeare's dramas so much of "fool and fight," that it is not probable he would animadvert so severely on the introduction of such characters and incidents.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter, on one side, the Duke *of* Norfolk; *on the other, the* Duke *of* Buckingham, *and the* Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done,
Since last we saw in France?

Norf. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when

Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.[a]
NORF. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
BUCK. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
NORF. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its: to-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood,
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure.[b] When these suns
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.(1)
BUCK. O, you go far.
NORF. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;[c]
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.
BUCK. Who did guide?
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?
NORF. One, certes, that promises no element[d]
In such a business.
BUCK. I pray you, who, my lord?
NORF. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right-reverend cardinal of York. [freed
BUCK. The devil speed him! no man's pie is
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech[e] can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.
NORF. Surely, sir,
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For,—being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self drawing web,—he gives us note,—[f]
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him,[g] which buys
A place next to the king.
ABER. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him,—let some graver eye
Pierce into that;—but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.
BUCK. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in, he papers.[h]

---

[a] Andren.] So in the original, and so also in Holinshed, whom Shakespeare followed. The valley of *Ardren* lies between Guynes and Ardres; and, at the period alluded to, the former belonged to the English, and the latter to the French.

[b] *Durst wag his tongue* in censure.] That is, in *judging* either superior to the other.

[c] All was royal;] These words and the remainder of the speech are in the old copies given to Buckingham.

[d] No element—] No *rudimentary* knowledge even.

[e] Keech—] See note (e), p. 530, Vol. I.

[f] Out of his self drawing web,—he gives us note,—] The old text reads:—

"Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O gives us note," &c.

Steevens surmised that the manuscript had, "'*A* gives us note," which the compositor mistook for "*O* gives us note." This is not improbable; but the expression, "*self-drawing* web," which every editor adopts without comment, appears to us an error likewise. The sense is better and more clearly expressed by omitting the hyphen.

[g] A gift that heaven gives for him, &c.] This is a very doubtful line. Mr. Collier's annotator changes it to—

"A gift that heaven *gives him, and* which buys;"

but if such licentious alterations were permissible, it would be easy to improve on this emendation.

[h] "——— *and his own letter,*
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in, he papers.]

By "The honourable board of council out," is meant, without concurrence of the council; but what are we to understand by the expression in the last line,—"*he papers?*" In sheer despair, Pope threw out a suggestion that *papers* was here a verb,—"whom he *papers down*," and succeeding editors have been content with the explication; yet what thinking reader can ever believe this is what Shakespeare intended? From the context, see especially the two next speeches, it would seem that the sense requires a synonyme for the verb *beggars*,—"whom he *beggars*," or impoverishes; it is then possible that the meaningless *papers* is a misprint, and that we should read:—

"——— And his own letter,
Must fetch him in, he *paupers.*"

ABER. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.
BUCK. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue? [a]
NORF. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
BUCK. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.
NORF. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
ABER. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?
NORF. Marry, is't.
ABER. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!
BUCK. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.
NORF. Like it your grace,[b]
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY (*the purse borne before him*), *certain of the* Guard, *and two* Secretaries *with papers. The* CARDINAL *in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

WOL. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where's his examination?
1 SECR. Here, so please you.
WOL. Is he in person ready?
1 SECR. Ay, please your grace.
WOL. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.
[*Exeunt* CARDINAL *and Train.*
BUCK. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,* and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book [c]
Out-worths a noble's blood.
NORF. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.
BUCK. I read in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores [d] me with some trick: he's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and out-stare him
NORF. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about: to climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
BUCK. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.
NORF. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,

---

[a] But minister communication of
A most poor issue?]

That is, But furnish *discourse* on the poverty of its result. *Communication* in the sense of *talk*, or *discourse*, is found so repeatedly in writers of Shakespeare's time, that the passage would hardly have required explanation, if the commentators had not overlooked this meaning of the word, and Mr. Collier, in adopting "consummation,"—a reading of his annotator,—had not pronounced the old text "little better than nonsense."

[b] Like it your grace,—] Equivalent to "An it like your grace."

(*) Old text, *venom'd-mouth'd.*

[c] A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.]

It may be we should read, "a beggar's look;" it was the *look* which Wolsey threw on Buckingham, that chafed his "blood:"—

"——— his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object."

[d] *He* bores *me with some trick:*] According to Johnson, He *stabs* or *wounds* me with some artifice or fiction. Rather, He *undermines* me with some device.

The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

BUCK. Sir, I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

NORF. Say not, *treasonous*.

BUCK. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing:—*

NORF. Faith, and so it did.

BUCK. Pray, give me favour, sir—this cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, *Thus let be*, to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: he† privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well, for, I am sure,—the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd; but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

NORF. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken[a] in't.

BUCK. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; *a* Sergeant-at-arms *before him, and two or three of the* Guard.

BRAN. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

SERG. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

BUCK. Lo, you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

BRAN. I am sorry,
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present:[b] 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

BUCK. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well!

BRAN. Nay, he must bear you company.—
The king [*To* ABERGAVENNY.
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

ABER. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!

BRAN. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,*—

BUCK. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot:—no more, I hope?

BRAN. A monk o' the Chartreux.

BUCK. O, Nicholas† Hopkins?

BRAN. He.

(*) Old text, *wrenching*. (†) First folio omits, *he*.

a Mistaken—] Misapprehended.
b The business present:] That is, I am sorry, since it is to see you deprived of liberty, that I am a witness of this business.

(*) Old text, *Councellour*. (†) Old text, *Michaell*.

BUCK. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.[a]—My lord,* farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. The Council Chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, *the* Lords *of the* Council, *Sir* THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, *and* Attendants. *The* KING *enters leaning on the* CARDINAL'*s shoulder.*

K. HEN. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I 'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The KING *takes his state. The* Lords *of the* Council *take their several places. The* CARDINAL *places himself under the* KING'*s feet, on his right side.*

A noise without, crying, "Room for the Queen." *Enter the* QUEEN, *ushered by the* DUKES *of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The* KING *riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. KATH. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.
K. HEN. Arise, and take place by us:—half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Q. KATH. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
K. HEN. Lady mine, proceed.
Q. KATH. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on[b]
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
NORF. Not *almost* appears,—
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.
K. HEN. *Taxation!*
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
WOL. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.
Q. KATH. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
K. HEN. Still *exaction!*
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. KATH. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: this makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze

(*) Old text, *Lords.*

[a] I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.]
A very difficult passage, of which, no explanation yet attempted affords an intelligible meaning. Our idea of it is, that by *figure* is meant his own form, and that the expression "cloud puts on," signifies *assumes obscurity;* or possibly, *is eclipsed by cloud.*

[b] Putter-on—] *Contriver, deviser.* So in "The Winter's Tale," Act II. Sc. 1:—
"You are abus'd, and by some *putter-on*

Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
This[a] tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.[b]

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,

[a] This *tractable obedience* is a slave—] So the old text. Rowe reads,—

"*That* tractable obedience," &c.

And Mr. Collier's annotator,—

"*Their* tractable obedience," &c.

[b] No primer business.] The old copies have "basenesse," which was corrected in Southern's copy of the fourth folio.

Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

K. HEN. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling[a] contribution! Why, we take
From every tree, lop,[b] bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

WOL. A word with you.
[*To the* Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit* Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. KATH. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. HEN. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,—
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute—he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

WOL. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. HEN. Speak freely.

SURV. First,—it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech,—that if the king
Should without issue die, he'd* carry it so
To make the sceptre his: these very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

WOL. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point:
Not friended by his wish to your high person,
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. KATH. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. HEN. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

SURV. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.[c]

K. HEN. What was that Hopkins?

SURV. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His cónfessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. HEN. How know'st thou this?

SURV. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose,[d] within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd† the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft*, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's‡ seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued,—Neither the king nor's heirs,

---

[a] *A* trembling *contribution!*] Mr. Collier's annotator would change this to,—

"*A* trebling *contribution.*"

[b] Lop,—] *Lop* is the technical term for the *branches*, or faggot wood, of a tree, distinct from the trunk or timber.

[c] Nicholas Hopkins.] The old text has Nicholas *Henton*; and Hopkins was sometimes so named from the convent of Henton, near Bristol.

[d] The Rose,—] A house belonging to the Duke of Buckingham, part of which is now the Merchant Taylors' School, in Suffolk-lane, Thames-street.

(*) Old text, *hee'l.* (†) Old text, *feare.*
(‡) Old text, *Commissions.*

(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain[a] *the love of the commonalty; the duke*
Shall govern England.
Q. KATH. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.
K. HEN. Let him on.—
Go forward.
SURV. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous
For him* to ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: he answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.
K. HEN. Ha! what, so rank? Ah-ha!
There's mischief in this man:—canst thou say further?
SURV. I can, my liege.
K. HEN. Proceed.
SURV. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—
K. HEN. I remember
Of such a time:—being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; what hence?
SURV. *If*, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As, to the Tower, I thought,[b]*—I would have play'd*
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.
K. HEN. A giant traitor!
WOL. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?
Q. KATH. God mend all!
K. HEN. There's something more would out of thee; what say'st?
SURV. After—*the duke his father*,—with the *knife*,—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.
K. HEN. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to the height![c] *[Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *this.*

[a] *To* gain—] The word *gain* was first supplied by the folio of 1685.

[b] As, to the Tower, I thought,—] That is, "To the Tower, as I thought." Similar inversions continually occur in old authors.

[c] He's traitor to the height!] Mr. Collier's annotator proposes to read,—
"He *is a daring* traitor to the height."

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain *and* LORD SANDS.

CHAM. Is't possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?
SANDS. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
CHAM. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'the face;[d] but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.
SANDS. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin,
Or* springhalt, reign'd among 'em.
CHAM. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,†
That, sure, they've worn out christendom.

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

How now!
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?
LOV. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
CHAM. What is't for?
LOV. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
CHAM. I'm glad 't is there: now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
LOV. They must either

(*) Old text, *A.* (†) Old text, *too't.*

[d] A fit or two o'the face;] A *grimace* or two.

(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom; renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear* away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

SANDS. 'T is time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

CHAM. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

LOV. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

SANDS. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,
(For, sure, there's no converting of 'em;) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
Held current music too.

CHAM. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

SANDS. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

CHAM. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

LOV. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too?

CHAM. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

LOV. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall everywhere.

CHAM. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

SANDS. He may, my lord,—has wherewithal; in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

CHAM. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guilford,
This night to be comptrollers.

SANDS. I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *wee.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. The Presence Chamber in* York-Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, *a longer table for the guests. Enter, on one side,* ANNE BULLEN, *and divers* Lords, Ladies, *and* Gentlewomen, *as guests; on the other, enter Sir* HENRY GUILFORD.

GUIL. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, first[a] good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, *and Sir* THOMAS LOVELL.

O, my lord, you 're tardy;
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

CHAM. You are young, sir Harry Guilford.

SANDS. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

LOV. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

SANDS. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

LOV. Faith, how easy?

SANDS. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

CHAM. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?—Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I 'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray sit between these ladies.

SANDS. By my faith,

[a] As, first good company,—] It may be doubted whether "first" is not one of the innumerable errors with which the text of this piece is disfigured; unless we are to read, 'first-good," that is, *first-rate*, "company," of which compound no other example has yet been discovered.

And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:

[*Seats himself between* ANNE BULLEN *and another lady.*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

ANNE. Was he mad, sir?

SANDS. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,—
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*

CHAM. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you're fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

SANDS. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY *attended, and takes his state.*

WOL. Y'are welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome,
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*

SANDS. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

WOL. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

SANDS. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

ANNE. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

SANDS. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

ANNE. You cannot show me.

SANDS. I told your grace they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets; chambers*[a] *discharged without.*

WOL. What's that?

CHAM. Look out there, some of ye.

[*Exit a* Servant.

WOL. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you're privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

CHAM. How now! what is't?

SERV. A noble troop of strangers,—
For so they seem: they've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

WOL. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.—

[*Exit* Chamberlain, *attended. All rise, and tables removed.*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more
I shower a welcome on ye;—welcome all!

Hautboys. Enter the KING *and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds; ushered by the* Lord Chamberlain. *They pass directly before the* CARDINAL, *and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

CHAM. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

WOL. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[Ladies *chosen for the dance. The* KING *chooses* ANNE BULLEN.

K. HEN. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*

WOL. My lord,—

CHAM. Your grace?

WOL. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,

[a] *Chambers*—] These are small pieces of ordnance, employed on occasions of rejoicing, as the sovereign's birthday, &c. Their discharges in this scene were, it is supposed, the occasion of the fire which destroyed the Globe Theatre in 1613. See the Introductory Notice.

If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

CHAM. I will, my lord.

[*Whispers the* Masquers.

WOL. What say they?

CHAM. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

WOL. Let me see then.—

[*Comes from his state.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. HEN. You have found him, cardinal:

[*Unmasking.*

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.[a]

[a] Unhappily.] *Wickedly, mischievously, equivocally.*

Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.
K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: what fair lady's that?
Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women.
K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.[a]—A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you:—let's be merry,
Good my lord cardinal; I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.(2)
[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*

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a And not to kiss you.—] A kiss, Steevens observes, was formerly the established fee of a lady's partner in the dance; which, he might have added, the lady acknowledged with a curtsey:—

" —— if he have privilege
To kiss another lady, she may say
He does salute her and return a curtsey,
To shew her breeding."
Shirley's *play of* " *The Ball*," Act I Sc. 2.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 GENT. Whither away so fast?
2 GENT. O,—God save you!
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.
1 GENT. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
2 GENT. Were you there?
1 GENT. Yes, indeed was I.
2 GENT. Pray speak what has happen'd?
1 GENT. You may guess quickly what.
2 GENT. Is he found guilty?
1 GENT. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.
2 GENT. I am sorry for 't.
1 GENT. So are a number more.
2 GENT. But, pray, how pass'd it? [duke
1 GENT. I'll tell you in a little. The great
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have[a] brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor, and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2 GENT. That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?
1 GENT. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.
2 GENT. After all this, how did he bear himself?
1 GENT. When he was brought again to the bar,—to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty.

[a] *To* have *brought*, &c.] The folio 1623, and the two following editions, read, "To *him* brought," &c.; an error first corrected in the folio of 1685.

But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.(1)

2 GENT. I do not think he fears death.

1 GENT. Sure, he does not;
He never was so womanish: the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 GENT. Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 GENT. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 GENT. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 GENT. At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally,—whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 GENT. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy,—

1 GENT. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; Halberds on each side: with him, Sir* THOMAS LOVELL, *Sir* NICHOLAS VAUX, *Sir* WILLIAM* SANDS, *and common people.*

2 GENT. Let's stand close, and behold him.

BUCK. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet, heaven bear witness—
And if I have a conscience let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!—
The law I bear no malice for my death;
It has done, upon the premises, but justice;
But those that sought it I could wish more christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;[a]
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

LOV. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

BUCK. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black envy[b]
Shall mark* my grave.—Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

LOV. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

VAUX. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

BUCK. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,

(*) Old text, *Walter.*

(*) Old text, *make.*

[a] Nor build their evils, &c.] See note (e), p. 605.

[b] ——— *no black* envy
Shall mark *my grave.*—]

Envy very commonly, in our old writers, bears the sense sometimes conveyed by *invidia;* though the distinction between *envy,* in its ordinary signification, and *hatred,* was perfectly understood.—"Besides this, beasts have *hate,* but not *envy,* and that comes bicause, not having the discourse of reason, they cannot judge of the felicitie of other."—*Fearful Fancies of the Florentine Cooper*-4to. 1599.

Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:—
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell: and when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me! [*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and Train.*

1 GENT. O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 GENT. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 GENT. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 GENT. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 GENT. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 GENT. I am confident;
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 GENT. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 GENT. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 GENT. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 GENT. I think you have hit the mark: but is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 GENT. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *reading a letter.*

MY LORD,—*The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir.*

I fear he will, indeed: well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

Enter the DUKES *of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

NORF. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

CHAM. Good day to both your graces.

SUF. How is the king employ'd?

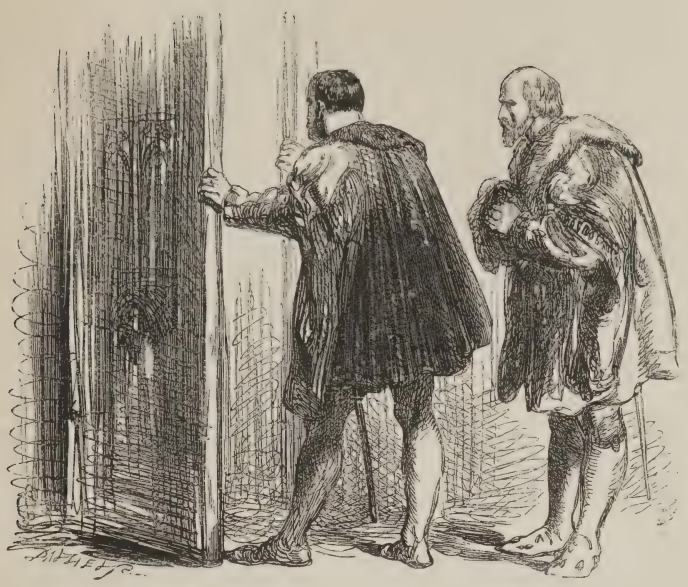
CHAM. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

NORF. What's the cause?

CHAM. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

SUF. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

NORF. 'Tis so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,



Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Norf. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs,—and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel!
'Tis most true,
These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for't: all that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Norf. Let's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king has sent me otherwhere: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Norf. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

Norfolk *opens a folding-door. The* King *is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. HEN. Who's there, ha?
NORF. Pray God he be not angry.
K. HEN. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I, ha?
NORF. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way,
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.
K. HEN. Ye are too bold;
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?—

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
[*To* CAMPEIUS.
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us and it.—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker. [*To* WOLSEY.
WOL. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
K. HEN. We are busy; go.
[*To* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.
NORF. This priest has no pride in him? } *Aside to each other.*
SUF. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
NORF. If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.[a]
SUF. I another.
[*Exeunt* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.
WOL. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices—Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent,
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius,—
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. HEN. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.
CAM. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission;—by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the unpartial judging of this business.
K. HEN. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?
WOL. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,—
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.
K. HEN. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pry'thee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* WOLSEY.

Re-enter WOLSEY *with* GARDINER.

WOL. [*Aside to* GARD.] Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.
GARD. [*Aside to* WOL.] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
K. HEN. Come hither, Gardiner.
[*They converse apart.*
CAM. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?
WOL. Yes, he was.
CAM. Was he not held a learned man?
WOL. Yes, surely.
CAM. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.
WOL. How! of me?
CAM. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.
WOL. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
K. HEN. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit* GARDINER.

[a] *I'll venture one* have-at-him] The second folio reads, "one *heave* at him."

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place! and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. An Ante-chamber in the* Queen's *Apartments.*

Enter Anne Bullen *and an old* Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—here's the pang that pinches:—
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave's* a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp; though 't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel,[a] Fortune, do divorce

(*) Old text, *leave.*

[a] *Yet, if that* quarrel, *Fortune,*—] "She calls Fortune *a quarrel* or arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly," says Warburton. Hanmer reads, "That *quarr'ler* fortune;" an emendation on a par with Warburton's portentous gloss. Mr. Collier's annotator suggests, "that *cruel* fortune," which is as miserably prosaic and commonplace as may be. Shakespeare has elsewhere characterised her humorous ladyship as, "*strumpet* Fortune," "*harlot* Fortune," and, which is the same thing, "*giglot* Fortune;" and may here have employed a kindred epithet—*squirrel*, which, in his day, was not unfrequently applied to vicious women. Thus, in Rowland's "Looke To It: for, Ile Stab Ye," 1604:—

"Thou that within thy Table hast set down,
The names of all the *Squirrils* in the towne."

It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.
OLD L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.
ANNE. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
OLD L. Our content
Is our best having.
ANNE. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
OLD L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril[a] conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
ANNE. Nay, good troth,—
OLD L. Yes, troth, and troth,—you would not be a queen?
ANNE. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
OLD L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,[b]
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
ANNE. No, in truth.
OLD L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;[c]
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
ANNE. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
OLD L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that.—Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

CHAM. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
ANNE. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
CHAM. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
ANNE. Now, I pray God, amen!
CHAM. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to you,[d] and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.(2)
ANNE. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.
CHAM. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.—[*Aside.*] I have perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.
ANNE. My honour'd lord.
[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.
OLD L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie upon

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[a] *Soft* cheveril *conscience*—] *Cheveril* is kid-skin leather. See note (e), p. 180, Vol. I.

[b] *A three-pence* bow'd *would* hire *me*,—] *Bow'd* means *bent*: it is spelt *bowed* in modern editions; but Mr. Dyce is right in saying *hire* should, in this place, be pronounced as a dissyllable.

[c] Pluck off a little;] Let us come down a little; if you will neither queen it nor be a duchess, perhaps you have strength enough to bear the honours of a countess. This is Steevens' explanation, and it appears to be the true one.

[d] Commends his good opinion of you to you,—] So the old text. The usual reading is,—

"Commends his good opinion to you."

It is highly probable that the words "to you" or "of you" were mistakenly interpolated by the compositor.

This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
ANNE. This is strange to me.
OLD L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.[a]
There was a lady once, ('t is an old story)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?
ANNE. Come, you are pleasant.
OLD L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises more* thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know your back will bear a duchess;—say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
ANNE. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute[b] my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard to her.
OLD L. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Hall in* Black-Friars.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, *with short silver wands; next them, two* Scribes, *in the habits of doctors; after them, the* ARCHBISHOP *of* CANTERBURY *alone; after him, the* BISHOPS *of* LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* SAINT ASAPH; *next them, with some small distance, follows a* Gentleman, *bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two* Priests, *bearing each a silver cross; then a* Gentleman-usher *bare-headed, accompanied with a* Sergeant-at-arms, *bearing a silver mace; then two* Gentlemen, *bearing two great silver pillars;*(3) *after them, side by side, the two* Cardinals, WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS; *two* Noblemen *with the sword and mace. Then enter the* KING *and* QUEEN, *and their Trains. The* KING *takes place*[c] *under the cloth of state; the two* Cardinals *sit under him, as judges. The* QUEEN *takes place at some distance from the* KING. *The* Bishops *place themselves on each side the court in manner of a consistory; between them, the* Scribes. *The* Lords *sit next the* Bishops. *The* Crier *and the rest of the* Attendants *stand in convenient order about the stage.*

WOL. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. HEN. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.
WOL. Be't so.—Proceed.
SCRIBE. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.
CRIER. *Henry king of England, come into the court.*
K. HEN. Here.
SCRIBE. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.
CRIER. *Katharine queen of England, come into the court!*

[*The* QUEEN *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the* KING, *and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Q. KATH. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent,[d] nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance,—glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I

(*) Old text, *mo.*

[a] Forty pence, no.] That is, I'd wager forty-pence, it does not. Steevens has cited several passages to show that *forty pence*, or *three and fourpence*, was a proverbial expression for any small wager or sum.

[b] If *this* salute *my blood a jot;*] Some critics have made a difficulty of the word *salute* in this passage; and Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes *elate*. *Salute* here means *move* or *exhilarate*. So, in our author's Sonnets (cxxi.):—

"For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give *salutation* to my sportive blood?"

[c] Place—] *Place* of old meant something more emphatic than mere *seat;* it implied the *appropriate seat*. We have it in "The Merchant of Venice," where the Duke bids Portia, the supposed young judge, take his "place," which is the judgment-seat, beneath the Duke's throne.

[d] Indifferent,—] *Impartial.*

Continue in my liking? nay, gave[a] notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one

[a] Nay, gave notice—] It has been suggested that Shakespeare probably wrote, "nay, gave *not* notice," &c.

The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

WOL. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire[a] the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

CAM. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. KATH. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

WOL. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. KATH. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

WOL. Be patient yet.

Q. KATH. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

WOL. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If[b] he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. KATH. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,[c]
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the* KING, *and retires.*

CAM. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. HEN. Call her again.

CRIER. *Katharine queen of England, come into the court.*

GRIF. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. KATH. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,

---

a Desire *the court;*] The fourth folio has, "*defer* the court."
b If he know, &c.] Rowe reads, "*But* if he know," &c.
c *Your* words,—] Tyrwhitt believed "words" to be a misprint for *wards;* and that the queen referred to the young men of family whom Wolsey employed in domestic services.

They vex me past my patience!—Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.(4)
[*Exeunt* QUEEN, GRIFFITH, *and* Attendants.
K. HEN. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts,
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out)
The queen of earthly queens.—She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.
WOL. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?
K. HEN. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
I will be bold with time and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't:—
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A* marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting* power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,—
Well worthy the best heir o' the world,—should not
Be gladded in't by me: then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling[a] in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd.—First I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.
LIN. Very well, my liege.
K. HEN. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.
LIN. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.
K. HEN. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons.—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;

(*) Old text, *And.*

(*) First folio, *spitting.*

[a] Hulling—] Tossing to and fro, like a ship

But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

CAM. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

[*They rise to depart.*

K. HEN. [*Aside.*] I may perceive,
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.—
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on.

[*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. *Palace at* Bridewell. *A Room in the* Queen's *Apartment.*

The Queen *and some of her* Women *at work.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art;
Killing care and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!
Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.
Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.
Q. Kath. Pray their graces

To come near. [*Exit* Gent.] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming:—now I think on't,
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

WOL. Peace to your highness!
Q. KATH. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
WOL. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Q. KATH. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly; truth loves open dealing.
WOL. *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,*—
Q. KATH. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;—
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.
WOL. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed
(And service to his majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,—
You have too much, good lady:—but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your* cause.

(*) First folio, *our*.

CAM. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,—
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
Q. KATH. [*Aside.*] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!
WOL. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Q. KATH. In England,
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out[a] my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.
CAM. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Q. KATH. How, sir?
CAM. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.
WOL. He tells you rightly.
Q. KATH. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin:
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
That no king can corrupt.
CAM. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. KATH. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?

a Weigh out—] Probably for *outweigh*.

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

WOL. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. KATH. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! has banish'd me his bed already,—
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this?

CAM. Your fears are worse.

Q. KATH. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

WOL. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. KATH. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

WOL. Pray, hear me.

Q. KATH. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces,[a] but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her* Women.
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allow'd me:—like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

WOL. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

CAM. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. KATH. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.(1)
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Ante-chamber to the* King's *Apartment.*

Enter the DUKE *of* NORFOLK, *the* DUKE *of* SUFFOLK, *the* EARL *of* SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

NORF. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise

[a] Ye have angels' faces,—] A reference, belike, to the old quibble attributed to Augustine,—"non *Angli* sed *Angeli*."

But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.
SUR. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
SUF. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?(2)
CHAM. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.
NORF. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.
SUR. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this,
Once every hour.
NORF. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.
SUR. How came
His practices to light?
SUF. Most strangely.
SUR. O, how, how?
SUF. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.
SUR. Has the king this?
SUF. Believe it.
SUR. Will this work?
CHAM. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
SUR. Would he had!
SUF. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.
SUR. Now, all my joy
Trace the conjunction!
SUF. My Amen to 't!
NORF. All men's!
SUF. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

SUR. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
NORF. Marry, Amen!
SUF. No, no;
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried *Ha!* at this.
CHAM. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry *Ha*, louder!
NORF. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
SUF. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen, but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.
NORF. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
SUF. He has, and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.
NORF. So I hear.
SUF. 'T is so.—
The cardinal!

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

NORF. Observe, observe, he's moody.
WOL. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?
CROM. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.
WOL. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?
CROM. Presently
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.
WOL. Is he ready to come abroad?
CROM. I think by this, he is.
WOL. Leave me a while.—
[*Exit* CROMWELL.
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!
NORF. He's discontented.
SUF. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
SUR. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
WOL. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear:[a] 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes. What though I know her virtuous,
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
NORF. He is vex'd at something.
SUR. I would, 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on's heart!
SUF. The king, the king!

Enter the KING, *reading a schedule, and* LOVELL.

K. HEN. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords,—
Saw you the cardinal?
NORF. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.
K. HEN. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There?—on my conscience, put unwittingly;—
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

[a] This candle burns not clear:] There may be a play intended on the word *Bullen*, which is said to have been an ancient provincial name for a candle.

NORF. It's heaven's will,
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.
K. HEN. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.
[*He takes his seat and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.
WOL. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness!
K. HEN. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: sure in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
WOL. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.
K. HEN. You have said well.
WOL. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!
K. HEN. 'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well;
And yet, words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone

Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

WOL. [*Aside.*] What should this mean?

SUR. [*Aside to others.*] The Lord increase this business!

K. HEN. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

WOL. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours:—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd* with my abilities:[a] mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. HEN. Fairly answered;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illùstrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i'the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

WOL. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be,[b]
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. HEN. 'Tis nobly spoken:—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*
And after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.
[*Exit, frowning upon the* CARDINAL: *the* Nobles *throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

WOL. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me:—'tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king?—Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting; I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the DUKES *of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* EARL *of* SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

NORF. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal, who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

WOL. Stay,—
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

(*) Old text, *fil'd.*

[a] Yet fil'd with my abilities:] Yet march'd an equal pace with my abilities.

[b] That am, have, and will be,—] A *crux* of the first magnitude. Mr. Singer proposes to make all "congruous and clear," by reading,—

"—— that *I* am *true*, and will be."

And Mr. Collier hopes to have rendered the passage intelligible by changing *am* to "aim," inserting *I* before *have*, and omitting *be*,—

"—— that *aim* I have, and will."

But neither of these alterations carries conviction; and perhaps our suggestion that the passage may have originally stood,—

"—— *to* that *I* am *slave* and will be."

or

"—— *to* that I'm *slave* and will be,"—

is not a whit more feasible.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,
(I mean your malice) know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king
Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents:[a]—now, who'll take it?
Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest!
Within these forty[b] hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was

a Tied it by letters-patents:—] This is sometimes printed, letters-*patent*; but the old text is the language of the poet's time.

b Forty hours—] Meaning, within some hours. See note (5), p. 150 Vol. I.

From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,[a]
And all that love his follies.

SUR. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.[b]

WOL. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

SUR. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who,* if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

WOL. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

NORF. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

WOL. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

SUR. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can, blush and cry *guilty*, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

(*) First folio, *Whom.*

[a] If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.]

Theobald inserted *I* after "That," in the third line,—
"That *I* in the way," &c.

The pronoun would be more in place, perhaps, before "dare," in a subsequent line,—
"*I* dare mate a sounder man," &c.

WOL. Speak on, sir,
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

SUR. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you!
First, that without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate, by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

NORF. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

SUF. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

SUR. *Item*, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis,* to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

SUF. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

SUR. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have[c] for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

CHAM. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

SUR. I forgive him.

SUF. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things you have done of late
By your power legatine† within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels,‡ and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—this is my charge.

NORF. And so we'll leave you to your meditations,
How to live better. For your stubborn answer

(*) Old text, *Cassado.* (†) Folios, *Legative, Legantine.* (‡) Old text, *Castles.*

unless, indeed, the construction has been altogether mistaken, and means, You have as little honesty and honour that dare mate (*i.e. assail, impugn, confound*) a sounder man than yourself for pursuing the course of loyalty and truth towards his king.

[b] And dare us with his cap, like larks.] "It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet; and that one of the methods of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds, while the fowler drew his net over them."—STEEVENS.

[c] *You* have, &c.] Query, You *pave*, &c.?

About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all except* WOLSEY.

WOL. So, farewell to the *little good* you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope;* to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!
CROM. I have no power to speak, sir.
WOL. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.
CROM. How does your grace?
WOL. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy,—too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!
CROM. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.
WOL. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.—
What news abroad?
CROM. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.
WOL. God bless him!
CROM. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
WOL. That's somewhat sudden:—
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em*!
What more?
CROM. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
WOL. That's news indeed.
CROM. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
WOL. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
(That sun, I pray, may never set!) I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use[a] now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
CROM. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.
WOL. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,

(*) Old text, *hopes.*

(*) Old text, *him.*

a Use—] *Interest.*

And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate[a] thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And,—pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have;
To the last penny, 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROM. Good sir, have patience.

WOL. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Cherish those hearts that* hate *thee;*] Warburton supposes, and very plausibly, that the poet wrote, "Cherish those hearts that *wait* thee;" that is, thy dependants.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in* Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 Gent. You are well met once again.
2 Gent. So are you.
1 Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?
2 Gent. 'T is all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
1 Gent. 'T is very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.
2 Gent. 'T is well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds
(As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward)
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.
1 Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.
2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1 Gent. Yes; 't is the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal; you may read the rest.
2 Gent. I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 GENT. That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage[a] made of none effect:
Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,*
Where she remains now, sick.

2 GENT. Alas, good lady!—

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets; then, enter

1. *Two judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [*Music.*
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe, her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 GENT. A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—
ho's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 GENT. Marquis Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 GENT. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The duke of Suffolk.

1 GENT. 'T is the same,—high-steward.

2 GENT. And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 GENT. Yes.

2 GENT. Heaven bless thee!

[*Looking on the* QUEEN.

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 GENT. They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 GENT. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.—
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 GENT. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 GENT. Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And sometimes falling ones.

1 GENT. No more of that.

Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?

3 GENT. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 GENT. You saw
The ceremony?

3 GENT. That I did.

1 GENT. How was it?

3 GENT. Well worth the seeing.

2 GENT. Good sir, speak it to us.

3 GENT. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people,—
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man,—which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy

(*) Old text, *Kymmalton.*

[a] *And the* late *marriage*, &c.] That is, Steevens says, "the marriage lately considered a valid one." Does it not mean, rather, the second or later marriage, contradistinguished from her first union?

I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 GENT. But what follow'd?

3 GENT. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As, holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 GENT. Sir, you must no more call it York-place, that is past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost;
'T is now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 GENT. I know it;
But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 GENT. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 GENT. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.

2 GENT. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 GENT. All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 GENT. Who may that be, I pray you?

3 GENT. Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 GENT. He will deserve more.

3 GENT. Yes, without all doubt.—
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I 'll tell ye more.

BOTH. You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.[a]—Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE, *one of her women.*

GRIF. How does your grace?

KATH. O, Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st* me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

GRIF. Yes, madam; but, I think,† your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

KATH. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

GRIF. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

KATH. Alas, poor man!

GRIF. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—*O, father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity! (1)
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven,(2) and slept in peace.

KATH. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity.—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,[b] ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that, by suggestion,

---

[a] Scene II.] "This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetick, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantic circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery."—JOHNSON.

(*) Old text, *lead'st*. (†) First folio, *thanke*.

[b] Of *an unbounded* stomach,—] Of unlimited *haughtiness* or *pride*. "This cardinal," says Holinshed, "was of a great stomach, for he computed himself equal with princes, and by craftie suggestions got into his hands innumerable treasure."

Tied[a] all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

GRIF. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

KATH. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

GRIF. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.[b]
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that rear'd it;[c]
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

KATH. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still, and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note

[a] Tied *all the kingdom:*] Hanmer reads, "*tyth'd* all the kingdom;" we incline to believe, rightly.

[b] Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.] The old text has a full point after honour, beginning a new sentence with,

"—— From his cradle
He was a scholar."

[c] *The good that* rear'd *it;*] The old copies have, "the good that *did* it;" which Pope altered to, "the good *he* did it;" and Mr. Collier's annotator to, "the good *man* did it." The slight change we have made, conceiving *did* to be a misprint for *rear'd*, may perhaps be thought to give a better sense, and to be more like the phraseology of Shakespeare. By *good*, must be understood the personification of *goodness;* the word occurs again in "Pericles," with the same meaning, Act II. (Gower)—

"The *good*, in conversation
Is still at Tharsus," &c.

I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.
[*Sad and solemn music.*

GRIF. She is asleep:—good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her;—softly, gentle Patience.

The vision.[a] *Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.*

[a] *The vision.*] The elaborate stage directions in this play exhibit no traces of Shakespeare's hand, and are foreign to his custom. They were most likely the work of some one upon whom devolved the arrangement of the pageantry. Of the present "vision," Malone remarks, "I do not believe the author wrote one word."

KATH. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
GRIF. Madam, we are here.
KATH. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
GRIF. None, madam.
KATH. No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.
GRIF. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
KATH. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
PAT. Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold![a] Mark her eyes!
GRIF. She is going, wench; pray, pray.
PAT. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. An't like your grace,—
KATH. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
GRIF. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
MESS. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
KATH. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.
[*Exeunt* GRIFFITH *and* Messenger.

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
CAP. Madam, the same,—your servant.
KATH. O, my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
CAP. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
KATH. O, my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?
CAP. Madam, in good health.
KATH. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?
PAT. No, madam.
[*Giving it to* KATHARINE.
KATH. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
CAP. Most willing, madam.
KATH. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature,—
I hope she will deserve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie) but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;[b]
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by;

---

[a] And of an earthy cold!] The line is imperfect. Should we read—

"*Her hand* of an earthy cold!"?

or

"And *feels* of an earthy cold!"?

Mr. Collier's annotator would supply the deficiency by reading,—

"And of an earthy *coldness.*"

[b] Let him be a noble;] That is, Even though he were a noble man.

If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.(3)

CAP. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

KATH. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.—

[*Exeunt*, KATHARINE *supported by* PATIENCE.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, Bishop *of* Winchester, *a* Page *with a torch before him.*

GAR. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?
BOY. It hath struck.
GAR. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Good hour of night, sir Thomas.
Whither so late?
LOV. Came you from the king, my lord?
GAR. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the duke of Suffolk.
LOV. I must to him, too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
GAR. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs, that walk
(As they say spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.
LOV. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.
GAR. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
LOV. Methinks, I could
Cry the Amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.
GAR. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,—
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

LOV. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's* made master
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time† will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?
GAR. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
(Sir, I may tell it you I think) I have
Incens'd[a] the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they, mov'd,
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him) hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented.[b] He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.
LOV. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant. [*Exeunt* GARDINER *and* Page.

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* KING *and the* DUKE *of* SUFFOLK.

K. HEN. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.
SUF. Sir, I did never win of you before.
K. HEN. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
LOV. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
K. HEN. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?
LOV. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
K. HEN. Alas, good lady!

SUF. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
K. HEN. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.
SUF. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
K. HEN. Charles, good night.—
[*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?
DEN. Sir, I have brought my lord the arch bishop,
As you commanded me.
K. HEN. Ha! Canterbury?
DEN. Ay, my good lord.
K. HEN. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?
DEN. He attends your highness' pleasure.
K. HEN. Bring him to us.
[*Exit* DENNY.
LOV. [*Aside.*] This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY *with* CRANMER.

K. HEN. Avoid the gallery.
[LOVELL *seems to stay.*
Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.
What!— [*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.
CRAN. I am fearful:—wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.
K. HEN. How now, my lord? you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
CRAN. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.
K. HEN. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late

(*) Old text, *is.* (†) Old text, *Lime.*

[a] Incens'd—] That is, *prompted.*
[b] Convented.] *Summoned, convened.* So in "Coriolanus," Act II. Sc. 2:—
"—— We are *convented*
Upon a pleasing treaty."

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

CRAN. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. HEN. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance,[a] further.

CRAN. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. HEN. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice* for no leap of danger,
And woo† your own destruction.

CRAN. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. HEN. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He 's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit* CRANMER.]
He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

GENT. [*Without.*] Come back; what mean you?

LADY. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness, manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. HEN. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, *Ay, and of a boy.*

LADY. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy:—the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

K. HEN. Lovell,—

Re-enter LOVELL.

LOV. Sir,

K. HEN. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [*Exit* KING.

LADY. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *Precipit.* (†) First folio, *woe.*

[a] Indurance,—] *Confinement, durance.*

SCENE II.—*Lobby before the Council-Chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, *&c. attending.*

CRAN. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste.—All fast? what means this?—Ho!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. KEEP. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
CRAN. Why?
D. KEEP. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

CRAN. So.
BUTTS. [*Aside.*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* BUTTS.

CRAN. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow-counsellor,
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a window above, the KING *and* BUTTS.

BUTTS. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—
K. HEN. What's that, Butts?
BUTTS. I think your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.
K. Hen. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.—

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[a] The Council-Chamber.] There is no change of scene; but the addition of some seats and a table was made to transform a portion of the stage into the Council-Chamber. The folio gives a direction,

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.[a]

Enter the Lord Chancellor, *the* Duke *of* Suffolk, *the* Duke *of* Norfolk, Earl *of* Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, *and* Cromwell. *The* Chancellor *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand, a seat being left void above him, as for the* Archbishop *of* Canterbury. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* Cromwell *at the lower end, as secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?

"A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the State. Enter Lord Chancellour," &c.

D. KEEP. Without, my noble lords?
GAR. Yes.
D. KEEP. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
CHAN. Let him come in.
D. KEEP. Your grace may enter now.
[CRANMER *approaches the Council-table.*
CHAN. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable[a]
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little:
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
GAR. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious* sickness,
Farewell all physic; and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness;
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.
CRAN. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a[b] public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.
SUF. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.
GAR. My lord, because we have business of more moment, [pleasure,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
CRAN. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,—
'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.
GAR. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
CROM. My lord of Winchester, you're a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
GAR. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
CROM. Why, my lord?
GAR. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
CROM. *Not sound!*
GAR. Not sound, I say.
CROM. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
GAR. I shall remember this bold language.
CROM. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
CHAN. This is too much;[c]
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
GAR. I have done.

(*) First folio, *courageous.*

a
—— but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels:]

apable of our flesh, if *capable* is not, as Mason surmised, a mistint for *culpable*, or, according to Malone, an error for *incapable*, ay mean susceptible of fleshly temptations. Some editors point e lines thus,—

"In our own natures frail and capable:
Of our flesh, few are angels."

Turn it as we will, however, the passage affords but a doubtful sense.

b *Defacers of* a *public peace,*—] Rowe reads, "of *the* public peace."

c This is too much;] In the old copies, the prefix to this and the three next speeches of the Chancellor is *Cham.* Capell first assigned them correctly.

CROM. And I.
CHAN. Then thus for you, my lord,—it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us:—are you all agreed, lords?
ALL. We are.
CRAN. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
GAR. What other
Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

CRAN. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
GAR. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
CRAN. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
CHAN. This is the king's ring.
SUR. 'Tis no counterfeit.
SUF. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven! I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
NORF. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
CHAN. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.
CROM. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man,—whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at—
Ye blew the fire that burns ye; now have at ye!

Enter the KING, *frowning on them; he takes his seat.*

GAR. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
K. HEN. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now; and in my presence,
They are too thin and bare[a] to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.—
Good man, [*To* CRANMER.] sit down. Now let me see the proudest,
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this[b] place becomes thee not.
SUR. May it please your grace,—
K. HEN. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom; there's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.
CHAN. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;—
I'm sure, in me.
K. HEN. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him,—if a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords!—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.
CRAN. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

[a] *Thin and* bare—] The old text has, "thin and *base*." Malone made the necessary emendation.
[b] This *place*—] A correction of Rowe; the old copies having, "*his* place." By "*this* place" is undoubtedly meant the vacant seat appointed for the Archbishop of Canterbury.

K. HEN. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons; you shall have two noble partners with you; the old duchess of Norfolk, and lady marquis Dorset; will these please you?—
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.

GAR. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

CRAN. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. HEN. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart: *
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Palace Yard.*

Noise and tumult without: enter Porter, *and his* Man.

PORT. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Parish-garden? (1) ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.[a]

[*Without.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

PORT. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

MAN. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible—
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons,—
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

PORT. How got they in, and be hanged?

MAN. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

PORT. You did nothing, sir.

MAN. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow 'em down before me: but, if I spared any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me ne'er hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her![b]

[*Without.*] Do you hear, master porter?

PORT. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

MAN. What would you have me do?

PORT. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

MAN. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *Clubs!* when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the Hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

PORT. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-Hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse,[c] their dear brothers, are

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(*) First folio, *hearts.*

a Gaping.] One sense of this word was to *yell, shout,* or *roar.*

b Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her!] Mr. Collier's annotator very speciously alters this to,—

"Let me ne'er hope to see a *queen* again;
And that I would not for a *crown*, God save her!"

but by *chine* is meant a *chine of beef,*—

"A chine of English beef, meat for a king," &c.
GREENE's *play of "The Old Wife's Tale," Dyce's edition,* p. 224.

And perhaps the only change demanded is to read, "*my* cow," instead of "*a* cow." The expression, "my cow, God save her!" or, "my mare, God save her!" or, "my sow, God bless her!" appears to have been proverbial; thus, in Greene and Lodge's "Looking Glasse for London and England," 1598,—"my blind mare, God bless her!"

c The Tribulation of Tower-Hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse,—] "I suspect the *Tribulation,*" says Johnson, "to have been a *puritanical meeting-house;*" and all the editors concur in opinion that the author here intended a fling at some puritanical sect or sects. Surely an extraordinary mistake. Can anything be more evident than that by the "Tribulation of Tower Hill," and the "Limbs of Limehouse," are meant the turbulent and mischievous 'long-shore rabble, the only congenial audience at a play-house for their "dear brothers," "the Hope of the Strand"? See Taylor's (the Water-Poet) "Jacke-a-Lent," 1630.

able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*,[a] and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

CHAM. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye 've made a fine hand, fellows.
There 's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.
PORT. An 't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.
CHAM. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: ye 're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards,[b] when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They 're come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I 'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold ye play these two months.
PORT. Make way there for the princess.
MAN. You great fellow, stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.
PORT. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
I 'll pick[c] you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Palace.*

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE *of* NORFOLK *with his marshal's staff*, DUKE *of* SUFFOLK, *two* Noblemen *bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then four* Noblemen *bearing a canopy, under which the* DUCHESS *of* NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a* Lady: *then follows the* MARCHIONESS *of* DORSET, *the other godmother, and* Ladies. *The troop pass once about the stage, and* Garter *speaks.*

GART. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING, *and Train.*

CRAN. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!
K. HEN. Thank you, good lord archbishop
What is her name?
CRAN. Elizabeth.
K. HEN. Stand up, lord.—
[*The* KING *kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.
CRAN. Amen.
K. HEN. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.
CRAN. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba[d] was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing

[a] *Limbo Patrum*,—] He means locked up. To be in *limbo*, is a cant phrase for being imprisoned, at the present time, and was derived probably from the *Limbus Patrum*, the place where the Patriarchs are supposed to have awaited the resurrection.

[b] Baiting of bombards,—] *Bombards*, or *bumbards*, were capacious vessels, sometimes made of leather, for holding drink.

[c] *I'll* pick *you o'er the pales*—] In the old copies, "Ile *pecke* you," &c. To *pick*, or *peck*, was the same formerly as to *pitch*.

[d] Saba—] That is, *Sheba*:—

"Were she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as *Saba*," &c.
MARLOWE'S *Doctor Faustus*, Act II. Sc.

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read[a] the perfect way of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when[b]
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour

[a] *From her shall* read *the perfect way of honour*;—] *Read*, in this place, is supposed by some editors to be a misprint for *tread*; but see note (c), p. 547, Vol. I.

[b] Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when, &c.] This and the following seventeen lines are generally conjectured to be an interpolation, made at some revisal of the play, after the accession of King James.

Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to his chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. HEN. Thou speakest wonders.

CRAN. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,—
She must, the saints must have her,—yet a virgin;
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. HEN. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor,
And you good brethren, I am much beholden;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
H 'as business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'T is ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We 've frighted with our trumpets; so, 't is clear,
They 'll say, 't is naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—*that 's witty!*
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we 're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em; if they smile,
And say, 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 't is ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) Scene I.—*That Bevis was believ'd.*] The reader unacquainted with the stupendous exploits of this hero, should consult the elegant "Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances," by George Ellis, or the romance of "Sir Bevis of Hamptoun" itself, as printed for the Maitland Club, 1838. That belief in them demanded no ordinary degree of credulity may be surmised from the following synopsis of his last great action:—"One day, whilst Sir Bevis and Josyan were taking the pleasures of the chase, they met a messenger dispatched to Saber by his good old wife, to announce that Edgar, king of England, had deprived their son Robert of all his estates, for the purpose of enriching a wicked favourite, Sir Bryant of Cornwall. Bevis, who had bestowed these estates on Saber, considered such an act as a personal insult, and determined to accompany his friend to England at the head of a formidable army. They landed in safety at Southampton, and marching rapidly towards London, encamped at Putney. Here Sir Bevis left his troops, together with Josyan, Saber, Terry, Guy, and Mile, and taking with him only twelve knights, repaired to the king, whom he found at Westminster, and, falling on his knees, humbly requested the restoration of his estates.

"Edgar, always inclined to peace, would have been glad to consent; but his steward, Sir Bryant, observed to him that Sir Bevis was a traitor, who trained up his horses in the habit of kicking out the brains of princes, and that he was still an outlaw, whose death it was the duty of all good subjects to procure by every possible device. The king, listening to this secret enemy, gave no answer, and Sir Bevis, with his attendants, took up their lodgings in the city to await his determination: but scarcely were they arrived at their inn, when they heard that a proclamation had been issued, enjoyning the citizens to shut their gates, to barricade every street, and to seize Sir Bevis alive or dead. The knight now found it necessary to provide for his defence. Having armed himself and his followers, he sallied forth in hopes of forcing his way out of the city before the measures of security should be complete; but he immediately met the steward, Sir Bryant, at the head of two hundred soldiers—

> "A stroke he set upon his crown,
> That to the saddle he clave him down.
> So, within a little stound,
> All two hundred he slew to ground.
> Thorough Goose-lane Bevis went tho,*
> There was him done right mickle wo!
> That lane was so narrow y-wrought,
> That Sir Bevis might defend him nought.
> He had wunnen into his honde
> Many a batayle in sundry londe;
> But he was never so careful man,
> For siker of sooth,† as he was than.
> When Bevis saw his men were dead,
> For sorrow couthe he no rede!‡
> But Morglay his sword he drew,
> And many he felled, and many he slew.
> Many a man he slew tho,
> And out he went with mickle wo!

(*) *Then.* (†) *For certain truth.*
(‡) *Could think of no counsel.*

"The destruction of our hero appeared inevitable, after the disastrous adventure of Goose-lane, where his twelve companions were ingloriously murdered: but to Sir Bevis, when armed with Morglay and mounted on Arundel, nothing was wanting but a theatre sufficiently spacious for the display of his valour; and this he found in the Cheap, or market-place. He was beset by innumerable crowds; but Arundel, indignant at the insolence of the plebean assailants, by kicking on one side and biting on another, dispersed them in all directions to a distance of forty feet, while his master cut off the heads of all such as were driven, by the pressure of those behind, within reach of the terrible Morglay.

"In the mean time the news of the knight's distress was spread from mouth to mouth, and it was reported to Josyan that he was actually dead. After swooning with terror, she related the circumstance to her sons, and, blinded by fear, proposed an immediate retreat. But they answered that they were resolved to seek their father alive or dead, and, hastily requesting her benediction, collected four thousand knights, and departed at full speed from Putney.

> "Sir Guy bestrode a Rabyte *
> That was mickle, and nought light,†
> That Sir Bevis in Paynim londe
> Hade i-wunnen with his honde.
> A sword he tooke of mickle might,
> That y-cleped Aroundight,
> It was Launcelot's du Lake,
> Therewith he slew the fire-drake,‡
> The pomel was of charbocle § stone;
> (A better sword was never none,
> The Romauns tellyth as I you say,
> Ne none shall till Doomesday).
> And Sir Myles there bestrid
> A dromounday, ‖ and forth he rid.
> That horse was swift as any swallow,
> No man might that horse begallowe.¶

"They crossed the river without opposition under cover of the night, and having set fire to Ludgate, which was closed against them, forced their way into the city, and proceeded in search of Sir Bevis. They found him untouched by any wound, but quite exhausted by the fatigue of a battle, which had now lasted during great part of the day, and the whole of the night. Arundel, too, stood motionless, bathed to his fetlocks in blood, and surrounded by dead bodies. The day had just dawned, and a burgher of some note, well armed and mounted, made a blow at Sir Bevis, under which the hero drooped to his saddle-bows; but at the same instant Sir Guy rushed forward:

> "To that burgess a stroke he sent,
> Through helm and hauberk down it went;
> Both man and horse, in that stound,
> He cleaved down to the ground!
> His swordys point to the earth went,
> That fire sprang out of the pavement.

(*) *An Arabian horse.* (†) *Weak.* (‡) *Fiery dragon.*
(§) *Carbuncle.* (‖) *A war horse.* (¶) *Out-gallop.*

"The fatigued and disheartened Sir Bevis immediately recovered new life at the sight of his son's valour; Arundel, too, resumed his wonted vivacity; and when Sir Mile, who rivalled his brother in gallantry, came up with the rest of the reinforcement, the discomfiture of the assailants was soon decided.

> " The blood fell on that pavement
> Right down to the Temple-bar it went;
> As it is said in French romaunce,
> Both in Yngelonde and in Fraunce,
> So many men at once were never seen dead,
> For the water of Thames for blood wax red;
> Fro St. Mary Bowe to London Stone,
> That ilke time was housing none.

"In short, sixty thousand men were slain in this battle; after which Sir Bevis and his sons returned, crowned with victory, to their camp at Putney."

(2) Scene IV.—*Let the music knock it.*] The particulars of this masquerade were derived immediately from Cavendish's Life of Wolsey (of which, though it was not published for many years after Shakespeare's death, there were, in his time, many manuscript copies extant) or were taken at second-hand from Holinshed:—"And when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair to the cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship. Such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation, as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth, with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort, and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames, or damsels, meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time, with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy; their hairs, and beards, either of fine gold wire, or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torch-bearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin, of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand, that he came by water to the water gate, without any noise; where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers, and at his landing, they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air, that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlewomen, to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet; under this sort: First, ye shall perceive that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise covered, my Lord Cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, and there having his service all alone; and then was there set a lady and a nobleman, or a gentleman and gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made and joined as it were but one table. All which order and device was done and devised by the Lord Sands, Lord Chamberlain to the king; and also by Sir Henry Guilford, Comptroller to the king. Then immediately after this great shot of guns, the cardinal desired the Lord Chamberlain and Comptroller, to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and showed him, that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. With that, quoth the cardinal, 'I shall desire you, because ye can speak French, to take the pains to go down into the hall to encounter and to receive them, according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pastime.' Then [they] went incontinent down into the hall, where they received them with twenty new torches, and conveyed them up into the chamber, with such a number of drums and fifes as I have seldom seen together, at one time in any masque. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the cardinal where he sat, saluting him very reverently; to whom the Lord Chamberlain for them said: 'Sir, for as much as they be strangers, and can speak no English, they have desired me to declare unto your Grace thus; they, having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your good grace, but to repair hither to view as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at mumchance and then after to dance with them, and so to have of them acquaintance. And, sir, they furthermore require of your Grace license to accomplish the cause of their repair.' To whom the cardinal answered, that he was very well contented they should so do. Then the maskers went first and saluted all the dames as they sat, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened a cup full of gold, with crowns, and other pieces of coin, to whom they set divers pieces to cast at. Thus in this manner perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, and to some they lost, and of some they won. And thus done, they returned unto the cardinal, with great reverence, pouring down all the crowns in the cup, which was about two hundred crowns. 'At all,' quoth the cardinal, and so cast the dice, and won them all at a cast; whereat was great joy made. Then quoth the cardinal to my Lord Chamberlain, 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'show them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some noble man, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty.' Then spake my Lord Chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my Lord Cardinal's mind, and they rounding him again in the ear, my Lord Chamberlain said to my Lord Cardinal, 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your Grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last, quoth he, 'Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mask, than any other. The king, hearing and perceiving the cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The cardinal eftsoons desired his highness to take the place of estate, to whom the king answered, that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him; and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence, the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the tables spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the king and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices, subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled."

ACT II.

(1) Scene I.—*In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.*] Shakespeare's account of the duke's behaviour during trial corresponds pretty closely with that of the Chronicles:—"Shortlie after that the duke had beene indicted, he was arreigned in Westminster hall before the duke of Norffolke, being made by the kings letters patents high steward of England, to accomplish the high cause of appeale of the peere or peeres of the realme, and to discerne and iudge the cause of the peeres."

The witnesses having been heard, "the lords went to councell a great while, and after tooke their places. Then said the duke of Norffolke to the duke of Suffolke; What say you of sir Edward duke of Buckingham touching the high treasons? The duke of Suffolke answered; He is giltie: and so said the marques and all the other earls and lords. Thus was this prince duke of Buckingham found giltie of high treason, by a duke, a marques, seven earles, and twelve barons. The duke was brought to the barre sore chafing and swet marvellouslie; and after he had made his reverence, he paused a while. The duke of Norffolke as judge said: Sir Edward, you have heard how you be indicted of high treason, you pleaded thereto not giltie, putting your selfe to the peeres of the realme, which have found you giltie. Then the duke of Norffolke wept and said: You shall be led to the kings prison, and there laid on a hardle, and so drawne to the place of execution, and there be hanged, cut downe alive, your members cut off and cast into the fire, your bowels burnt before you, your head smitten off, and your bodie quartered and divided at the kings will, and God have mercie on your soule, Amen.

"The duke of Buckingham said, My lord of Norffolke, you have said as a traitor should be said unto, but I was never anie: but my lords I nothing maligne for that you have doone to me, but the eternall God forgive you my death, and I doo: I shall never sue to the king for life, howbeit he is a gratious prince, and more grace may come from him than I desire. I desire you my lords and all my fellowes to pray for me. Then was the edge of the axe turned towards him, and he led into a barge. Sir Thomas Lovell desired him to sit on the cushins and carpet ordeined for him. He said nay; for when I went to Westminster I was duke of Buckingham, now I am but Edward Bohune the most caitife of the world. Thus they landed at the Temple, where received him sir Nicholas Vawse and sir William Sands baronets, and led him through the citie, who desired ever the people to pray for him, of whome some wept and lamented, and said: This is the end of evill life, God forgive him, he was a proud prince, it is pitie that he behaved him so against his king and liege lord, whome God preserve. Thus about foure of the clocke he was brought as a cast man to the Tower."—Holinshed, 1521.

(2) Scene III.—

——— *to which title*
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.]

"The King gave good testymony of his love to this lady, creating her in one day Marquesse of Pembroke (that I may use the words of the patent) for the nobylity of her stocke, excellency of her virtues and conditions, and other shewes of honesty and goodnesse worthyly to be commended in her). And giving her a patent for a 1000 pounds yerely to maynteyne this honor with. She was the first woman, I read, to have honor given to her and her heyres male."—Sir Roger Twisden's *MS. Note.*

(3) Scene IV.—*Then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars.*] In describing the pageantry of the Cardinal on state occasions, Cavendish tells us:—"And as soon as he was entered into his chamber of presence, where there was attending his coming to await upon him to Westminster Hall, as well noblemen and other worthy gentlemen, of his own family; thus passing forth with *two* great crosses of silver borne before him; with also *two great pillars of silver*, and his pursuivant at arms with a great mace of silver gilt. Then his gentlemen ushers cried, and said, 'Oh, my lords and masters, on before; make way for my Lord's Grace!' Thus passed he down from his chamber through the hall; and when he came to the hall door, there was attendant for him his mule, trapped altogether in crimson velvet, and gilt stirrups. When he was mounted, with his cross bearers and *pillar bearers*, also upon great horses trapped with [fine] scarlet: Then marched he forward," &c.

His ostentatious display of these emblems of ecclesiastical authority, though they are said to be strictly appropriate to the office of *legate à latere*, seems to have excited much ridicule and resentment. Roy, in his bitter invective against Cardinal Wolsey, entitled, *Rede me, and be nott wrothe*, thus speaks of them:—

> "Before him rydeth two prestes stronge:
> And they beare two crosses ryght longe,
> Gapynge in every mans face:
> After theym folowe two laye-men secular,
> And *each of theym holdynge a pillar*,
> In their hondes, steade of a mace."

And so, in the same spirit, Skelton, in his *Speke, Parrot*:—

> "Such pollaxis and *pyllers*, such mulys [mules] trapte with gold;
> Sens Dewcalyon's flodde in no cronycle ys told."

(4) Scene IV.—

——— *no, nor ever more,*
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.]

Here also the poet was indebted immediately, or through his customary authority, Holinshed, to Cavendish.

"The court being thus furnished and ordered, the judges commanded the crier to proclaim silence; then was the judges' commission, which they had of the pope, published and read openly before all the audience there assembled. That done, the crier called the king, by the name of 'King Henry of England, come into the court, &c.' With that the king answered and said, 'Here, my lords!' Then he called also the queen, by the name of 'Katherine, Queen of England, come into the court, &c.' who made no answer to the same, but rose up incontinent out of her chair, where as she sat, and because she could not come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneeling down at his feet in the sight of all the court and assembly, to whom she said in effect, in broken English, as followeth:

"'Sir,' quoth she, 'I beseech you for all the loves that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right, take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman and a stranger born out of your dominion, I have here no assured friend, and much less indifferent counsel; I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas! Sir, wherein have I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure? Have I designed against your will and pleasure; intending (as I perceive) to put me from you? I take God and all the world to witness, that I have been to you a true humble and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, that never said or did anything to the contrary thereof, being always well pleased and contented with all things wherein you had any delight or dalliance, whether it were in little or much; I never grudged in word or countenance, or showed a visage or spark of discontentation. I loved all those whom ye loved only for your sake, whether I had cause or no; and whether they were my friends or my enemies. This twenty years I have been your true wife or more, and by me ye

have had divers children, although it hath pleased God to call them out of this world, which hath been no default in me.

"'And when ye had me at the first, I take God to be my judge, I was a true maid without touch of man; and whether it be true or no, I put it to your conscience. If there be any just cause by the law that ye can allege against me, either of dishonesty or any other impediment to banish and put me from you, I am well content to depart to my great shame and dishonour; and if there be none, then here I most lowly beseech you let me remain in my former estate, and receive justice at your hands. The king your father was in the time of his reign of such estimation thorough the world for his excellent wisdom, that he was accounted and called of all men the second Solomon; and my father Ferdinand, King of Spain, who was esteemed to be one of the wittiest princes that reigned in Spain, many years before, were both wise and excellent kings in wisdom and princely behaviour. It is not therefore to be doubted, but that they elected and gathered as wise counsellors about them as to their high discretions was thought meet. Also, as me seemeth, there was in those days as wise, as well learned men, and men of as good judgment as be at this present in both realms, who thought then the marriage between you and me good and lawful. Therefore it is a wonder to hear what new inventions are now invented against me, that never intended but honesty. And cause me to stand to the order and judgment of this new court, wherein ye may do me much wrong, if ye intend any cruelty; for ye may condemn me for lack of sufficient answer, having no indifferent counsel, but such as be assigned me, with whose wisdom and learning I am not acquainted. Ye must consider that they cannot be indifferent counsellors for my part which be your subjects, and taken out of your own council before, wherein they be made privy, and dare not, for your displeasure, disobey your will and intent, being once made privy thereto. Therefore I most humbly require you, in the way of charity, and for the love of God, who is the just Judge, to spare me the extremity of this new court, until I may be advertised what way and order my friends in Spain will advise me to take. And if ye will not extend to me so much indifferent favour, your pleasure then be fulfilled, and to God I commit my cause!'"

ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—*She should have bought her dignities so dear.*] The foregoing scene is almost identical with the account which Cavendish has left us of the interview between Katharine and the Cardinals:—

"And then my lord rose up, and made him ready, taking his barge, and went straight to Bath Place to the other cardinal; and so went together unto Bridewell, directly to the queen's lodging: and they, being in her chamber of presence, showed to the gentleman usher that they came to speak with the queen's grace. The gentleman usher advertised the queen thereof incontinent. With that she came out of her privy chamber with a skein of white thread about her neck, into the chamber of presence, where the cardinals were giving of attendance upon her coming. At whose coming quoth she, 'Alack, my lords, I am very sorry to cause you to attend upon me; what is your pleasure with me?' 'If it please you,' quoth my Lord Cardinal, 'to go into your privy chamber, we will show you the cause of our coming.' 'My lord,' quoth she, 'if you have any thing to say, speak it openly before all these folks; for I fear nothing that ye can say or allege against me, but that I would all the world should both hear and see it; therefore I pray you speak your minds openly.' Then began my lord to speak to her in Latin. 'Nay, good my lord,' quoth she, 'speak to me in English I beseech you; although I understand Latin.' 'Forsooth then,' quoth my lord, 'Madam, if it please your grace, we come both to know your mind, how ye be disposed to do in this matter between the king and you, and also to declare secretly our opinions and our counsel unto you, which we have intended of very zeal and obedience that we bear to your grace.' 'My lords, I thank you then,' quoth she, 'of your good wills; but to make answer to your request I cannot so suddenly, for I was set among my maidens at work, thinking full little of any such matter, wherein there needeth a longer deliberation, and a better head than mine, to make answer to so noble wise men as ye be; I had need of good counsel in this case, which toucheth me so near; and for any counsel or friendship that I can find in England, [they] are nothing to my purpose or profit. Think you, I pray you, my lords, will any Englishmen counsel or be friendly unto me against the king's pleasure, they being his subjects? Nay forsooth, my lords! and for my counsel in whom I do intend to put my trust be not here; they being in Spain, in my native country. Alas, my lords! I am a poor woman lacking both wit and understanding sufficiently to answer such approved wise men as ye be both, in so weighty a matter. I pray you to extend your good and indifferent minds in your authority unto me, for I am a simple woman, destitute and barren of friendship and counsel here in a foreign region: and as for your counsel, I will not refuse, but be glad to hear.'

"And with that, she took my lord by the hand and led him into her privy chamber with the other cardinal; where they were in long communication: we, in the other chamber, might sometime hear the queen speak very loud, but what it was we could not understand. The communication ended, the cardinals departed and went directly to the king, making to him relation of their talk with the queen; and after resorted home to their houses to supper."

(2) SCENE II.—

—— when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?]

Wolsey's arrogant behaviour to all with whom he came in contact, is acknowledged even by those who were best disposed towards him: "In his time of authority and glory," says Cavendish, "he was the haughtiest man in all his proceedings that then lived." It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that his enemies and satirists should make his "high-blown pride" a frequent theme for spiteful comment, nor can it be doubted that the picture Skelton has given us of the Cardinal's overweening assumption, though grossly exaggerated, was not altogether an imaginary one:—

"The Erle of Northumberlande
Dare take nothynge on hande;
Our barons be so bolde,
Into a mouse hole they wolde
Rynne away and crepe,
Lyke a mayny of shepe:
Dare nat loke out at dur
For drede of the mastyve cur,
For drede of the bochers dogge
Wold wyrry them lyke an hogge.

For and this curre do gnar,
They must stand all a far,
To holde up their hande at the bar.

For all their noble blode
He pluckes them by the hode,
And shakes them by the eare,
And brynge[s] them in suche feare;
He bayteth them lyke a bere,
Like an oxe or a bull:
Theyr wyttes, he saith, are dull;
He sayth they have no brayne
Theyr astate to mayntayne;
And maketh them to bow theyr kne
Before his majeste.
Juges of the kynges lawes,
He countys them foles and dawes;
Sergyantes of the coyfe eke,
He sayth they are to seke
In pletynge of theyr case
At the Commune Place,
Or at the Kynges Benche;
He wryngeth them such a wrenche,
That all our learned men
Dare nat set theyr penne
To plete a trew tryall
Within Westmynster hall;
In the Chauncery where he syttes
But suche as he admyttes
None so hardy to speke:
He sayth, thou huddypeke,
Thy lernynge is to lewde,
Thy tonge is nat well thewde,
To seke before our grace;
And openly in that place
He rages and he raves,
And calls them cankerd knaves:
Thus royally he dothe deale
Under the kynges brode seale:
And in the Checker he them cheks;
In the Star Chambre he noddis and beks,
And bereth him there so stoute,
That no man dare route,
Duke, erle, baron, nor lorde,
But to his sentence must accorde:
Whether he be knyght or squyre,
All men must folow his desyre."

"Why Come Ye Nat To Courte?" &c. &c.

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE II.—*Give him a little earth for charity!*] So Cavendish:—

"And the next day he took his journey with Master Kingston and the guard. And as soon as they espied their old master, in such a lamentable estate, they lamented him with weeping eyes. Whom my lord took by the hands, and divers times, by the way, as he rode, he would talk with them, sometime with one, and sometime with another; at night he was lodged at a house of the Earl of Shrewsbury's, called Hardwick Hall, very evil at ease. The next day he rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that night, more sicker, and the next day we rode to Leicester Abbey; and by the way he waxed so sick that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule; and being night before we came to the abbey of Leicester, where at his coming in at the gates the abbot of the place with all his convent met him with the light of many torches; whom they right honourably received with great reverence. To whom my lord said, 'Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you,' whom they brought on his mule to the stairs foot of his chamber, and there alighted, and Master Kingston then took him by the arm and led him up the stairs; who told me afterwards that he never carried so heavy a burden in all his life. And as soon as he was in his chamber, he went incontinent to his bed, very sick."

(2) SCENE II.—*His blessed part to heaven.*] By his "blessed part" is of course meant his "*spiritual* or *immortal* part:" and we apprehend that the expression "better part," in the much-controverted passage in "As You Like It," Act III. Sc. 2:—"Atalanta's *better part*," bears a similar signification; in proof of this may be cited the trite old epitaph mentioned by Whalley:—

"Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open heart,
And Martha's care, and Mary's *better part.*"

And the following passage from Overbury's "Characters:"—"Lastly," (he is depicting *a Melancholy Man,*) "he is a man onely in shew, but comes short of *the better part*, a whole reasonable soule, which is mans chief preeminence," &c.

(3) SCENE II.—

——*and urge the king*
To do me this last right.]

The letter referred to in this passage, which Katharine addressed to the king a short time before her death, is preserved in Polydore Virgil's History, and has been translated as follows by Lord Herbert:—

"My most dear lord, king, and husband,—

"The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever: for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles.—But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, (which is not much, they being but three,) and to all my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE III.—*Parish-garden.*] This is usually printed *Paris* garden, but *Parish* was possibly the vulgar pronunciation of the word. Paris Garden was a district of St. Saviour's parish, in Southwark, wherein were two famous gardens set apart for the diversion of bear-baiting. On the 25th of May, 1599, soon after her accession to the throne, Queen Elizabeth gave a splendid dinner to the French ambassadors, who were afterwards entertained with the baiting of bulls and bears, and the queen herself stood with the ambassadors looking on the pastime till six at night. The next day, the same ambassadors went by water to Paris Garden, where they saw another baiting of bulls and of bears." (*See* NICHOLS' *Progresses*, Vol. I. p. 40.)

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

"SHAKSPEARE was as profound a historian as a poet; when we compare his *Henry the Eighth* with the preceding pieces, we see distinctly that the English nation during the long, peaceable, and economical reign of Henry VII., whether from the exhaustion which was the fruit of the civil wars, or from more general European influences, had made a sudden transition from the powerful confusion of the middle age, to the regular tameness of modern times. *Henry the Eighth* has, therefore, somewhat of a prosaic appearance; for Shakspeare, artist-like, adapted himself always to the quality of his materials. If others of his works, both in elevation of fancy and in energy of pathos and character, tower far above this, we have here on the other hand occasion to admire his nice powers of discrimination and his perfect knowledge of courts and the world. What tact was requisite to represent before the eyes of the queen subjects of such a delicate nature, and in which she was personally so nearly concerned, without doing violence to the truth! He has unmasked the tyrannical king, and to the intelligent observer exhibited him such as he was actually: haughty and obstinate, voluptuous and unfeeling, extravagant in conferring favours, and revengeful under the pretext of justice; and yet the picture is so dexterously handled that a daughter might take it for favourable. The legitimacy of Elizabeth's birth depended on the invalidity of Henry's first marriage, and Shakspeare has placed the proceedings respecting his separation from Catharine of Arragon in a very doubtful light. We see clearly that Henry's scruples of conscience are no other than the beauty of Anne Boleyn. Catharine is, properly speaking, the heroine of the piece; she excites the warmest sympathy by her virtues, her defenceless misery, her mild but firm opposition, and her dignified resignation. After her, the fall of Cardinal Wolsey constitutes the principal part of the business. Henry's whole reign was not adapted for dramatic poetry. It would have merely been a repetition of the same scenes: the repudiation, or the execution of his wives, and the disgrace of his most estimable ministers, which was usually soon followed by death. Of all that distinguished Henry's life, Shakspeare has given us sufficient specimens. But as, properly speaking, there is no division in the history where he breaks off, we must excuse him if he gives us a flattering compliment of the great Elizabeth for a fortunate catastrophe. The piece ends with the general joy at the birth of that princess, and with prophecies of the happiness which she was afterwards to enjoy or to diffuse. It was only by such a turn that the hazardous freedom of thought in the rest of the composition could have passed with impunity: Shakspeare was not certainly himself deceived respecting this theatrical delusion. The true conclusion is the death of Catharine, which under a feeling of this kind, he has placed earlier than was conformable to history."—SCHLEGEL.

CYMBELINE.

Act II. Sc. 2.

CYMBELINE.

"The Tragedie of Cymbeline" is one of the seventeen plays, the earliest known edition of which is the folio of 1623. When produced, or when first acted, we have, as usual, no means of determining; but Malone is perhaps not far wrong in supposing it was written in 1609, as about that period there is good reason for believing Shakespeare wrote "The Tempest," and "The Winter's Tale:" and the marked similarity in the versification of those plays and that of Cymbeline, indicates that the three were composed at no distant date from each other.

The main incident of the plot—the wager on the chastity of the heroine—appears to have been taken from a story in Boccaccio (Day 2, Nov. 9), of which an abstract will be found in the "Illustrative Comments." This novel was a favourite evidently, for it has been translated and paraphrased many times. One modification of it occurs in the amusing collection of stories called, "Westward for Smelts, or The Water-mans fare of mad merry Western wenches," &c., which Steevens and Malone assert was printed in 1603. If they are correct, this *réchauffé* of Boccaccio's fable may have contributed to the composition of "Cymbeline," but no edition of it earlier than 1620, and of that only one copy, is now known to exist. The events in this story are laid in England during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., and the villain of it, instead of being conveyed to the lady's chamber in a chest (as described in the Italian and French versions), hides himself beneath her bed.

The historical facts and allusions in "Cymbeline" were seemingly derived from Holinshed; but the important and delightful episode that introduces us to Belarius and the stolen princes, we may conclude was Shakespeare's own invention; unless the germ of it were found in some older play upon which the present was founded.

Persons Represented.

CYMBELINE, King *of* Britain.

GUIDERIUS, } *Sons to* Cymbeline, *disguised under the names of* POLYDORE *and*
ARVIRAGUS, } CADWAL, *and supposed to be Sons to* Morgan.

CLOTEN, *Son to the* Queen *by a former Husband.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *Husband to* Imogen.

BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of* MORGAN.

CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*

PISANIO.

Two British Captains.

Two British Gentlemen.

A Soothsayer.

Two British Gaolers.

CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the* Roman *Forces.*

IACHIMO, } Italian *Gentlemen.*
PHILARIO, }

A Roman Captain.

A French Gentleman, *Friend of* Philario.

A Spanish Gentleman, *Friend of* Philario.

A Dutch Gentleman, *Friend of* Philario.

QUEEN, *Wife to* Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, *Daughter to* Cymbeline, *by a former* Queen.

HELEN, *a Lady attending on* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, Musicians, Messengers, Apparitions, and Attendants.

SCENE,—*Sometimes in* BRITAIN, *sometimes in* ITALY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. *The Garden of* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers'—
Still seemers—do the king's.[a]

2 Gent. But what 's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of 's king dom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she 's wedded;

---

a ——— *our bloods*
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers'—
Still seemers—*do the king's.*]

The old text of "Cymbeline," in the number and inveteracy of its corruptions, is hardly surpassed by any other play in the collection. The very opening speech presents a typographical enigma which has been the subject of critical conjecture and experiment for above a century, and remains a puzzle still:—

> "You do not meet a man but Frownes.
> Our bloods no more obey the Heavens
> Then our Courtiers;
> Still seeme, as do's the Kings."

Thus stands the passage in the folio. Amid a flood of hypothetical restorations, Tyrwhitt's proposal to omit the *s* in "King's" and to point the lines as follows,—

> "———our bloods
> No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
> Still seem, as does the *king*"—

is now generally followed, though no one perhaps ever believed or believes that this was what the poet wrote. It has been accepted only because the editors had nothing better to offer. The real blot lies, we apprehend, in the words "still seem as," which were probably misheard or misread by the compositor for "still-seemers," i.e. *ever dissemblers:* and the meaning appears to be,—Everyone you meet wears a frown; our complexions do not more sympathise with the changes of the sky, than the looks of our courtiers (those *perpetual simulators*) do with the aspect of the king. The expression "seemers" occurs again in the sense here attributed to it, in "Measure for Measure," Act I. Sc. 4,—

> "———hence shall we see
> If power change purpose, what our *seemers* be."

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.
2 GENT. None but the king?
1 GENT. He that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
2 GENT. And why so?
1 GENT. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare:—I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.
2 GENT. You speak him far.
1 GENT. I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.
2 GENT. What's his name, and birth?
1 GENT. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,—
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;[a]
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd,
And in 's spring became a harvest: liv'd in court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
A glass that feated[b] them; and to the graver
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress—
For whom he now is banish'd—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.
2 GENT. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?
1 GENT. His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.
2 GENT. How long is this ago?
1 GENT. Some twenty years.
2 GENT. That a king's children should be so convey'd![c]
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!
1 GENT. Howsoe'er 't is strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.
2 GENT. I do well believe you.
1 GENT. We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.[d]

QUEEN. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint.—For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet,
The fire of rage is in him; and 't were good,
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.
POST. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.
QUEEN. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.
[*Exit* QUEEN.
IMO. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing

[a] Posthumus Leonatus;] So the old copies. In many modern editions, "Leonatus" is omitted as redundant, but the old poets not unfrequently introduce proper names without regard to the measure; occasionally indeed, as if at the discretion of the player, the name was to be spoken or not.

[b] *A glass that* feated *them;*] That *fashioned*, or *moulded* them.

[c] So convey'd!] So stolen.

[d] And Imogen.] In the old and in most of the modern editions, this is marked as a new scene, but erroneously.

(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me: you must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's; *
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

(*) Old text, *Filorio's.*

Re-enter QUEEN.

QUEEN. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.—[*Aside.*] Yet I'll move him
To walk this way. I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences.[a] [*Exit.*

POST. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

IMO. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

POST. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear[b] up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here, [*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

IMO. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

POST. Alack, the king!

Enter CYMBELINE (1) *and* Lords.

CYM. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.

POST. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*

IMO. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

CYM. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me!

IMO. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare[c]
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

CYM. Past grace? obedience?

IMO. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

CYM. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

IMO. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.[d]

CYM. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

IMO. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

CYM. O thou vile one!

IMO. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

CYM. What! art thou mad?

IMO. Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

---

[a] Pays dear for my offences.] A clause intended possibly to replace or be replaced by the words "buy my injuries to be friends:" the first thought through the carelessness of the compositor being inserted as well as the reconsidered one.

[b] *And* sear *up*—] Mr. Singer reads *seal up*, which is a plausible alteration; but we believe with Steevens and Mr. Dyce that the meaning is merely *close up*, and if any change were desirable, should prefer *cere up*. The spelling of *cere* being often *sear* formerly.

[c] A touch more rare—] This has been defined a *nobler passion*, a *higher feeling*; it meant rather a *smart* or *throe more exquisite*. *A touch* in old language was often used to express a *pang*, a *wound*, or any acute pain, moral or physical, as in the passage before us; as also in the often-quoted, but perhaps not always understood sentiment from "Troilus and Cressida," Act III. Sc. 3:

"One *touch* of Nature makes the whole world kin"

and in "Macbeth," Act III. Sc. 2,—

"——Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can *touch* him further."

Sometimes it implied a *painful sense* or *sympathy*, as in "The Tempest," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"Hast thou, which art but air, *a touch*, a feeling of their afflictions?"

And occasionally *to touch* signified to *pierce* or *prick*, as in the following examples:—

"——Spirits are not finely *touch'd*
But to fine issues."
Measure for Measure, Act I. Sc. 1.

"Ay, *touch* him, there's the vein."
Ibid. Act II. Sc. 2.

"What villain *touch'd* his body, that did stab
And not for justice."
Julius Cæsar, Act IV. Sc. 3.

"Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave *touch!*"
A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III. Sc. 2.

"You *touch'd* my vein at first."
As You Like It, Act II. Sc. 7.

[d] A puttock.] A buzzard, or kite: a degenerate species of hawk.

Re-enter QUEEN.

CYM. Thou foolish thing!—
[*To the* QUEEN.
They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up!

QUEEN. Beseech your patience.—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

CYM. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!
[*Exeunt* CYMBELINE *and* Lords.

QUEEN. Fie!—you must give way:

Enter PISANIO.

Here is your servant.—How now, sir! What news?

PIS. My lord your son drew on my master.

QUEEN. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

PIS. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

QUEEN. I am very glad on 't.

IMO. Your son 's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.—Why came you from your master?

PIS. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

QUEEN. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

PIS. I humbly thank your highness.

QUEEN. Pray, walk awhile.

IMO. About some half-hour hence,
I* pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) Old copies omit, *I.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A public Place.*

Enter CLOTEN *and Two* Lords.

1 LORD. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there 's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

CLO. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.—Have I hurt him?

2 LORD. [*Aside.*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

1 LORD. Hurt him! his body 's a passable carcass if he be not hurt: it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 LORD. [*Aside.*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

CLO. The villain would not stand me.

2 LORD. [*Aside.*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 LORD. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 LORD. [*Aside.*] As many inches as you have oceans.—Puppies!

CLO. I would they had not come between us.

2 LORD. [*Aside.*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

CLO. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 LORD. [*Aside.*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

1 LORD. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she 's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 LORD. [*Aside.*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

CLO. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

2 LORD. [*Aside.*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

CLO. You 'll go with us?

1 LORD. I 'll attend your lordship.

CLO. Nay, come, let 's go together.

2 LORD. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

IMO. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And questioned'st every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is.[a] What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this* eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.(2)—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming[b] words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

(*) Old text, *his*.

[a] ——*'twere a paper lost,*
As offer'd *mercy is.*]

The mercy meant is that which comes too tardily, a pardon after execution; as the thought is expressed in "All's Well That Ends Well," Act V. Sc. 3:—

"Like a remorseful *pardon slowly* carried."

We should, therefore, probably eject "*offer'd*" as a misprint, and read,—

"As *deferr'd* mercy is."

[b] *Betwixt two* charming *words*,—] *Magical* or *enchanted* words to preserve him from evil.

Enter a Lady.

LADY. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

IMO. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

PIS. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in* Philario's *House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO,[a] *a* Frenchman, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.

IACH. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

PHI. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

FRENCH. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

IACH. This matter of marrying his king's daughter,—wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own,—words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

FRENCH. And then his banishment—

IACH. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less[b] quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

PHI. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

FRENCH. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

POST. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

FRENCH. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone[c] my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

POST. By your pardon, sir; I was then a young traveller; rather shunned[d] to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not* to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

FRENCH. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

IACH. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

FRENCH. Safely, I think: 't was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: this gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

IACH. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

POST. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

IACH. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

POST. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.[e]

IACH. As fair, and as good,—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,—had been something too fair,

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a Iachimo,—] Probably borrowed from the Italian *Giacomo.* It should be pronounced as a trisyllable, *Yachimo.*

b *Without* less *quality.*] This is usually printed after Rowe "*more* quality," and that apparently, though by no means certainly, was the meaning intended. As Malone remarks, however, "whenever *less* or *more* is to be joined with a verb denoting want, or a preposition of a similar import, Shakespeare never fails to be entangled in a grammatical inaccuracy."

c Atone—] *Reconcile;* make *at one.*

d *Rather* shunned to *go even with what I heard,*—] Should we not read *sinned?* The meaning being, I was then a young traveller, and wilfully preferred rather to go by what I heard than to be guided by the experience of others.

e I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.] The sense of this has been somewhat misunderstood, and hence the discussion the passage has provoked. Posthumus, we apprehend, does not mean,—I avow myself, not simply her admirer, but her worshipper; but stung by the scornful tone of Iachimo's remark, he answers,—Provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though the declaration of my opinion proclaimed me her idolater rather than her lover.

(*) Old text omits, *not.*

and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could but* believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

POST. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

IACH. What do you esteem it at?

POST. More than the world enjoys.

IACH. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she 's outprized by a trifle.

POST. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, or[a] if there were wealth enough for the purchase,† or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

IACH. Which the gods have given you?

POST. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

IACH. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

POST. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince[b] the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or the loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

PHI. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

POST. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

IACH. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

POST. No, no.

IACH. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

POST. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

IACH. What's that?

POST. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,—a punishment too.

PHI. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

IACH. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation[c] of what I have spoke!

POST. What lady would you choose to assail?

IACH. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

POST. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

IACH. You are afraid,[d] and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but, I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

POST. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

IACH. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

POST. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—let there be covenants drawn between us: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

PHI. I will have it no lay.

IACH. By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

POST. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced,—you not making it appear otherwise,—for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

IACH. Your hand,—a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve.[e] I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

POST. Agreed.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS *and* IACHIMO.

FRENCH. Will this hold, think you?

PHI. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt*

(*) Old text, *not*. (†) Old text, *purchases*.

[a] Or if there were—] That is, *either* if there were.

To convince—] *Convince* here, as in many other instances, signifies, *conquer* or *overcome*.

[c] The approbation—] The proof:—So in "Henry V." Act I. Sc. 2:—

"For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in *approbation*
Of what your reverence shall incite us to."

[d] You are afraid,—] In the old copies, "You are a *Friend*."—We are not altogether satisfied with the emendation, which is Warburton's, but are unable to suggest any word more likely.

[e] *And* starve.] That is, and *perish*.

SCENE V.—Britain. *A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, *and* Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers ;
Make haste : who has the note of them ?
1 Lady. I, madam.
Queen. Dispatch.— [*Exeunt* Ladies.
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs ?
Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam : [*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, without offence—
My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death ;
But though slow, deadly ?
Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish,—is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions ? [a] I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging,—but none human,—
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act ; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.
Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.
Queen. O, content thee.—
[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him
Will I first work : he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—

Enter Pisanio.

How now, Pisanio !—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended ;
Take your own way.
Cor. [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, madam ;
But you shall do no harm.
Queen. Hark thee, a word.—[*To* Pisanio.
Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange ling'ring poisons : I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile ; [dogs,
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and
Then afterward up higher ; but there is

[a] Conclusions ?] *Experiments.*

No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer
So to be false with her.

QUEEN. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

COR. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

QUEEN. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater,—for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,—
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
[*The* QUEEN *drops the box:* PISANIO *takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on;[a] but think
Thou hast thy mistress still,—to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit* PISANIO.]—A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The handfast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet;[b] and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.—

Re-enter PISANIO *and* Ladies.

So, so;—well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* Ladies.

PIS. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there 's all I'll do for you.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN.

IMO. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those, repeated
Vexations of it![c] Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious. Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.[d]—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

PIS. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.

IACH. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.
[*Presents a letter.*

IMO. Thanks, good sir:
You're kindly welcome.

IACH. [*Aside.*] All of her that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!

---

[a] Think what a chance thou changest on; &c.] Thus the old text, which has been changed to,—

"Think what a chance thou *chancest* on;"—

And,

"Think what a *change* thou *chancest* on."

Looking at the context, we should prefer reading,—

"Think what a chance! thou changest *one;* but think
Thou hast thy mistress still,—to boot, my son."

You only change the service of your master for mine; retain your old mistress, and have my son for friend beside. *Chance*, it must be remembered, in old language meant *fortune, luck*, &c.

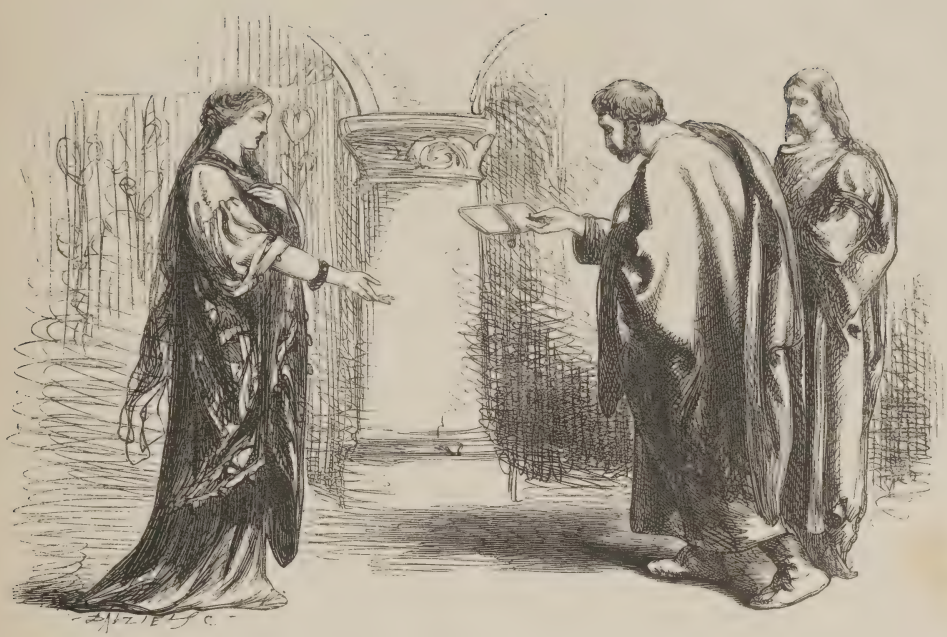
[b] Liegers for her sweet;] This apparently signifies, ambassadors to her lover.

[c] ——— *and those*, repeated
Vexations of it!]
Something must be wrong in this place; no one with an ear for Shakespeare's rhythm can ever believe he wrote the passage as it stands.

[d] Which seasons comfort.—] It is probable that the obscure clause,—"but most miserable is the desire that's glorious,"— was accidentally transposed; and the true reading,

"———Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort; but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious."

Happy are those, however lowly, who enjoy the moderate wishes that preserve comfort; but most wretched they whose inclinations are set on grandeur.



Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

IMO. [*Reads.*] *** *He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust*—— LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warmed by the rest, and takes* it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

IACH. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop[a]
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd[b] beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

(*) Old text, *take.*

[a] *And the rich* crop—] Warburton reads *cope.*

[b] *Upon the* number'd *beach?*] The "*number'd* beach" is a likely misprint. Theobald changed it to,—"th' *unnumber'd* beach." Might we not read,—"the *cumber'd* beach?" taking *cumber'd* in the sense either of *rough, strewed,* &c. or perhaps, *troubled?*

IMO. What makes your admiration?

IACH. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgment:
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.[c]

IMO. What is the matter, trow?

IACH. The cloyed will,—
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,—ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

IMO. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

IACH. Thanks, madam; well.—Beseech you, sir, [*To* PISANIO.
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He's strange and peevish.[d]

[c] Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.]

Many editors read, "vomit *to* emptiness;" and certainly if "emptiness" is Shakespeare's word, "*to*" must be understood. In the last line, a very slight change would give us the sense there required; read,—

"Not so allure't [i.e. *desire*] to feed."

[d] Strange and peevish.] That is, *foreign* and *simple.*

PIS. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*
IMO. Continues well my lord his health, beseech you?[a]
IACH. Well, madam.
IMO. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
IACH. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.
IMO. When he was here
He did incline to sadness; and ofttimes
Not knowing why.
IACH. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord, I mean—laughs from 's free lungs, cries,—*O*,
Can my sides hold, to think that man,—who knows,
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?
IMO. Will my lord say so?
IACH. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
IMO. Not he, I hope.
IACH. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 't is much;
In you,—which I account his,—beyond all talents.[b]
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
IMO. What do you pity, sir?
IACH. Two creatures heartily.
IMO. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
IACH. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
IMO. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
IACH. That others do—
I was about to say—enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.
IMO. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,—
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do:[c] for certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
IACH. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing * it only here:—should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol: join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour); then by-peeping[d] in an eye,
Base and unlustrous[e] as the smoky light
That 's fed with stinking tallow;—it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
IMO. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.
IACH. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 't is your graces
That, from my mutest conscience to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
IMO. Let me hear no more.
IACH. O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick! A lady
So fair,—and fasten'd to an empery
Would make the great'st king double,—to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition[f]

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[a] Continues well my lord his health, beseech you?] This is invariably punctuated,—

"Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?"

But does not continue here, import, *preserve*, as in "Measure for Measure," Act IV. Sc. 3?—

"And how shall we *continue* Claudio."

[b] —— In himself, 't is much;
In you,—which I account his,—beyond all talents.]

"All talents," or we mistake, means here *incalculable riches*. The bounty of heaven towards him is great in his own endowments; in its gift of you, it is beyond all estimation. By the ordinary pointing, however,—

"In you,—which I account his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound," &c.

the word *talents* is made to signify *accomplishments*, and the whole sense of the passage miserably enfeebled.

[c] Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do:]

Massinger was mindful of this sentiment, when in "The Emperor of the East," Act V. Sc. 3, he says:—

"——— since strong doubts are
More grievous, for the most part, than to know
A certain loss—"

[d] By peeping—] Johnson changed this to *lie peeping;* and Mr. Collier's annotator proposes *bo-peeping*.

[e] Unlustrous—] The old text has *illustrious;* corrected by Rowe.

[f] *With that* self-exhibition—] The *self-same pension*, or *allowance*.

(*) First folio, *Fiering*.

Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities, for gold,
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock!

IMO. *Reveng'd!*
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

IACH. Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it!
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

IMO. What ho, Pisanio!

IACH. Let me my service tender on your lips.

IMO. Away!—I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us,—he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom*
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

IACH. O happy Leonatus! I may say
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon;
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him:[a]
Half all men's† hearts are his.

IMO. You make amends.

IACH. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended* god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: the love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

IMO. All 's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.

IACH. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord, myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.[b]

IMO. Pray, what is 't?

IACH. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,—
The best feather of our wing,—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 't is plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

IMO. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

IACH. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

IMO. O, no, no.

IACH. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

IMO. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow!

IACH. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

IMO. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *who.* (†) First folio, *men.*

(*) First folio, *defended.*

a That he enchants societies into him:] Malone quotes the following apposite illustration from Shakespeare's "Lover's Complaint:"—

"That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted * * *
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted."

b Are partners, &c.—] *Who* is understood,—"*Who* are partners."

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Britain. *Court before* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Cloten *and Two* Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack,[a] upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson Jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; [*Aside.*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give* him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth,—a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his belly-full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.[b]

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit your* lordship should undertake every companion[c] that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.[d]

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?†

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't!

(*) First folio, *gave.*

a When I kissed the jack,—] In the game of *Bowling*, or *Bowls*, the small bowl which is aimed at, was sometimes termed the *Block*, or the *Jack*, but more often the *Mistress.*

b And you crow, cock, with your comb on.] A *cock's comb* was one of the badges of the household fool, and hence the compound became a synonyme for simpleton.

c Companion—] A contemptuous expression, equivalent to our *low fellow.*

d Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.] This conveys a sarcasm, but Cloten understands it only in its literal cause.

(*) Old text, *you.* (†) Old text, *to court night.*

2 LORD. [*Aside.*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 LORD. There's an Italian come; and, 't is thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

CLO. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 LORD. One of your lordship's pages.

CLO. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in 't?

1 LORD. You cannot derogate, my lord.

CLO. Not easily, I think.

2 LORD. [*Aside.*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

CLO. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 LORD. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt* CLOTEN *and first* Lord.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour! keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind! that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Bedchamber in* Cymbeline's *Palace; in one part of it a trunk.*

IMOGEN *in her bed reading; a* Lady *attending.*

IMO. Who's there? my woman Helen?

LADY. Please you, madam.

IMO. What hour is it?

LADY. Almost midnight, madam.

IMO. I have read three hours, then: mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit* Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO *steals from the trunk.*

IACH. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss! one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't!—'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white, and azure lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.[a]—But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down:—
Such, and such pictures:—there the window; such
The adornment of her bed:—the arras, figures,
Why, such, and such;—and the contents o' the story,—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:—
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her bracelet.*

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord.—On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip:(1) here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory?—She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:—
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.—

" ——— now canopied
Under these windows, white, and azure lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.]

By *windows* are meant her *eyelids*. So, in "Romeo and Juliet," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

" Thy eyes' *windows* fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life."

But the beauty of this image is not enhanced by the usual punctuation:—

" ——— white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct."

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare* the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
[*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three,—Time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III.—*The same. An Ante-chamber adjoining* Imogen's *Apartments.*

Enter Cloten *and* Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.—

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then—let her consider.

Song.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,(2)
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is,[a]
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice* in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts

(*) Old text, *beare.*

[a] *With everything that pretty* is,—] Hanmer changed this to,—"With *all the things* that pretty *bin*," &c.

(*) Old text, *voyce.*

nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt* Musicians.

2 LORD. Here comes the king.

CLO. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE *and* QUEEN.

Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

CYM. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

CLO. I have assailed her with music,* but she vouchsafes no notice.

CYM. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,†
And then she's yours.

QUEEN. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits;‡ and, be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

CLO. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

CYM. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt* CYMBELINE, QUEEN, Lords, *and* Messenger.

CLO. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands? 'T is gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false[a] themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 't is gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.—
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

LADY. Who's there that knocks?

CLO. A gentleman.

LADY. No more?

CLO. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

LADY. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

CLO. Your lady's person: is she ready?

LADY. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

CLO. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

LADY. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess!

Enter IMOGEN.

CLO. Good-morrow, fairest sister; your sweet hand. [*Exit* Lady.

IMO. Good-morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

CLO. Still, I swear I love you.

IMO. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

CLO. This is no answer.

IMO. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy

(*) Old text, *musickes.* (†) First folio, *on't.*
(‡) First folio, *solicity.*

[a] False *themselves,*—] *False* is here employed as a verb. So, in Marlowe's "Tamburlaine the Great," Part I. Act II. Sc. 2:—

"And make him *false* his faith unto the king."

To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
CLO. To leave you in your madness, 't were my sin:
I will not.
IMO. Fools are not mad folks.
CLO. Do you call me fool?
IMO. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,—
To accuse myself,—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.
CLO. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,—
One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,—it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil*
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler,—not so eminent.
IMO. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.
CLO. The south-fog rot him!
IMO. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio!

Enter PISANIO.

CLO. *His garment!* † Now, the devil—
IMO. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

(*) Old text, *foyle.* (†) First folio, *garments.*

CLO. *His garment!*
IMO. I am sprited with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning: confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.
PIS. 'Twill not be lost.
IMO. I hope so: go and search.
[*Exit* PISANIO.
CLO. You have abus'd me:—
His meanest garment!
IMO. Ay; I said so, sir:
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.
CLO. I will inform your father.
IMO. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you,* sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
CLO. I'll be reveng'd:
His meanest garment!—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in* Philario's *House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

POST. Fear it not, sir; I would I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.
PHI. What means do you make to him?
POST. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these sear'd hopes,[a]
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
PHI. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly: and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
POST. I do believe,—
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,—
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear

(*) Old text, *your.*

[a] *In these* sear'd hopes,—] The old text has, "*fear'd hope.*" Tyrwhitt suggested, "*sear'd hopes;*" and the emendation is confirmed both by the context, and the misprint, "Growne *feard* and tedious," of the folio in "Measure for Measure," Act II Sc. 4.

The legions,* now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
(Now mingled† with their courage‡) will make known
To their approvers, they are people such
That mend upon the world.
PHI. See! Iachimo!

Enter IACHIMO.

POST. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
PHI. Welcome, sir.
POST. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
IACH. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
POST. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
IACH. Here are letters for you.
POST. Their tenour good, I trust.
IACH. 'Tis very like.
PHI. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?[a]
IACH. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
POST. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is it not
Too dull for your good wearing?
IACH. If I had* lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
POST. The stone's too hard to come by.
IACH. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
POST. Make not,† sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
IACH. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther: but I now

(*) Old text, *Legion*. (†) Old text, *wing-led*.
(‡) Old text, *courages*.

(*) Old text, *have*. (†) First folio, *note*.

[a] Was Caius Lucius, &c.] This speech in the folio is mistakenly assigned to Posthumus.

Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

POST. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves* both
To who shall find them.

IACH. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

POST. Proceed.

IACH. First, her bedchamber,—
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but profess,
Had that was well worth watching,[a]) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—[b]

POST. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

IACH. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

POST. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

IACH. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

POST. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

IACH. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons,—
I had forgot them,—were two winking[c] Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

POST. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and praise
Be given to your remembrance,—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

IACH. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

POST. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?

IACH. Sir,—I thank her,—that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

POST. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

IACH. She writes so to you, doth she?

POST. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too; [*Gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

PHI. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women,[d] being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?

POST. Very true;
And so I hope he came by't.—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stol'n.

IACH. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

POST. Hark you, he swears! *by Jupiter*, he swears. [sure
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true; I am
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn,(3) and honourable:—they induc'd to steal it!

(*) Old text, *leave.*

[a] Watching,—] An allusion to the practice of taming hawks by depriving them of sleep. See note (d), p. 683, Vol. I.

[b] Since the true life on't was—] Capell has,—

"Since the true life *was in it*;"

Mason would read,—

"*Such* the true life on't was;"

and Mr. Collier's annotator,—

"Since the true life on't 't was."

To any of these we should prefer,—

"Since the true life on't *has*."

But what necessity is there for change? The speech was evidently intended to be interrupted by Posthumus.

[c] Winking Cupids—] *Blind* Cupids—Cupids with *closed eyes.*

[d] *Who knows if one* of *her women*,—] *Of* was supplied by the second folio: the first having,—

"——— one her women."

The expression is awkward without the preposition, unless we read,—

'Who knows if one, her women being corrupted," &c.

And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

PHI. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

POST. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

IACH. If you seek
For further satisfying,—under her breast
(Worthy the* pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

POST. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

IACH. Will you hear more?

POST. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

IACH. I'll be sworn,—

POST. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

IACH. I'll deny nothing.

POST. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something— [*Exit.*

PHI. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

IACH. With all my heart.
[*Exeunt.*

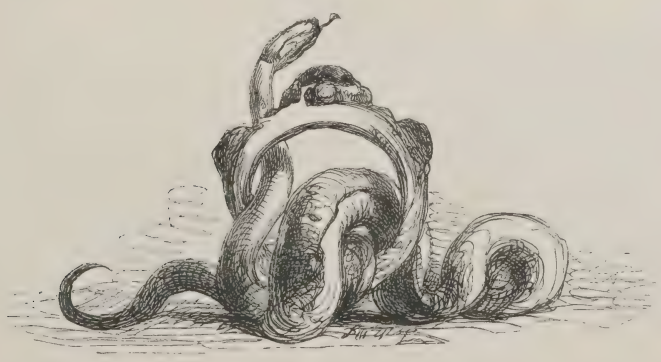
(*) Old text, *her*.

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

POST. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance, vengeance!—
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first? perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried, *O!* and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard.—Could I find out
The woman's part in me! for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd,* nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all: for e'en to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—yet 't is greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *All faults that name*.



ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. *A Room of State in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter, from one side, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, *and* Lords; *from the other,* Caius Lucius *and* Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar,—whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever,—was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,—for him
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

QUEEN. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.
CLO. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.
QUEEN. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks[a] unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of *Came*, and *saw*, and *overcame:* with shame,—
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point,—
O, giglot Fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.(1)

CLO. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but to owe such straight arms, none.

CYM. Son, let your mother end.

CLO. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one, but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

CYM. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,—
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world,—against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. Say then, we do, to Cæsar.[b]
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws,—whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;—Mulmutius made our laws,[c]
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.(2)

LUC. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar,—
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers,—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—war and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

CYM. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance.[d] I am perfect[e]
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms,—a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

LUC. Let proof speak.

CLO. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

LUC. So, sir.

CYM. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

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a *With* rocks *unscaleable,*—] For *rocks,* an emendation of Hanmer, the old text has, *Oakes.*

b "——— which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. Say then, we do, to Cæsar.]
The old text tamely, and, no doubt, erroneously, has,—
"——— whom we reckon
Ourselves to be, we do. Say then to Cæsar;"—
and this is ordinarily pointed,—
"——— whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then," &c.:—
or,—
"——— *which* we reckon
Ourselves to be. Say then," &c.
Mr. Collier's annotator very ingeniously ascribes the words "we do" to Cloten; to whom, indeed, Mr. Dyce says, "they evidently belong." It is pleasant, and generally safe, to agree with Mr. Dyce; but we cannot help thinking the words in question belong to the king's speech, but were transposed through the negligence of transcriber or compositor.

c Mulmutius made our laws,—] This, with the next three lines, was perhaps either a portion of the old play upon which Shakespeare founded his "Cymbeline," or of his own first sketch, and were intended to be superseded by the previous clause:—
"Our ancestor was that Mulmutius," &c.

d *Behoves me keep at* utterance.] Requires me to guard at the extremest peril. To fight *à l'outrance* in the tourney was to combat to the death. We meet with the same expression in "Macbeth," Act III. Sc. 1:—
"Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the *utterance.*"

e *I am* perfect—] I am *well assured.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter PISANIO, *with a letter.*

PIS. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster 's her accuser?*—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal! No:
She 's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to?—[*Reading.*] *Do't: the letter*
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that 's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary[a] for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes:—
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN.

IMO. How now, Pisanio?
PIS. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
IMO. Who? thy lord? that is my lord,—Leonatus!
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He 'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love;)—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—bless'd be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods! [*Reads.*

"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.[b] *Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,*
"LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine 's beyond beyond) say, and speak thick,[c]—
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score* of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?
PIS. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.
IMO. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,

(*) Old text, *accuse;* altered by Capell.

(*) First folio, *store.*

a Feodary—] Feodary here can hardly mean, as Hanmer surmised, a feudal vassal, *i.e.* one holding his estate by the tenure of suit and service. One signification of the word was, an officer appointed by the Court of Wards, in Henry VIII.'s reign, to be *present with*, and *assistant to* the Escheators in every county at the finding of offices, and to give in evidence for the king. He appears to have been the Escheator's *witness;* and it is not unlikely that Shakespeare, in reference to those unpopular officials, uses the word *feodary* here, and *federary* in "The Winter's Tale," Act II. Sc. 1:—

"More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is
A *federary* with her"—

in the sense of *spy* or *intelligencer*. Mason, however, contends that the meaning of the term, in both these instances, as well as in "Measure for Measure," Act. II. Sc. 4, is no other than *confederate*, or *accomplice;*—and he may be right.

b Could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.] Not being very intelligible, this has been diversely modified by the critics; but was it not intended to be enigmatical?

c *Say, and speak* thick,—] See note (c), Vol. I. p. 558.

Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding-wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:—but this is foolery:—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She 'll home to her father: and provide me presently
A riding suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

PIS. Madam, you 're best consider.

IMO. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: there 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Wales. *A mountainous Country.*

Enter, from a Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop,[a] boys: this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through[b]
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

GUI. Hail, heaven!

ARV. Hail, heaven!

BEL. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill,
Your legs are young; I 'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe;[c]
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em* fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

GUI. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison o'er† a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

ARV. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

BEL. How you speak
Did you but know the city's usuries,[d]
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what 's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body 's mark'd

---

a Stoop, *boys:*] This is Hanmer's self-evident correction: the old text has, *Sleepe Boyes.*

b ——— this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on,—]

Webster has happily expressed a similar idea:—

"Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As Princes' pallaces, they that enter there
Must go upon their knees."
Duchesse of Malfy, Act IV. Sc. 2, 4to. 1623.

c *Richer, than doing nothing for a* bribe;] The old text reads *Babe*, for which Rowe substituted, *bauble;* Hanmer, *bribe;* Johnson, *brabe;* and Mr. Collier's annotator, *bob.* Of these emendations, the original being of course wrong, we prefer Hanmer's *bribe;* though we have very little confidence even in that.

d *The city's* usuries,—] *Usuries*, in this instance, would appear to mean no more than *usages, customs*, &c.; though, in "Measure for Measure," Act III. Sc. 2, where the word occurs seemingly in the same general sense—"'Twas never merry world since, of two *usuries*, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm;"—it certainly bears a particular reference to *usury:* for what says Taylor, the water-poet, in his "Waterman's suit concerning Players," 1630?—"—— and sleepe with a quieter spirit then many of our *furre gownd mony-mongers* that are accounted good common-wealths men."

(*) Old text, *him.* (†) Old text, *or.*

With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

GUI. Uncertain favour!

BEL. My fault being nothing,—as I have told you oft,—
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd

Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language:—he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends

In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly [hit
I' the cave, wherein they bow,[a] their thoughts do
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on 's neck—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father.—The game is up!

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.* *Near* Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

IMO. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand:—ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now—Pisanio, man!
Where is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What 's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st [hand!
But keep that count'nance still.—My husband's
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

PIS. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

IMO. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed: the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

PIS. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons,—nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

IMO. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that 's false to 's bed? is it?

PIS. Alas, good lady! [Iachimo,

IMO. I false? Thy conscience witness:—
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour 's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,[b] hath betray'd him:

---

[a] Wherein they bow,—] A correction of Warburton's: the old text having, "whereon the Bowe."

[b] Whose mother was her painting,—] The meaning, if the text be right, is, her painting was her mother, *i.e.* she is made up by art. In support of this interpretation, Steevens cites a passage from an old comedy, "—a parcel of conceited feather-caps, *whose fathers were their garments*," and the following, which we find in Middleton's play of "Michaelmas Terme," Act III. Sc. 1, is equally pertinent:—"Why should not a woman confess what she is now, since the finest are but deluding shadows, begot between tire-women and tailors? *for instance behold their parents.*" Hanmer reads, "Whose *feathers* are her painting." Capell, "Whose *feather* was her painting." And Mr. Collier's annotator proposes a change which every one must admit to be singularly striking and ingenious:—

"Some jay of Italy,
Who smothers her with painting," &c.

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:(3)—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

PIS. Good madam, hear me.

IMO. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

PIS. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

IMO. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;
Something's afore't;*—soft, soft! we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corruptors of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers. Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe; and thou, Posthumus,
That didst set up my disobedience 'gainst
The king my father, and make† me put into contempt
The suits of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

PIS. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

IMO. Do't, and to bed then.

PIS. I'll wake[a] mine eye-balls first.

IMO. Wherefore, then,
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

PIS. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

IMO. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that: but speak.

PIS. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

IMO. Most like,—
Bringing me here to kill me.

PIS. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

IMO. Some Roman courtezan.

PIS. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

IMO. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?

(*) Old text, *a-foot*. (†) Old text, *makes*.

[a] I'll wake mine eye-balls first.] This is invariably printed after Hanmer,

"I'll wake mine eye-balls *blind* first;"

except by Mr. Collier, who adopts the almost ludicrous alteration suggested by his annotator:—

"I'll *crack* mine eye-balls first."

There is not the slightest need for change of any kind. *Wake* is a synonyme for *watch*; and to *watch* is a technical term in falconry for the cruel method of taming the newly-taken hawks, by depriving them of sleep. (See note (d), p. 683, Vol. I.) "I'll *wake* mine eye-balls," then, means, "I'll prevent sleep even by the torture of my eye-balls." The very expression, indeed, though overlooked by all the editors, occurs in "Lust's Dominion," Act I. Sc. 2:—

"———I'll *still wake*
And waste these balls of sight," &c.

See also Middleton's play of "The Roaring Girl," Act IV. Sc. 2:—

"I'll ride to Oxford, and *watch* out mine eyes,
But I will hear the Brazen-head speak."

Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

PIS. If you'll back to the court,—

IMO. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing,—
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

PIS. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

IMO. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I'the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

PIS. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind[a]
Dark as your fortune is—and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger;—you should tread a course
Pretty,[b] and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus,—so nigh at least
That, though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

IMO. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

PIS. Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it pretty self,—into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it,—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan: and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

IMO. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

PIS. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy,[c]—which will make him know,[d]
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable, [abroad,[e]
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

IMO. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

PIS. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—may the gods
Direct you to the best!

IMO. Amen: I thank thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Britain. *A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and* Lords.

CYM. Thus far; and so farewell.

LUC. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

---

a —— *if you could wear a* mind
Dark, &c.]
"To wear a *dark mind*," Johnson remarks, "is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the *mind*, is *secrecy*; applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*." Warburton, however, suspected "mind" to be an error of the press, and would read,—
"—— if you could wear a mien
Dark," &c.

b Pretty, *and full of view*:] Mr. Collier's annotator proposes to read,—
"*Privy, yet* full of view;"
and, but that this implies the misprinting of two words together, we should unhesitatingly adopt the emendation; for "Privy" restores sense to the passage, and may easily have been mistaken for "Pretty" in old writing, where the one was spelt "Privie," and the other "Pretie."

c *Wherein you're* happy,—] i. e. *accomplished.*

d ——which will make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,—]
This is the reading of the old text; the modern, following Hanmer, has,—
"——which *you'll* make him know;"
or,
"——which *you* will make him know;"
but neither is satisfactory. We might perhaps come nearer to Shakespeare by reading,—"Which will make him *bow*," i. e. *incline, yield*, &c.; a change supported by,—
"Orpheus, with his lute, made trees
And the mountain-tops that freeze
Bow themselves, when he did sing.
Hen. VIII. Act III. Sc. I.

e Abroad,—] *Disbursed, expended.*

CYM. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.
LUC. So, sir; I desire of you
A conduct over-land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace,—and you!
CYM. My lords, you are appointed for that office,
The due of honour in no point omit.—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.
LUC. Your hand, my lord.
CLO. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
LUC. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.
CYM. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS *and* Lords.
QUEEN. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cause.
CLO. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
CYM. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
QUEEN. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.
CYM. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: she looks* us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.
[*Exit an* Attendant.
QUEEN. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been: the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,†
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

CYM. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

(*) First folio, *looke.* (†) First folio, *siroke*

ATTEN. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st* of noise we make.
QUEEN. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.
CYM. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*
QUEEN. Son, I say, follow the king.
CLO. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.
QUEEN. Go, look after.—[*Exit* CLOTEN.
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: gone she is,
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?
CLO. 'Tis certain she is fled:
Go in and cheer the king, he rages; none
Dare come about him.
QUEEN. All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit.*
CLO. I love and hate her: for[a] she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all,—I love her therefore; but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools
Shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What! are you packing,[b] sirrah?
Come nither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,

(*) Old text, *loud.*

[a] For—] i. e. *because*

[b] Packing,—] *Plotting, contriving, scheming.*

Where is thy lady? In a word! or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.
PIS. O, good my lord!
CLO. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter
I will not ask again! Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus,
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn?
PIS. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.
CLO. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her?
PIS. O, my all-worthy lord!
CLO. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—no more of *worthy lord*,—
Speak! or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.
PIS. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*
CLO. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
PIS. [*Aside.*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.
CLO. Hum!
PIS. [*Aside.*] I'll write to my lord she's dead.
O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return agen!
CLO. Sirrah, is this letter true?
PIS. Sir, as I think.
CLO. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy preferment.
PIS. Well, my good lord.
CLO. Wilt thou serve me?—for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine,—wilt thou serve me?
PIS. Sir, I will.
CLO. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?
PIS. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

CLO. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.
PIS. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*
CLO. *Meet thee at Milford-Haven:*—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time,—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?
PIS. Ay, my noble lord.
CLO. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?
PIS. She can scarce be there yet.
CLO. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee; the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*
PIS. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st.—Flow, flow
You heavenly blessings on her!—This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—Wales. *Before the Cave of* Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, *in boy's clothes.*

IMO. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,

But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 't is
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!

Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to 't: 't is some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who 's here?
If any thing that 's civil, speak;—if savage—
Take or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I 'll enter.

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*Goes into the cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 't is our match:
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what 's homely, savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty[a] sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house that keep'st thyself!
GUI. I am throughly weary.
ARV. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.
GUI. There is cold meat i' the cave; we 'll browse on that
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.
BEL. Stay; come not in: [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.
GUI. What 's the matter, sir?
BEL. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN.

IMO. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here 's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.
GUI. Money, youth?
ARV. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 't is no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

IMO. I see you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.
BEL. Whither bound?
IMO. To Milford-Haven.
BEL. What 's your name?
IMO. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.
BEL. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'T is almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.
GUI. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom:—in honesty,
I bid for you as I 'd buy.[b]
ARV. I 'll make 't my comfort
He is a man; I 'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I 'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours:—most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
IMO. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers,—[*Aside.*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.
BEL. He wrings at some distress.
GUI. Would I could free 't!
ARV. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!
BEL. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*
IMO. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them,—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,—[c]
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.
BEL. It shall be so.
Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

---

a Resty *sloth*—] *Dull, idle*, perhaps *uneasy*, sloth.

b I bid for you as I'd buy.] The old text has,—"I bid for you as *I do* buy." We are not satisfied that the present emendation, which is Tyrwhitt's, gives us what the author wrote, but have none better to offer.

c ——— laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,—]
Theobald reads,—"*defering* multitudes," and Hanmer and Warburton follow him. But may not the error lie in "multitudes," rather than in the preceding word? "Differing *multitudes*," or "*defering* multitudes," is a very dubious expression. Imogen is struck with the generous courtesy and spirit of the young mountaineers, and she reflects that even princes or noblemen placed as they are (setting aside the worthless consideration of *different rank*) could not outshine these peasant youths. Does it not appear, then, more than probable that Shakespeare wrote —
"——— laying by
That nothing-gift of differing *altitudes*"?

GUI. Pray, draw near.
ARV. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.
IMO. Thanks, sir.
ARV. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter Two Senators *and* Tribunes.

1 SEN. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ,—
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends[a]
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!
TRI. Is Lucius general of the forces?
2 SEN. Ay.
TRI. Remaining now in Gallia?
1 SEN. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.
TRI. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

[a] Commends—] An emendation due to Warburton, the old text reading, "commands."

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Wales. *The Forest, near the Cave of* Belarius.

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather,—saving reverence of the word, —for 't is said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself,—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber,—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions:[a] yet this imperseverant[b] thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

---

[a] Alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions:] That is, equally familiar with ordinary warfare, and more distinguished for single encounters.

[b] Imperseverant—] *Imperceptive, undiscerning;*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Cave of* Belarius.

Enter, from the Cave, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, *and* Imogen.

Bel. [*To* Imogen.] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We 'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. [*To* Imogen.] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting; I 'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not,—yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course; the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I 'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason; the bier at door,
And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'd say,
My father, not this youth.
Bel. [*Aside.*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I 'm not their father; yet who this should be
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'T is the ninth hour o' the morn.
Arv. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wish ye sport.
Arv. You, health.—So please you, sir.
Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all 's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still, heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I 'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*
Gui. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate,
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.
Bel. To the field, to the field!—
We 'll leave you for this time; go in and rest.
Arv. We 'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And shalt be ever
[*Exit* Imogen *into the cave.*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.
Arv. How angel-like he sings!
Gui. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick
And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh,—as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him* both,
Mingle their spurs together.
Arv. Grow, patience! †
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—
Who 's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.
Bel. *Those runagates!*
Means he not us? I partly know him; 't is
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 't is he.—We are held as outlaws:—hence!
Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.
[*Exeunt* Belarius *and* Arviragus.
Clo. Soft!—What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?
Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave, without a knock.

(*) Old text, *them.* (†) Old text, *patient.*

CLO. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief!
GUI. To who? to thee? what art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

CLO. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
GUI. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
CLO. Thou precious varlet
My tailor made them not.
GUI. Hence, then, and thank

The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loth to beat thee.
CLO. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
GUI. What's thy name?
CLO. Cloten, thou villain!
GUI. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were 't toad, or adder, spider,
'T would move me sooner.
CLO. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I 'm son to the queen.
GUI. I 'm sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
CLO. Art not afeard?
GUI. Those that I reverence, those I fear,—the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
CLO. Die the death!
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I 'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer! [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Re-enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. No company's abroad.
ARV. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.
BEL. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute
'T was very Cloten.
ARV. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
BEL. Being scarce made up,
I mean to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors, for defect of judgment,
Is oft the sauce[a] of fear.—But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

GUI. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,—
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.
BEL. What hast thou done!
GUI. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me *traitor mountaineer;* and swore,
With his own single hand he 'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank * the gods!) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.
BEL. We are all undone.
GUI. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?
BEL. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour[b]
Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse,—not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He 'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.
ARV. Let ord'nance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
BEL. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.
GUI. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I 'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*
BEL. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:

---

a ——— *for defect of judgment,*
Is oft the sauce *of fear.*]

The old text has, "the *cause* of fear," the direct opposite of which is meant; this Hanmer changed to, "the *cure* of fear;" while Theobald endeavoured to impart a meaning to the passage by reading,—

" ——— for *th' effect* of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear."

The difficulty appears to be attributable to a very common metathesis; the letters *s* and *c* being displaced. *Sauce*, which we take to have been the poet's word, is used here in the sense of a *corrective* or *antidote*, as in "Troilus and Cressida," Act I. Sc. 2:—

"His folly *sauced* with discretion."

In the same way, Shakespeare occasionally employs the word physic:—

"The labour we delight in *physics* pain."
Macbeth, Act II. Sc. 3.

(*) Old text, *thanks.*

b *Though his* humour—] In the old text, *honour;* the correction, which indicates itself, was made by Theobald.

Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

ARV. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

BEL. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

ARV. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

BEL. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how * thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other: valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

GUI. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

BEL. My ingenious * instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

(*) Old text, *thou.*

(*) Old text, *ingenuous.*

GUI. Is he at home?
BEL. He went hence even now.
GUI. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,[a]
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?
BEL. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN, *as dead, in his arms.*

ARV. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty;
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
GUI. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.
BEL. O, melancholy—
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare[b]
Might* easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but ah,†
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?
ARV. Stark,[c] as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
GUI. Where?
ARV. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.
GUI. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
ARV. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock[d] would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground[e] thy corse.
GUI. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave!
ARV. Say, where shall 's lay him?
GUI. By good Euriphile, our mother.
ARV. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once* our mother; use like note and words,
Save that *Euriphile* must be *Fidele*.
GUI. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.
ARV. We'll speak it then.
BEL. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid[f] for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
GUI. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.
ARV. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit* BELARIUS.
GUI. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east:
My father hath a reason for't.
ARV. 'Tis true.
GUI. Come on then, and remove him.
ARV. So.—Begin.

(*) First folio, *Might'st.* (†) Old text, *I.*

[a] Toys,—] *Toys* are *trifles.*
[b] *Sluggish* crare—] The old copies have *care*, a manifest error for *crare*, a small vessel of burthen, sometimes spelt *crayer*, *cray*, and *crea.*
[c] Stark,—] That is, *rigid, stiff.*
[d] The ruddock—] The *red-breast.*

(*) Old text inserts, *to.*

[e] To winter-ground *thy corse.*] Mr. Collier's annotator would read, "To *winter-guard*," &c., but to *winter-ground* appears to have been a technical term for protecting a plant from the frost, by laying straw or dung over it.
[f] Paid—] That is, *punished.*

Song.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.[a]

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the light'ning flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius, *with the body of* Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.
Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.—
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strew.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is * their pain.
[*Exeunt* Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

[a] Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.]

There is something so strikingly inferior both in the thoughts and expression of the concluding couplet to each stanza in this song, that we may fairly set them down as additions from the same hand which furnished the contemptible *masque* or *vision* that deforms the last act.

(*) Old text, *are*.

IMO. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins!—can it be six mile yet?— [sleep.
I have gone all night:—faith, I'll lie down and
But soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still, even when I wake; it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt!
A headless man!—the garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial: his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven!—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous[a] devil, Cloten,
Hast* here cut off my lord.—To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 't is pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's:† O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!
[*Swoons.*

Enter LUCIUS, *a* Captain, *and other* Officers, *and a* Soothsayer.

CAP. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
They are[b] in readiness.
LUC. But what from Rome?
CAP. The senate hath stirr'd up the cónfiners
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.
LUC. When expect you them?
CAP. With the next benefit o' the wind.
LUC. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?
SOOTH. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence,—thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,—
Unless my sins abuse my divination,—
Success to the Roman host.
LUC. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.
CAP. He's alive, my lord.
LUC. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What 's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?
IMO. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master.
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain;—alas!
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.
LUC. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than

(*) Old text, *hath.* (†) Old text, *Cloten.*

[a] Irregulous—] As no other example of the word has been met with, some editors conjecture it to be a misprint. It evidently means *anomalous, mongrel, monstrous.*

[b] They are in readiness.] The reading of the second folio; the first having,—
"They are *heers* in readinesse."

Thy master in bleeding; say his name, good friend.

IMO. Richard du Champ.—[*Aside.*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They 'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

LUC. Thy name?

IMO. Fidele, sir.

LUC. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

IMO. I 'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I 'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep and sigh;
And leaving so his service follow you,
So please you entertain me.

LUC. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.—My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Britain. *A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, *and other* Attendants.

CYM. Again; and bring me word how 't is with her. [*Exit an* Attendant.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life 's in danger:—heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort!—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

PIS. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: but for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 LORD. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he 's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

CYM. The time is troublesome.—
We 'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
[*To* PISANIO.
Does yet depend.

1 LORD. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

CYM. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amaz'd with matter.

1 LORD. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you 're ready;
The want is, but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

CYM. I thank you: let 's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away!

[*Exeunt all except* PISANIO.

PIS. I heard[a] no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 't is strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all:—the heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I 'll fall in them.
All other doubts by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — Wales. *Before the Cave of* Belarius.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

GUI. The noise is round about us.

BEL. Let us from it.

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[a] I heard no letter, &c.] Mr. Collier's annotator, rightly perhaps, suggests, "I *had* no letter," &c.

ARV. What pleasure, sir, find we * in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
GUI. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.
BEL. Sons,
We 'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death,— we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands,—may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
GUI. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
ARV. It is not likely
That when they hear the† Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.
BEL. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard * life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.
GUI. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.
ARV. By this sun that shines,
I 'll thither: what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
GUI. By heavens, I 'll go.
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I 'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!
ARV. So say I,—Amen.
BEL. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I 'll lie:
Lead, lead.—[*Aside.*] The time seems long: their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *we finde.* (†) Old text, *their.*

(*) First folio, *heard.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The* Roman *Camp.*

Enter Posthumus, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I* wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little!—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit

(*) Old text inserts, *am.*

To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.[a]
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose:—I 'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I 'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion,—less without and more within.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Field between the* British *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter, on one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and the* Roman *army; the* British *army on the other.* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

IACH. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country; and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or, could this carle,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.
[*Exit.*

The Battle continues; the Britons *fly;* CYMBELINE *is taken; then enter, to his rescue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. Stand, stand! we have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded; nothing routs us but
The villainy of our fears.
GUI. ARV. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the* Britons: *they rescue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt. Then enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

LUC. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hood-wink'd.
IACH. 'T is their fresh supplies.
LUC. It is a day turn'd strangely; or betimes
Let 's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a* British Lord.

LORD. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
POST. I did;
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
LORD. I did.
POST. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

---

a ——— you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.]

The commentators have found a difficulty in the words "each elder worse," contending that the last deed is not the oldest; but whether rightly or wrongly, it is certain Shakespeare so considered it; thus, in "Pericles," Act I. Sc. 2:—

"And what was first but fear, what might be done,
Grows *elder* now," &c.

The real pinch in the passage is the line,—

"And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift"—

which has been tortured into,—

"And make them *dreaded* to the doer's thrift."
"And make them *deeded* to the doer's thrift."
"And make them *trade* it to the doer's thrift."
"And make them dreaded to the doer's *shrift*"
"And make *men* dread it to the doer's thrift."

And still remains as inscrutable as ever.

LORD. Where was this lane?
POST. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country:—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame)
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand! stand!—
These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,—with this word, *stand! stand!*
Accommodated by the place, more charming[a]
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks;
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some, turn'd coward
But by example,—O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!—'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd* eagles; slaves,
The strides they† victors made: and now our cowards
(Like fragments in hard voyages) became
The life o' the need, having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts: heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before; some dying; some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave; ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs[b] o' the field.
LORD. This was strange chance,—
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys! (1)

---

a More charming—] That is, controlling others of the Britain side, as if by enchantment.

(*) Old text, *stopt*. (†) Old text, *thee*.

b The mortal bugs—] *The deadly terrors*, or *bugbears*.

POST. Nay, do not wonder at it:[a] you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.
LORD. Nay, be not angry, sir.
POST. 'Lack, to what end!
Who dares not stand his foe, I 'll be his friend:
For if he 'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he 'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.
LORD. Farewell; you are angry. [*Exit.*
POST. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery,—
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcases? took heel to do 't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,
'T is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words: or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton,[b] I have resum'd again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman: great the answer be
Britons must take; for me, my ransom 's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I 'll keep, nor bear agen,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, *and* Soldiers.

1 CAP. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'T is thought the old man and his sons were angels.
2 CAP. There was a fourth man, in a silly[c] habit,
That gave the affront with them.
1 CAP. So 't is reported:
But none of 'em can be found.—Stand! who 's there?
POST. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.
2 CAP. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: he brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, *attended by* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *and* Roman Captives. *The* Captains *present* POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over to a* Gaoler. *The Scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in a Prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and two* Gaolers.

1 GAOL. You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you;
So, graze as you find pasture.
2 GAOL. Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt* Gaolers.
POST. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that 's sick o' the gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.[d]
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that 's not my desire

---

[a] Nay, *do* not *wonder at it*:] From the context it might be suspected that this was a misprint for,—

"*Ay*, do *but* wonder at it:"

for Posthumus is made to bid his hearer not do the very thing he taunts him with being born to do.

[b] Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have, &c.]

Since Hanmer, who made the change, the second line has been usually printed,—

"For being now a favourer to the *Roman*."

But the meaning may be this,—I will find death; and as he is now a sparer of the Briton, I will play that part no longer, but seek him as a Roman.

[c] *A* silly *habit*,—] *A simple*, or *rustic* habit.

[d] Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.]

This passage, of which Malone supposes a line to have been omitted after "satisfy," is, we fear, hopelessly incurable.

For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather, mine being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*

Solemn music.[a] *Enter, as in an apparition,* Sicilius Leonatus, *father to* Posthumus, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* Posthumus, *with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young* Leonati, *brothers to* Posthumus, *with wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle* Posthumus *round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies;
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law:
Whose father then (as men report
Thou orphans' father art)
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ripp'd,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

[a] Solemn music, &c.] By whom, or under what circumstances this pitiful mummery was foisted into the play, will probably never be known. That Shakespeare had no hand in it is certain; he, as Steevens remarks, "who has conducted his fifth act with such matchless skill, could never have designed the vision to be twice described by Posthumus, had this contemptible nonsense been previously delivered on the stage."

2 BRO. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 BRO. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

SICI. Thy crystal window ope; look * out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

MOTH. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

SICI. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 BRO. Help, Jupiter! or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The* Ghosts *fall on their knees.*

JUP. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts
Accuse the Thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
No care of yours it is; you know 't is ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*

SICI. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

ALL. Thanks, Jupiter!

SICI. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof:—away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*

POST. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers; but (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads.] *Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'T is still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I 'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter First Gaoler.

GAOL. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

POST. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

GAOL. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

POST. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

GAOL. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are[a] often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid[b] too much; purse and brain both empty,—the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have

(*) First folio, *looke, looke out.*

a Which are—] *As* is understood:—"which are *as* often," &c.
b *And sorry that you are* paid *too much;*] *Paid*, here, is equivalent to the slang phrase, *to settle*, now in use; as, I've *settled* him, he's *settled*, and the like. With this import, which is that of *punished*, *paid* is often met with in old authors; we find it, among other places, in "Henry the Fourth," Part I. Act II. Sc. 4:—"two, I am sure, I have *paid;*" and again in the same scene:—"seven of the eleven I *paid.*"

no true debitor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge.—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

POST. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

GAOL. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

POST. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

GAOL. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or * take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; for, jump the after-inquiry on your own peril, and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.

POST. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

GAOL. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

POST. Thou bring'st good news;—I am called to be made free.

GAOL. I 'll be hanged, then.

POST. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS *and* Messenger.

GAOL. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills: so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in 't. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Cymbeline's *Tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, *and* Attendants.

CYM. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

BEL. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

CYM. No tidings of him?

PIS. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

CYM. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.
By whom I grant she lives. 'T is now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

BEL. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

CYM. Bow your knees.
Arise, my knights o' the battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS *and* Ladies.

There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

COR. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

CYM. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

COR. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

CYM. Pr'ythee, say.

COR. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

CYM. She alone knew this
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

(*) Old text inserts, *to.*

COR. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off my poison.
CYM. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman?—Is there more?
COR. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering,
By inches waste you: in which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show: yes,* and in time
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate: open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected: so,
Despairing, died.
CYM. Heard you all this, her women?
LADY. We did, so please your highness.
CYM. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard† her flattery; nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming: it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!—

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* Soothsayer, *and other* Roman *prisoners, guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.
LUC. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on 't; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.
CYM. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me.
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor* wherefore,
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner
The noblest ta'en.
IMO. I humbly thank your highness.
LUC. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.
IMO. No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.
LUC. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?
CYM. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
IMO. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
CYM. Wherefore ey'st him so?
IMO. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
CYM. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?
IMO. Fidele, sir.
CYM. Thou 'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.
[CYMBELINE *and* IMOGEN *converse apart.*
BEL. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
ARV. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele:—what think you?
GUI. The same dead thing alive.
BEL. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;

(*) First folio omits, *yes.* (†) Old text, *heare.*

(*) Old text omits, *nor.*

Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
GUI. But we saw* him dead.
BEL. Be silent; let's see further.
PIS. [*Aside.*] It is my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good, or bad.
[CYMBELINE *and* IMOGEN *come forward.*
CYM. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir [*To* IACHIMO.], step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On,† speak to him.
IMO. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
POST. [*Aside.*] What's that to him?
CYM. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?
IACH. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that,
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
CYM. How! me?
IACH. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which[a] torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 't was Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and,—which more may grieve thee
As it doth me,—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
CYM. All that belongs to this.
IACH. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—give me leave; I faint.
CYM. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.
IACH. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurs'd
The mansion where!—'t was at a feast,—O would
Our viands had been poison'd, or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!—the good Post-humus!—
What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature;[b] for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—
CYM. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.
IACH. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Post-humus—
Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover—took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd,—therein
He was as calm as virtue,—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.
CYM. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
IACH. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring,
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design:—well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O, cunning, how I got it!*—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,

(*) First folio, *see* (†) Old text, *One.*

(*) First folio omits, *it.*

[a] Which *torments me to conceal.*] *Which* is usually an appendage of the preceding line; we adopt the arrangement of the folio, but agree with Mr. Dyce in considering the word an impertinent addition of the transcriber or printer.

[b] —— for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature;]
For grace and dignity of form, surpassing those antique statues of Venus and Minerva, whose attitudes are unattainable by nature.

I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—
POST. [*Rushing forward.*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend!—Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;—
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be called Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!
IMO. Peace, my lord; hear, hear!
POST. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*
PIS. O, gentlemen, help
Mine and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!
CYM. Does the world go round?
POST. How come these staggers on me?
PIS. Wake, my mistress!
CYM. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
PIS. How fares my mistress?
IMO. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are!
CYM. The tune of Imogen!
PIS. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.
CYM. New matter still?
IMO. It poison'd me.
COR. O gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: *if Pisanio*
Have, said she, *given his mistress that confection*
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.
CYM. What's this, Cornelius?
COR. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?
IMO. Most like I did, for I was dead.
BEL. My boys,
There was our error.
GUI. This is, sure, Fidele.
IMO. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*
POST. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
CYM. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?[a]
Wilt thou not speak to me?
IMO. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*
BEL. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't.
[*To* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.
CYM. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
IMO. I am sorry for't, my lord.
CYM. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
PIS. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: by accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.
GUI. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.
CYM. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.
GUI. I have spoke it, and I did it.
CYM. He was a prince.

[a] What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?] Do you give me, in this scene, the part only of a looker-on? Shakespeare was thinking of the stage.

Gui. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off his head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorry* for thee.
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou'rt dead!
Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
[*To the* Guard.
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting[a] of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for't.
Bel. We will die all three;
But I will prove, that two on's are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger's ours.
Gui. And our good, his.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave.
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.
Cym. What of him? he's
A banish'd traitor.
Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how *a traitor*.
Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I've receiv'd it.
Cym. Nursing of my sons!

(*) First folio, *sorrow*.

[a] *By* tasting *of our wrath?*] "The consequence," Johnson says, "is taken for the whole action; *by tasting is by forcing us to make thee taste.*" This may be the true sense of the expression; but we have always conceived *tasting*, in this place, to mean *trying, testing*, &c., as in "Twelfth Night," Act III. Sc. 1:—

"*Taste* your legs, sir."

And again in Act III. Sc. 4:—"I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to *taste* their valour." See also note (a), p. 256.

BEL. I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee;
Ere I arise I will prefer[a] my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
CYM. How! my issue?
BEL. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere* offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffered
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes,—
For such and so they are,—these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.
CYM. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.—
The service that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.
BEL. Be pleas'd awhile.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.
CYM. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.
BEL. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise Nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
CYM. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more.—Bless'd pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O, Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
IMO. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you, brothers,
When you* were so indeed.
CYM. Did you e'er meet?
ARV. Ay, my good lord.
GUI. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.
COR. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.
CYM. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers?† how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother: so we'll hold thee ever.
[*To* BELARIUS.
IMO. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.
CYM. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.
IMO. My good master,
I will yet do you service.
LUC. Happy be you!
CYM. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.
POST. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd:—that I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

(*) First folio, *ncere.*

[a] Prefer—] *Advance.*

(*) Old text, *we.*

(†) Old text, *brother?*

IACH. I am down again:
[*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

POST. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

CYM. Nobly doom'd;
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

ARV. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are. [Rome,

POST. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

LUC. Philarmonus!

SOOTH. Here, my good lord.

LUC. Read, and declare the meaning.

SOOTH. [Reads.] *Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*[a]

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being *Leo-natus*, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To* CYMBELINE.
Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* which *mulier* I divine
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

CYM. This hath some seeming.

SOOTH. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

CYM. Well,
My peace we will begin:—and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen:
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

SOOTH. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet* scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

CYM. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there!—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt.*

---

[a] And flourish in peace and plenty.] This precious scroll, and its equally ridiculous exposition, form an appropriate sequel to the vision, and were doubtless the work of the same accomplished hand. Mr. Collier suggests, what is extremely probable, that both scroll and vision formed part of an older play; and such riddles being extremely popular on the early stage, Shakespeare may not have liked to omit them.

(*) Old text, *yet this.*

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*Cymbeline.*] The historical incidents in this piece Shakespeare derived from his old authority, the pages of Holinshed; and they are supposed to occur about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign and the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus:—

"After the death of Cassibelane, Theomantius or Tenantius the yoongest sonne of Lud, was made king of Britaine in the yeere of the world 3921, after the building of Rome 706, and before the comming of Christ 45. He is named also in one of the English chronicles Tormace: in the same chronicle it is conteined, that not he, but his brother Androgeus was king, where Geffrey of Monmouth and others testifie that Androgeus abandoned the land clerelie, and continued still at Rome, because he knew the Britains hated him for treason he had committed in aiding Julius Cesar against Cassibelane. Theomantius ruled the land in good quiet, and paid the tribute to the Romans which Cassibellane had granted, and finallie departed this life after he had reigned 22 yeares, and was buried at London.

"Kymbeline or Cimbeline the sonne of Theomantius was of the Britains made king after the deceasse of his father, in the yeare of the world 3944, after the building of Rome 728, and before the birth of our Saviour 33. This man (as some write) was brought up at Rome and there made knight by Augustus Cesar, under whome he served in the warres, and was in such favour with him, that he was at libertie to pay his tribute or not. * * * Touching the continuance of the yeares of Kymbelines reigne, some writers doo varie, but the best approoved affirme, that he reigned 35 yeares and then died, and was buried at London, leaving behind him two sonnes, Guiderius and Arviragus.

"But here it is to be noted, that although our histories doo affirme, that as well this Kymbeline, as also his father Theomantius, lived in quiet with the Romans, and continuallie to them paied the tributes which the Britains had covenanted with Julius Cesar to pay, yet we find in the Romane writers, that after Julius Cesar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britains refused to paie that tribute: whereat as Cornelius Tacitus reporteth, Augustus (being otherwise occupied) was contented to winke, howbeit through earnest calling upon to recover his right by such as were desirous to see the uttermost of the British kingdome; at length, to wit, in the tenth yeare after the death of Julius Cesar, which was about the thirteenth yeare of the said Theomantius, Augustus made provision to passe with an armie over into Britaine, and was come forward upon his iourney into Gallia Celtica: or as we maie saie, into these hither parts of France. * * *

"Whether this controversie which appeareth to fall forth betwixt the Britans and Augustus, was occasioned by Kymbeline, or some other prince of the Britains, I have not to avouch: for that by our writers it is reported, that Kymbeline being brought up in Rome, and knighted in the court of Augustus, ever shewed himselfe a friend to the Romans, and chieflie was loth to breake with them, because the youth of the Britaine nation should not be deprived of the benefit to be trained and brought up among the Romans, whereby they might learne both to behave themselves like civill men, and to atteine to the knowledge of feats of warre."—HOLINSHED.

(2) SCENE III.—

—— and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.]

This pathetic description was perhaps suggested by a passage from Golding's translation of "Ovid's Metamorphosis:"—

"She lifting up her watry eyes behild her husband stand
Upon the Hatches making signes by beckening with his hand:
And she made signes to him againe. And after that the land
Was farre remooved from the ship, and that the sight began
To be unable to discerne the face of any man,
As long as ere she could she lookt upon the rowing keele
And when she could no longer time for distance ken it weele,
She looked still upon the sailes that flasked with the winde
Upon the mast. And when she could the sailes no longer find,
She gate her to her emptie bed with sad and sorie hart."
GOLDING'S *Ovid*, b. xi. (1567).

ACT II.

(1) SCENE II.—

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip.]

This particular circumstance is only found in the Italian novel, of which the following is Skottowe's abstract:—"Several Italian merchants met accidentally in Paris at supper, and conversed freely of their absent wives. 'I know not,' one jestingly remarked, 'how my wife conducts herself in my absence, but of this I am certain, that whenever I meet with an attractive beauty, I make the best advantage I can of the opportunity.' 'And so do I,' quoth another, 'for whether I believe my wife unfaithful or not, she will be so, if she pleases.' A third said the same, and all readily coincided in the licentious opinion, except Bernabo Lomellia, of Genoa, who maintained that he had a wife perfectly beautiful, in the flower of youth, and of such indisputable chastity, that he was convinced if he were absent for ten years, she would preserve her fidelity. A young merchant of Piacenza, Ambrogiulo, was extremely facetious on the subject,

and concluded some libertine remarks by offering to effect the seduction of this modern Lucretia, provided opportunity were afforded him. Bernabo answered his confident boast by the proposition of a wager, which was instantly accepted.

"According to agreement, Bernabo remained at Paris, while Ambrogiulo set out for Genoa, where his inquiries soon convinced him that Ginevra, the wife of Bernabo, had not been too highly praised, and that his wager would be lost without he could effect by stratagem what he had certainly no probability of obtaining by direct solicitation. Chance threw in his way a poor woman, often employed in the house of Ginevra, whom he secured in his interest by a bribe. Pretending unavoidable absence for a few days, the woman intreated Ginevra to take charge of a large chest till she returned. The lady consented, and the chest, with Ambrogiulo secreted in it, was placed in Ginevra's bedchamber. When the lady retired to rest, the villain crept from his concealment, and by the light of a taper, took particular notice of the pictures and furniture, and the form and situation of the apartment. Advancing to the bed, he eagerly sought for some mark about the lady's person, and at last espied a mole and tuft of golden hair upon her left breast. Then taking a ring, a purse, and other trifles, he returned to his concealment, whence he was not released till the third day, when the woman returned, and had the chest conveyed home.

"Ambrogiulo hastily summoned the merchants in Paris, who were present when the wager was laid. As a proof of his success he produced the stolen trinkets; called them gifts from the lady, and described the furniture of the bed-room. Bernabo acknowledged the correctness of the account, and confessed that the purse and ring belonged to his wife; but added, that as Ambrogiulo might have obtained his account of the room, and procured the jewels also, from some of Ginevra's servants, his claim to the money was not yet established. 'The proofs I have given,' said Ambrogiulo, 'ought to suffice; but as you call on me for more, I will silence your scepticism at once;—Ginevra has a mole on her left breast.' Bernabo's countenance testified the truth of the assertion, and he shortly acknowledged it by words: he then paid the sum he had wagered, and instantly set out for Italy."

(2) Scene III.—*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings, &c.*] The nightingale herself has not more happily inspired our early poets than the lark. Hear, with what melody the father of them all makes the morning songster's carol welcome the glorious sun,—

> "The busy larke, messager of daye
> Salueth in hire song the morwe gray:
> And fyry Phebus ryseth up so bright,
> That al the orient laugheth of the light."
>
> Chaucer's *Knightes Tale.*

Hear, too, Spenser:—

> "Wake now my love, awake; for it is time,
> The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
> All ready to her silver coche to clyme,
> And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
> Hark how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
> And carroll of loves praise.
> The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft,
> The thrush replyes, the Mavis descant playes,
> The Ouzell shrills, the Ruddock warbles soft,
> So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
> To this dayes merriment."—*Epithalamion*, 1595.

Nor forget Shakespeare, again, on the same theme, in his "Venus and Adonis:"—

> "Lo here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
> From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
> And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
> The sun ariseth in his majesty."

Nor Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," Book V.:—

> "——— ye birds
> That singing *up to heaven's gate* ascend."

(3) Scene IV.—

——— *her attendants are*
All sworn, and honourable.]

"It was anciently the custom for the attendants on our nobility and other great personages (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office. In the household book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland (compiled A.D. 1512), it is expressly ordered [p. 49] that 'what person soever he be that commyth to my Lordes service, that incontynent after he be intred in the chequyrroull [check-roll] that he be *sworn* in the countynge-hous by a gentillman-usher or yeman-usher in the presence of the hede officers; and on theire absence before the clerke of the kechynge either by such an oath as is in the Book of Othes, yff any such [oath] be, or ells by such an oth as thei shall seyme beste by their discretion.'"—Percy.

ACT III.

(1) Scene I.—

The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point,—
O, giglot Fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.]

"Thus according to that which Cesar himselfe and other authentick authors have written, was Britaine made tributarie to the Romans by the conduct of the same Cesar. But our histories farre differ from this, affirming that Cesar comming the second time, was by the Britaines with valiancie and martiall prowesse beaten and repelled, as he was at the first, and speciallie by meanes that Cassibellane had pight in the Thames great piles of trees piked with yron, through which his ships being entred the river, were perished and lost. And after his comming a land, he was vanquished in battell, and constrained to flee into Gallia with those ships that remained. For ioy of this second victorie (saith Galfrid) Cassibellane made a great feast at London, and there did sacrifice to the gods."—Holinshed.

The same chronicler thus accounts for the name of Lud's town:—

"Lud began his reigne, in the yeere after the creation of the world 3895, after the building of the citie of Rome 679, before the comming of Christ 72, and before the Romanes entred Britaine 19 yeeres. This Lud proved a right woorthie prince, amending the lawes of the realme that were defective, abolishing evill customs and maners used among his people, and repairing old cities and tounes which were decaied: but speciallie he delited most to beautifie and inlarge with buildings the citie of Troinovant, which he compassed with a strong wall made of lime and stone, in the best maner fortified with diverse faire towers: and in the west part of the same wall he erected a strong gate, which he commanded to be called after his name, Luds gate, and so unto this daie it is called Ludgate, (S) onelie drowned in pronuntiation of the word. * * * By reason that king Lud so much esteemed that citie before all other of his realme, inlarging it so greatlie as he did, and continuallie in manner remained there, the name was changed, so that it was called Caerlud, that is

to saie, Luds towne: and after by corruption of speech it was named London."—*History of England*, Book III. c. 9.

(2) SCENE I.—

——— *Mulmutius made our laws,*
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.]

"Mulmucius Dunwallo, or as other saie Dunwallo Mulmucius, the sonne of Cloton, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers: and after his fathers deceasse began his reigne over the whole monarchie of Britaine, in the yeere of the world 3529. * * This Mulmucius Dunwallo is named in the english chronicle Donebant, and prooved a right worthie prince. He builded within the citie of London then called Troinovant, a temple, and called it the temple of peace. * * He also made manie good lawes, which were long after used, called Mulmucius lawes, turned out of the British speech into the Latine by Gildas Priscus, and long time after translated out of latine into english by Alfred king of England, and mingled in his statutes. * * After he had established his land, and set his Britains in good and convenient order, he ordeined him by the advise of his lords a crowne of golde, and caused himselfe with greate solemnitie to be crowned, according to the custom of the pagan lawes then in use: and bicause he was the first that bare a crowne heere in Britaine, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britaine, and all the other before rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governors."—HOLINSHED.

(3) SCENE IV.—

——— *a garment out of fashion;*
And for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd.]

"To 'hang by the walls,'" Steevens remarks, "does not mean, to be converted into *hangings for a room*, but to be *hung up*, as useless, among the neglected contents of a *wardrobe*. So in 'Measure for Measure:'—

'That have, like unscour'd armour, *hung by the wall.*'

"When a boy, at an ancient mansion-house in Suffolk, I saw one of these repositories, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved with superstitious reverence for almost a century and a half.

"Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of slight materials, were not kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them; and though such cast-off things as were composed of *rich* substances were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses (viz. mantles for infants, vests for children, and counterpanes for beds), articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls*, till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE III.—*A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.*] Holinshed relates the story whence this incident is taken as having happened in Scotland during the reign of king Kenneth, A. D. 976.

"The Danes, perceiving that there was no hope of life, but in victorie, rushed forth with such violence upon their adversaries, that first the right, and then after the left wing of the Scots, was constreined to retire and flee backe, the middle warde stoutly yet keeping their ground: but the same stood in such danger, being now left naked on the sides, that the victorie must needes have remained with the Danes, had not a renewer of the battell come in time, by the appointment (as is to be thought) of almightie God.

"For as it chanced, there was in the next field at the same time an husbandman, with two of his sons busie about his worke, named Haie, a man strong and stiffe in making and shape of bodie, but indued with a valiant courage. This Haie beholding the king with the most part of the nobles, fighting with great valiancie in the middle ward, now destitute of the wings, and in great danger to be oppressed with the great violence of his enimies, caught a plow-beame in his hand, and with the same exhorting his sonnes to doo the like hasted towards the battell. * * There was neere to the place of the battell a long lane fensed on the sides with ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten down by the enimies in heapes.

"Here Haie with his sonnes, supposing they might best staie the fight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor fo: but downe they went all such as came within their reach, wherewith diverse hardie personages cried unto their fellowes to returne back unto the battell."—*Historie of Scotland*, fo. 155.

CRITICAL OPINIONS ON CYMBELINE.

"CYMBELINE is one of Shakspeare's most wonderful compositions. He has here combined a novel of Boccaccio's with traditionary tales of the ancient Britons reaching back to the times of the first Roman emperors, and he has contrived, by the most gentle transitions, to blend together into one harmonious whole the social manners of the newest times with olden heroic deeds, and even with appearances of the gods. In the character of Imogen no one feature of female excellence is omitted: her chaste tenderness, her softness, and her virgin pride, her boundless resignation, and her magnanimity towards her mistaken husband, by whom she is unjustly persecuted, her adventures in disguise, her apparent death, and her recovery, form altogether a picture equally tender and affecting. The two Princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, both educated in the wilds, form a noble contrast to Miranda and Perdita. Shakspeare is fond of showing the superiority of the natural over the artificial. Over the art which enriches nature, he somewhere says, there is a higher art created by nature herself.* As Miranda's unconscious and unstudied sweetness is more pleasing than those charms which endeavour to captivate us by the brilliant embellishments of a refined cultivation, so in these two youths, to whom the chase has given vigour and hardihood, but who are ignorant of their high destination, and have been brought up apart from human society, we are equally enchanted by a *naïve* heroism which leads them to anticipate and to dream of deeds of valour, till an occasion is offered which they are irresistibly compelled to embrace. When Imogen comes in disguise to their cave; when, with all the innocence of childhood, Guiderius and Arviragus form an impassioned friendship for the tender boy, in whom they neither suspect a female nor their own sister; when, on their return from the chase, they find her dead, then 'sing her to the ground,' and cover the grave with flowers:—these scenes might give to the most deadened imagination a new life for poetry. If a tragical event is only apparent, in such case, whether the spectators are already aware of it or ought merely to suspect it, Shakspeare always knows how to mitigate the impression without weakening it: he makes the mourning musical, that it may gain in solemnity what it loses in seriousness. With respect to the other parts, the wise and vigorous Belarius, who, after long living as a hermit, again becomes a hero, is a venerable figure; the Italian Iachimo's ready dissimulation and quick presence of mind is quite suitable to the bold treachery which he plays; Cymbeline, the father of Imogen, and even her husband Posthumus, during the first half of the piece,

* The passage in Shakspeare here quoted, taken with the context, will not bear the construction of the critic. The whole runs thus:—

"Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itself is nature."—*Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

Shakspeare does not here mean to institute a comparison between the relative excellency of that which is innate and that which we owe to instruction; but merely says, that the instruction or art is itself a part of nature. The speech is addressed by Polyxenes to Perdita, to persuade her that the changes effected in the appearance of flowers by the art of the gardener are not to be accounted unnatural; and the expression of *making conceive a bark of baser kind by bud of nobler race* (*i.e.* engrafting), would rather lead to the inference, that the mind derived its chief value from the influence of culture.—TRANS.

are somewhat sacrificed, but this could not be otherwise: the false and wicked Queen is merely an instrument of the plot; she and her stupid son Cloten (the only comic part in the piece), whose rude arrogance is portrayed with much humour, are, before the conclusion, got rid of by merited punishment. As for the heroical part of the fable,—the war between the Romans and Britons, which brings on the *dénouement*, the poet in the extent of his plan had so little room to spare, that he merely endeavours to represent it as a mute procession. But to the last scene, where all the numerous threads of the knot are untied, he has again given its full development, that he might collect together into one focus the scattered impressions of the whole. This example and many others are a sufficient refutation of Johnson's assertion, that Shakspeare usually hurries over the conclusion of his pieces. Rather does he, from a desire to satisfy the feelings, introduce a great deal which, so far as the understanding of the *dénouement* requires, might in a strict sense be justly spared: our modern spectators are much more impatient to see the curtain drop, when there is nothing more to be determined, than those of his day could have been."—SCHLEGEL.

"This play, if not, in the construction of its fable, one of the most perfect of our author's productions, is, in point of poetic beauty, of variety and truth of character, and in the display of sentiment and emotion, one of the most lovely and interesting. Nor can we avoid expressing our astonishment at the sweeping condemnation which Johnson has passed upon it; charging its fiction with folly, its conduct with absurdity, its events with impossibility; terming its faults too evident for detection and too gross for aggravation.

"Of the enormous injustice of this sentence, nearly every page of *Cymbeline* will, to a reader of any taste or discrimination, bring the most decisive evidence. That it possesses many of the too common inattentions of Shakspeare, that it exhibits a frequent violation of costume, and a singular confusion of nomenclature, cannot be denied; but these are trifles light as air when contrasted with its merits, which are of the very essence of dramatic worth, rich and full in all that breathes of vigour, animation, and intellect, in all that elevates the fancy, and improves the heart, in all that fills the eye with tears, or agitates the soul with hope and fear.

"In possession of excellences vital as these must be deemed, cold and fastidious is the criticism that, on account of irregularities in mere technical detail, would shut its eyes upon their splendour. Nor are there wanting critics of equal learning with, and superior taste to Johnson, who have considered what he has branded with the unqualified charge of 'confusion of manners,' as forming, in a certain point of view, one of the most pleasing recommendations of the piece. It may be also remarked, that, if the unities of time and place be as little observed in this play, as in many others of the same poet, unity of character and feeling, the test of genius, and without which the utmost effort of art will ever be unavailing, is uniformly and happily supported.

"Imogen, the most lovely and perfect of Shakspeare's female characters, the pattern of connubial love and chastity, by the delicacy and propriety of her sentiments, by her sensibility, tenderness, and resignation, by her patient endurance of persecution from the quarter where she had confidently looked for endearment and protection, irresistibly seizes upon our affections; and when compelled to fly from the paternal roof, from

> 'A father cruel, and a step-dame false,
> A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
> That hath her husband banished,"

she is driven to assume, under the name of Fidele, the disguise of a page, we follow her footsteps with the liveliest interest and admiration.

"The scenes which disclose the incidents of her pilgrimage; her reception at the cave of Belarius; her intercourse with her lost brothers, who are ignorant of their birth and rank, her supposed death, funeral rites and resuscitation, are wrought up with a mixture of pathos and romantic wildness peculiarly

characteristic of our author's genius, and which has had but few successful imitators. Among these few, stands pre-eminent the poet Collins, who seems to have trodden this consecrated ground with a congenial mind, and who has sung the sorrows of Fidele in strains worthy of their subject, and which will continue to charm the mind and soothe the heart 'till pity's self be dead.'

"When compared with this fascinating portrait, the other personages of the drama appear but in a secondary light. Yet are they adequately brought out, and skilfully diversified; the treacherous subtlety of Iachimo, the sage experience of Belarius, the native nobleness of heart, and innate heroism of mind, which burst forth in the vigorous sketches of Guiderius and Arviragus, the temerity, credulity, and penitence of Posthumus, the uxorious weakness of Cymbeline, the hypocrisy of his Queen, and the comic arrogance of Cloten, half fool and half knave, produce a striking diversity of action and sentiment.

"Of this latter character, the constitution has been thought so extraordinary, and involving elements of a kind so incompatible, as to form an exception to the customary integrity and consistency of our author's draughts from nature. But the following passage from the pen of an elegant female writer, will prove, that this curious assemblage of frequently opposite qualities has existed, and no doubt did exist in the days of Shakspeare:—'It is curious that Shakspeare should, in so singular a character as Cloten, have given the exact prototype of a being whom I once knew. The unmeaning frown of the countenance; the shuffling gait; the burst of voice; the bustling insignificance; the fever and ague fits of valour; the froward tetchiness; the unprincipled malice; and, what is most curious, those occasional gleams of good sense, amidst the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and confused the man's brain; and which, in the character of Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity in character; but in the sometime Captain C——n, I saw that the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature.'

"Poetical justice has been strictly observed in this drama; the vicious characters meet the punishment due to their crimes, while virtue, in all its various degrees, is proportionably rewarded. The scene of retribution, which is the closing one of the play, is a masterpiece of skill; the development of the plot, for its fulness, completeness, and ingenuity, surpassing any effort of the kind among our author's contemporaries, and atoning for any partial incongruity which the structure or conduct of the story may have previously displayed."—DRAKE.

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